

R. Acciden. m. 26. Athenian

THE
Athenian SPY:
Discovering the
Secret LETTERS
Which were sent to the
Athenian SOCIETY
BY
Several Ingenious LADIES,
Relating to the
Management of their Affections.
BEING

A Compleat System of LOVE CASES,
in which all the Difficult Questions,
and Nice Points, of that most myste-
rious Art, are fully Resolved.

To which is added,

*The Way of a MAN with a MAID: Or,
The whole Art of AMOUR; with all
its Intrigues and Amusemens, till its
Consummation in Enjoyment.*

The Second Edition, Enlarg'd.

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in Little-britain, 1709. Price 2 s.



TO THE
PINDARICK
LADY.

MADAM,

THE *Athenians* thought they cou'd
not make a more pleasing and
agreeable Present to *Apollo*
then by sending to his Temple at *Delphos*
their *First Hair* (which they consecrated
to him as the first Production of their
Brain) this makes us hope that your
Ladiship will not refuse to Patronize
these Letters which pass between the *A-*
thenian Society, and the *Most Ingenious*
Ladies in the Three Kingdoms.

A

Madam

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Madam we call them, *The most Ingenious, &c.* as the Ladies we corresponded with, were.

Madam *Laureat*, a Lady known and Admired by the chief Wits of both Universities.

The Lady *Cary*, that matchless Woman for Love and Poetry.

Madam *Wood*, who borrowed the name of the Nightingale, and her Numbers are as sweet, as the voice of that is Musical.

The Lady *Shute*, that mighty Woman for Intreague, and secret Amour.

Madam *Godfrey*, who undertook to defend the present Fashions of the Female Sex, and was the SHE Champion in the *Amorous Quarrels*.

The Ingenious *Sault*, who at the Age of Twenty was arrived to the Knowledge of a Bearded Philosopher.

The Lady *Price*, that extraordinary Woman, for the Criticks, and Polite Discourse.

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The Learned *Anonyma*, famous for her Metaphysical Learning, and Skill in the Languages.

The Divine *Irene*, who (if there ever was such a thing on Earth) I may venture to call a Perfect Woman.

The (Unknown) *Almira*, that Master-piece of Wit and Beauty.

We also Corresponded with *Climene*, *Sapho*, *Orinda*, and other Ingenious Persons (of both Sexes) who conceal themselves under Borrowed Names.

Madam,

A Secret Correspondence between the *Athenian Society* and these *Celebrated Wits* has been continued ever since the First Publication of the *Athenian Mercury*, (which is twelve Years since) and contains great variety of nice and uncommon Subjects, but we are too sensible of our own Imperfections to venture it amongst the Criticks without prefixing your ILLUSTRIOUS Name to its Dedication.

And we hope (*Madam*,) you will be contented for once to sit at the upper end

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of the Table, and *Grace the Feast*: tho you did not honour us so far as to be one of our Clubb.

We have provided you the best company we could, [*The most Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*] and at their expence too, the best Treat: For, to render these Pacquets as entertaining as possible, several Gentlemen and Ladies sent us many *Curious and Witty Letters* of which we have given a particular account in the ~~preface~~ *preface* to this Work.

The whole Correspondence contains several Volumes, in which your *Ladiship* will find the *Athenian Society* writing boldly, and with great Freedom to their Correspondents, whether it be about—*Platonick Courtship, Sinners at Confession, Philosophick Melancholy, Court-Secrets,* or any other, Nice (or uncommon) Subjects; and the Ladies seem to be acted by a brave Spirit, and to be much *above disguise and fear*. In some of these Pacquets (especially in the Letters of *Madam Irene &c.*) there is a matchless tenderness in them that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts with pleasing Agitations. So that it Novelty
(or

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(or *Variety* either) has Charm enough to divert your Ladyship, we hope these *Athenian* *Pacquets* will obtain the honour to travel the World under your **GLO-RIOUS** Protection.

We need not tell your Ladyship how universally the Writings of the *Athenian Society* have obtain'd in the World; for the three Volumes we have lately published of the *Athenian Oracle* sufficiently evince it. But tho' *Athenianism* was entirely Mr. *Dunton's* thought; (I mean both the *Athenian Mercury*, the *Athenian Oracle*, and even the *Athenian Society* it self) yet this Age affording more Poets than Patrons (for nine Muses may travel long ere they can find one *Maecenas*;) We had not presum'd to inscribe this *Athenian Pacquet* to your honourable Name, had not the most Ingenious Ladies in the three Kingdoms had a considerable hand in the composing of it; and unanimously voted your Ladyship the **ONLY PATRONESSE** able to protect and defend it. Madam, the *Pin-darick Lady* (as if Poetry were your *Birth-right*) did formerly oblige our Society with the best Questions and Poems that

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that ever came to our hands, and the Poems we have lately seen of your Ladyship writing, would convince the severest Criticks that *PHILOMELA* not only *OUT-SHINES* the rest of her Sex in Wit and Sense (which has rais'd you so high in the Lady Weymouths Friendship) but has fathom'd the vast Body of Learning, and in every several part of it are *Mistress*: Nor does your Poems alone relish of your Wit and Piety, for you read not of a Verse which you forthwith put not into act, and add to it a greater Beauty than it had in the example. 'Tis in your Ladyship (as in your Worthy Ancestors) that Piety still, and Ingenuity join Qualities that sympathize so much with the pious Name of *SINGER*.

Your Charity is extensive tho' 'tis managed with the greatest secrecy.

Your Heart is sincerely obedient to your Pious and Aged Father.

Your Humour is full of Kindness and good Nature: You are affable and easy of access, and converse with Persons of all Conditions without lessening your Character.

When Persons of Figure are thus Religious, their Example is expos'd to

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view and Imitation, their Character spreads and recommends the practice of Christianity with wonderful advantage: *When those who are possess'd of this World, are in quest of Another, and pursue their Interests in Eternity,* it argues strongly that this can't be the state of Happiness and Rest. We've a pregnant Instance of this nature, in your Ladyship, whose Mind is serious and always urg'd on with a Generous Thirst after Virtue; and 'tis remarkable your Understanding does not improve too fast for your Practice; you are well skill'd in the *Doctrines of the Christian Faith*, and can discourse consistently upon the most difficult Articles in Religion. The *Holy Scriptures* are the Subject of your Thoughts, they form your Life and Manners, and refine your Practice and your whole Conduct may besafely follow'd as the perfect Standard of Piety and Vertue; your attendance at Church is Devout and Constant, you are not Religious only by Start and Sally, your Principles are better fix'd, and your dispositions have more of Grace in 'em than to suffer any intermissions in matters of such importance.

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Your Zeal has nothing of Frenzy and Passion, which is *too common with the fair Sex*; you manage with *Prudence and Decency* in the midst of Religious Worship; and always keep within the bounds of *Revelation and Reason*.

Your Ladyship is sensible that publick Devotions warm your Heart, strengthen your Resolution, and confirm your Peace. *You neither neglect the Pleasures of Life, nor pursue 'em too close*: You do not over-love the Creature, your greatest hopes are anchor'd in Eternity, and thence your satisfactions are deriv'd. But we need not enlarge, for 'tis well known your Ladyship takes that delight in doing good, as if you had *no other Reward in the World*.

The consideration, Madam, of these your Excellencies, confirm'd us in a belief that Letters of *Platonick Courteship, &c.* wou'd prove a Present most acceptable to your Ladyship, to whose *Innocency* you make as near an approach as any thing mortal can do.

Shou'd we say you are without Sin, we shou'd impiously contradict the Scriptures; shou'd we say you have any, we shou'd

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shou'd unjustly go against our own Knowledge; for none of the *Athenian Society* (tho' one of us had the honour to correspond with you) cou'd ever discover in you the least Imperfection. Sure we are if you have Infirmities, they are Intestate, unless you place your own Conscience for a Witness, which it will not better become to judge it self, than it will do our Charity to clear it.

This Testimony Truth, and our Female Correspondents commanded us to give you, and to commend to Posterity.

Neither do we flatter your Ladyship in all this, for we freely confess that if within the large Circuit of our Conversation or Reading, we cou'd have found a Feminine Example fairer than your own, to her perusal (if living) we had dedicated these *Paquets*; If Dead, had bequeath'd 'em to her Memory.

But the following Letters being the ingenious Productions of the *SHE-WITS*, &c. to whom cou'd we so fitly present 'em as to Madam Singer; who to the advantage of a most noble Education, has conjoin'd in her own Person whatever is particularly excellent in all the Ladies in

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in the three Kingdoms. We shan't presume to trouble your Ladyship with any further account of the *Athenian Pacquers*, saving in the General they are *Platonick* and *Vertuous*; but as in Romances and Plays, the chief Art and Vertue is to conceal the Plot, so in hopes to betray your Ladyship to a full perusal, we shall suffer the Scene to open and the *Actors* to enter; and therefore, in an humourfome desire of diverting you, will leave you to the Entertainment our *Ingenious Correspondents* have provided for you.

And (Madam) we do it with an Assurance that your Goodness will pardon what you can't approve; but seeing some of the Letters which we here dedicate to your Ladyship (viz.—the Letter directing the Batchelor in his whole Amour, &c.—and that shewing the Virgin how she shou'd behave her self during the time of Courtship &c) were written by Persons in Love in those Hours which they devoted to the contemplation of their Sweet-Hearts: Your Ladyship (whom Art and Nature have done their utmost to render charming) must have been sensible of that *Passion* which makes

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makes us think not always so justly as we ought ; you will then pity the *Errors* you find here, if you can't excuse them.

Madam, Let us then in all humility implore your *Patronage* to these *Pacquets*; there's none will doubt the value of any thing which shall have the Happiness of *pleasing you* ; neither would they need any Apology for their appearing in Publick, were it not for the *Blemishes* they may have receiv'd in passing thro' our Hands.

However, if they any ways contribute to your Ladyships *Diversion*, it will be the highest Satisfaction and Honour to,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyships

most Humble

And

most obedient Servants.

New Athens.

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makes us think not always so justly as
we ought: you will then pity the
want you find here, if you can excuse
them.

Madam, Let us then in all humility
implore your favour to these papers;
there's none will doubt the value of a-
ny thing which shall have the happy
acts of pleasure; neither would they
need any Apology for their appearing in
Publick, were it not for the shameless
they may have receiv'd in passing thro'
our hands. However, if they any ways contribute
to your Ladyship's pleasure, it will
be the highest Satisfaction and
Honour to me.

MADAM,

Yours Ladyship

most humble

And

your obedient servant.

John Atterbury.

THE PREFACE.

Courteous Reader

WE hope you'll allow us the pretty
Impertinence of a Preface to
this Volume of Love, and
truly we shan't say much either for it, or a-
gainst it, but suffer it to stand or fall by the
Merits of its own Cause. But what! is
Athens grown Amorous? Yes,—really Sir,
we have been dabbling in such matters as well
as other People, but you'll find the Letters are
as inoffensive as you would wish, and the ve-
ry Vestals might read them, and preserve
their Innocence: We had rather lay by the
Quilt, than Write, at the expence of *Vertue*
and Religion. Here's neither Swearing nor
Cursing, nothing but the Pure Transports
of

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of Love; all of 'em as harmles, and as innocent as the Doves of Venus.

Unless we Love, Life's but an empty name,
Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;
'Twas Love that joyn'd the Universal Frame,
And every Creature, every Insect Loves.

However, this is the last time, the World shall ever hear from us upon this Subject, tho' suppose they should, Query, what harm is there in the pretty soft thing? Sure we are our old Female Querists will never be weary of a little Harmless Love,—or so;—for even Angels Love, but (like Platonick Friends) they love virtuously and reasonably, and never err in the Object nor the Manner; and if all our SHE-WITS had done the same, we wonder what our Sex could have found out to have objected against Women. However here they are silenc'd, and we dare be bold to say, That whoever does not come extremely prejudiced to this Volume, will find in it that Chastity of Thought, that Purity of Language, and that Softness in the LOVE PART (more especially in Platonick Matrimony,—the Amorous Quarrels,—the ACT to provide Maids with Husbands,—and

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and in the Method for Unmarrying those that are Unhappily yok'd)——as he will hardly find in any other Book.

We own, Reader, the Women Writers will be ready to say this Love Pacquet is light, Vain, Airy; Here's Time mispent and Pains taken on Subjects below the Gravity of a Man, at least of a Christian, to employ himself about.

But some time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation; this is certainly harmless. This Pacquet is all Love, and perfectly innocent; and we don't see why any Mortal (that came of a Woman) should be angry at it.

However, 'Tis some excuse, that the Reverend Dons have set us a President in this kind, Aeneas Sylvius (a Grave Divine) wrote a Wanton Love Story of Lucretia and Eurialus, and so have Zenophon, Plato, Socrates, Plutarch and other Philosophers Written on the same Subject. And (even) the Athenian Society it self (with all its Gravity) has bin LOVE-SICK.

Our Reverend Chaplain (God forgive him) Stole a Wife from a Conventicle.

Our Mathematician WHIN'D (like a Dog in a Halter) for Mrs. Sault.

Philaret (till he considered the matter) was hanging himself for the Pindarick Lady.

And

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*And not a Member of Athens but
LOVES an Angel in Petticoats.*

*But we hope Reader there's no Amorous
Treason in all this, for we are all for Love
in the Dull Conjugal-way (we call it for as
most Husbands kiss a Chery as Amorous-
ly as their own Wives) and hope to grow so
SPIRITUAL in time, as to love nothing
of a Woman but her Soul.*

*Reader Athens is thus refin'd, and nothing
will be found in our Platonick or Sensual
Courtships that will make us blush to own,
or another to Read.*

*'Tis true our Platonick Amours are
SPORTS that rather improve a Man, by
keeping him from worse, than by bringing a-
ny considerable PROFIT, for they are a
sort of SPIRITUAL COPULATION;
and he that enjoys the AIR, (tho' Cowley
cou'd FEAST on a kind Word) will find it
but a lean Mistress, however these Hyper-
physical Enjoyments were our Recreation
for the time we Corresponded with the SHE
WITS, and we hope the Reader will grant
Platonick Courtship, (were it ne'er so ten-
der) a little more excusable than fooling away
Three or Four Years, and it may be as many
Reams of Paper in doleful Duties of Phi-
lander*

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lander, and Phillis; which use to be the practice of those that (ONLY) court the Body of a Woman, and have bin (till now) without a Directory for the making Love to her Soul.

But whatever Treatment this Volume meets with, 'tis some excuse (for the publishing of it) as it aims at the REFORMING the extravagant Passions of both Sexes, the prevailing of which has so much lessen'd that mutual happiness LOVERS met with in the Golden Age: We wou'd, if possible, perswade the Ladies to be a little more Judicious in their choice, and let not Fools bear off those Favours that are only due to men of Sense, who best know how to value 'em, and return a Gratitude more proportion'd to their Excellence, in Fidelity, Secrecy, and Love. The passions of a Fool as they are violent, so they are inconstant, and vain; they esteem not the Honour so much as the GLORY of boasting of it, and that to Sots of no more sense than themselves; whereas the man of sense is ever silent in this case, unless it be to convey the Name of his MISTRESS to Posterity, and make it as charming as her Eyes.

So that the Design of this First Volume
is

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is to make the Lover (whether Platonick or Sensual) as meer an Angel as he thinks his Mistress. All we shall further say of our Love-Pacquet is, That our own Experience in Love Affairs, has furnisht out the Materials for this Volume ; in which there be several things that were never handled, (nor perhaps never thought of) before, so that the whole System of Love is here refin'd and enlarged, and thrown into an easie Method for the use of Lovers.

We are forming a Second Volume of Letters for the Press, which shall bring all the first-Rate Sinners of the Age upon their Knees at Confession, where the Secret Errors and Debaucheries of their Lives will be expos'd in their own penitential Letters to our Society ; and the Answers to 'em are adapted to the Nature and the Quality of the Sinners, where we have abridg'd the satisfactions and the pleasures of the Gentleman no more than Reason and Religion did oblige us. This Volume will deserve the Title of Christianity refin'd, or Religion without Dulness and Severity.

A Third Volume of Letters we design shall come abroad under the Title of Philosophick Melancholy, upon those Rich Topicks

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Topicks of Happiness and Knowledge.

The Fourth Volume is, a Pacquet of Secrets in Church and State, which will very much surprize the World.——

In these Letters our Correspondents speak with open Heart, and discover their true Sentiments of Persons and Things, supposing ('tis very probable) that the Secrets they communicated wou'd have been conceal'd. But the Death of our Court-Friends has now given us a fair opportunity to publish'em.

And as there are several Secrets in this Volume which are not to be found else where, so they will be publish'd with such Good Authorities as will render the Discoveries unquestionable.

And wou'd the World but smile upon us, we have a Fifth Volume as ready for the Press as any of the former; which represents the various Religions that have ever obtain'd among Mankind, with all the Arguments [pro and con] upon which they are built, and by which they are overthrown.

The other Athenian Letters that past between us and some Persons of Quality, will (as we judge by the number of them) make a 6th 7th and 8th Volume of the Pacquet from Athens: But the Subject of these Letters are
so

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so very Nice and Uncommon) we think it not proper to give an Account of 'em now, but will rather surprize the World with their Novelty; when they are ready for Publication.

So that the Variety the Reader will find in these Eight Volumes, bids as fair as can be expected for a General Satisfaction, there being here Letters proportion'd to all Capacities and Tastes.

'Tis true, We have been a long time silent, but having recover'd a little Breath, and reinforc'd our selves with some new Members that are brisk and vigorous, we shall put new Life into the Ashes of Old Athens, and make publick our *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or the New Athenian Oracle; of this the World may expect every Week a Sheet; and we shan't meddle with a single Syllable of the *Old Mercuries*. For Truth is as Infinite and Inexhaustable as the Eternal Unity.

New Athens.

Pacquet from Athens:
OR THE
SECRET LETTERS

OF
Platonick Courtship, &c.

LETTER I.
To Madam Laureat, proving the A-
thenian Society in Platonick
Love with the Ingenious Ladies of
the Three Kingdoms.

Madam,

THE *Athenian Society* are fallen in Love with
the Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms,
and resolve to enter on a *Platonick Courtship*.

And

A Pacquet from Athens.

And since so great a Judge, as the late Sir William Temple, was pleas'd not only to approve of the *Athenian Project*, but to Honour our Society with frequent Letters and curious Questions (and to express his satisfaction in our Answers) we hope your Ladyship will admit it as a good Apology for our Pretumption in Writing to Ladies that (like the *Athenian Oracle*) are refin'd from every thing that is mean and trifling.

The *Athenian Project* does now Phoenix-like Flourish in its own Ashes, and we can't but think A Pacquet from Athens (as it discovers the *Platonick* and *Love Secrets* of our whole Society) will oblige the Ingenious, (but more especially the *Bachelors* and *Virgins*) as we intend to direct them in their whole Amour.

Madam, We first Address our selves to your Ladyship, for tis the opinion of our Society that there is no Lady in the Three Kingdoms a better Judge of *Innocent Love and Poetry*, than Madam Laureat, and therefore (without any more Ceremony) we're in *Platonick Love* with you.

Not Dull and Smoaky Love, but Fire Divine,
That Burns not to Consume, but to Refine :
We touch you as our Beads, with Devout care,
And come unto our Courtship as our Prayer ;
'Tis thus we Love, nor Burn with common Fire,
Ours is the meer Perfection of Desire ;

Methinks (Madam) we exactly know you, tho' we never saw your Face ; and are ready to leave our Bodies behind to search you out, to have purer Communication with your Spirits, and to mingle together our Souls———

We'l

A Pacquet from Athens.

3

*We'll wear no Flesh; but one another greet
As Bliss'd Souls in separation meet.*

This is that *Platonick* *Courteship* that you and other Ladies must expect from us: A tender Friendship between Persons of a different Sex, is not only innocent, but commendable; and as advantageous, as delightful: A strict union of Souls (as our Society has lately asserted) is the essence of Friendship, ~~Souls have no Sexes~~, nor while those only are concern'd, can any thing that's criminal intrude? 'Tis a Conversation *truly Angelical*; and has so many charms in't, that the Friendships between man and man, deserve not to be compar'd with it. The very Souls of the Fair Sex, as well as their Bodies, seem to have a *softer Turn* than those of men; while we reckon our selves Possessors of a more *solid Judgment*, and *stronger Reason*; or rather may, with more Justice, pretend to greater Experience, and more advantages to improve our minds; nor can any thing on Earth give a greater, or *purer pleasure* than communicating such Knowledge to a capable Person, *who is of another Sex*, by the charms of her Conversation Inexpressibly sweetens the pleasant Labours, and by the advantage of a *Fine Mind* and good Genius, often starts such Notions as the Instructor himself wou'd otherwise never have thought of: All the fear is, lest the Friendship should in time degenerate, and the Body come in for a share with the Soul, as it did among *Boccalins Poetesses* and *Virtuosos*; which if it once does, Farewel Friendship, and most of the happiness arising from it: But here is no danger, for (Madam) as forward as we are to oblige

B

lige

4 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

like the Ladies, *Athens* was never yet so fond of its own ruine as to like it the better for being drest in Petticoats. Who'd place his happiness where the dull Plowman, or the Carriers Horse, can find it out? Shall Souls *refin'd* not know how to preserve a noble Flame, but let it *burn out* to appetite? —

*Beasts love like Men, if Men in Lust delight,
And call that Love which is but Appetite.*

We confess Beauty is a delectable Philtre, especially where the Glances of the Eyes are amorous: But Madam, (if *Athens* may be believ'd) 'tis your Soul, and not your Body, we are charm'd with; 'tis true, *Alexander* thought all cost too little to make a Casket to keep *Homers Poems* in, and your Body is as curiously wrought as if Nature thought the same by your Soul. But as to your Person (were it ne'er so young and charming) we value it not, but as 'tis the Case of the finest Soul in the World. Then immortal must our Flame be, since the immortal part of us is only interest'd in it. The cause of Inconstancy in Common Love is the Body, which being of so changeable a Nature, 'tis impossible it should retain any thing long which has the least dependance upon it: But the SOUL that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection it has once made choice of. Wonder not at the expression (Madam) for our Loves are the Effects of choice, not Fancy; *Virtue* and *Wit* engage us, but *Beauty* and *Vice* them; both frail and fading as the Joys they bring.

But ours, Madam, is the love of *Angels*; la-

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cred Sympathy unites our Souls, and mutual
Virtues cement our holy Vows ; not only till
Death, but even to the next Life of Glory, for
it being a *Native of Heaven*, it cannot lose its
being by returning thither, but rather im-
prove it to a greater degree than it cou'd attain
here, oppos'd by the *Cloggs* of gross material Bo-
dies.

1

*Love thus is pure, which is refin'd
To court the Beauty of the Mind :
No plumping Dress, no fancy'd Air
No Sex can bribe our Judgment there ;
But like the happy Spirits above
We're blest in Raptures of Seraphick Love.*

2

*Such chaste Amours, may justly claim
Friendship, the noble manly Name :
For without LUST we gaze on Thee,
And only wonder 'tis a She.
Only our Minds are Courtiers grown,
Such Love endures when Youth and Beauty's
(flown.*

3

*Who on your Looks has fix'd his Eye,
Adores the Case where Jewels lie.
We've heard some foolish Lovers say
To you they gave their Hearts away.
I willingly now part with mine,
To Learn pure Love, and be refin'd by thine
B 2 Thus*

6 *A. Pacquet from Athens.*

Thus you see (*dear Madam*) that *uninterrupted Joy* is the Product of our Passion (it is merited so gross a Name) without any mixture of pain, it is like the *vestal Fire*, burning without material Fuel; whereas Corporal Love dies and is soon extinguish'd if deprived of its Fuel, Beauty; and the auxiliary Bellows of strifes and petty squabbles, *Satiety attends their Success*. Quarrels serve for exercise to gain them a fresh appetite. But 'twould be endless to run through all the advantages the *Platonick* has above the *sensual Lover*. Then (*Dear Angel*) accept our *Platonick Courtship*, and (if a marriage of Souls is possible) we'll presently strip into naked Spirits (and if they please, our *Female Quixists* may bear us company) to celebrate our *Platonick wedding* in the *Ideal World*.

In the mean time believe us to be

Your *Platonick* Servants

And

Humble Admirers,

Athens.

L. E. T.

LETTER II.

*Madam Laureat's Answer to the
Athenian Society, Being
a Satyr against Platonick Love,
and Friendship in different Sexes.*

HOLD (Good Platonicks) not a Lips
breadth further, till you (or some of your
Society) have answered these Questions.

1. Because all agree there are no Sexes in Souls ;
d'ye think there are none in Bodies ?

2. Or are you Marble ?

3. Or is your Body of the same Substance,
of Kin to St. Francis's Wife of Snow ? If not,
hands off, unless *En Passant*, as you may embrace
or salute a Sister, or a Neighbour ; yet hold again,
methinks your Letter of *Platonick Courtship* gives
me so fair an Idea of that *Romantic Fantasy*, that I
could almost wish there were such a thing : For
if there were, I would try (at least) if I could
have so refin'd a Passion for you as those that pre-
tend to it. But alas ! (Gentlemen) you know
who says,

*You talk of Fires that shine, but never Burn ;
In this cold World they'll hardly serve out turn.*

8 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

And wou'd you for once be *ingenuous*, you must own your selves of the same mind. As all your Sex is one great *Hypocrite*, so this is one *glaring Instance* of their *Prevarication*: You may as well talk of *Love without Lying*, as without desiring, and when you can show the *Love-Letters* between a pair of Souls, or the History of the Angelical Amours of *Nazar* and *Damilkar*, or can tell me the taste of those *Immaterial kisses* which your *Famous Dutcheß* talks of; then I shall begin to believe that you believe your selves, when you talk of these matters, and that you are full as *Spiritual* as you tell me; tho' sure you wou'd not have me take you at your Word.

Not but that I verily believe your Love may still be enough *Platonical*, and full as pure, as was that of the Philosopher, who gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd Vertue so refinedly, as to like or Court her so *Passionately* in a foul, or homely Habitation, as he did in those that were more *Beautiful and Lovely*.

One of these two things then you can hardly deny; either that 'tis only an empty Name, or else a sort of a Vizard to something more homely: He that denys what he really is, makes us sometimes violently suspect him what he is not, and as often find out what he takes such over-care to conceal.

'Tis the Mind that makes a Fault,
Else such things wou'd not be naught.

He that can (and is no Liar)

Sport and talk without a Fire,

Can be courteous, can be kind,

And not kindle in his Mind :

And

A Pacquet from Athens. 9

And can touch a Womans Skin
As his own, nor stir within;
Doth salute without delight,
And more wou'd not if he might;
Nor scarce that, whom thus to bill
Manners teacheth, not his will;
Nor with hand, nor Lip, nor Eye
Doth commit Adultery;
But see and salute each other
Woman, as he doth his Mother;
As the Nurses harmlesse kiss
To her Child is, such is his
Without Pleasure, without Taste;
With a Mind, a Thought as chaste
As Turtle; 'till thy Mind be such,
Do not look, nor sport, nor touch;
Or at least 'till thus thou can
Sport and talk, and play with Man,
Not with Woman, for if fair
Thou wilt find, or make a Snare;
Nay, altho' thy mind be such,
Do not joy, nor sport, nor touch:
For, altho' thy Thoughts be Good,
Yet thoughts are not understood
But by Actions, so therein
May be Scandal, if not Sin.
Who exactness will fulfil
Must forbear things seeming ill.
Not that are, but might have been,
Or that may be constru'd Sin.
Men judge thee ill, or Innocent
By what's seen, not what is meant.
Then, Athens, till all Minds be such,
Think a Look, a Smile too much.

B. 4

Who

10 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Who that's wife would attempt to drink out of a Vial, which he knows has either nothing at all in it, or if any thing, the surest and most subtle Poyson in the World? If you say, there's a Mean, and virtuous Love may be thus disguis'd; we'd fain know what need on't? Neither Love, nor Truth, nor Virtue, need seek Corners, not so much as the former, if he comes in company with the latter. He ought therefore to be uncased, as *Aphroditus* in *Pylche*, and tho' as finely dress'd as he, of whom that Divine Poet,

*Upon his Head smil'd a soft Grove of Gold :
Two small-half-Heav'ns were bent in either
Brow, &c.*

Yet you ought to be sure, that you embrace not a *Serpent*, instead of a *God*, or that he hides not a *Satyr* deform'd and shaggy *Figure*, under the Wings of an Angel. The *Shipwrack* of so many before you, one wou'd be apt to think, shou'd make you afraid of the dangerous *Voyage* to *Mrs. Behn's Island*: The *Bones* that you see, and the *Skulls* so near the *Cave* of this *Sleeping-Lyon*, shou'd keep you from venturing within his *Paws*, tho' he sheaths 'em never so Artificially. *Platonick Love* has ruin'd half your Sex, and you can't but know as much, and therefore seem to admit the pretences of it, only with a desire to be undone more plausibly, and to retain the shadow of Innocence, when the substance is vanish'd, You Guild your Poyson, and then fancy 'tis good Food, or Physick; you are told so before, you are parties against your selves, who can save you? If

A Pacquet from Athens. II

If you were but willing to escape Destruction, and to come back from the Brink of the precipice, it may be, it might not yet be impossible. Discover the Viper before he has play'd himself into your Bosoms, and then there's at least a perhaps left that you may avoid him.

Pray do but perswade any of these refin'd Women to admire you at a distance, not to come, near you, or if they do, at least tantalize 'em so as never to let 'em steal a Grasp or a Touch, and try if they can live on such *Airy Diet*. The purer any Flame is, the less aliment it needs to support it. Let 'em by this make a Tryal of theirs: Let 'em live a year, on not so much as a sigh or pity: Let 'em converse with your Souls only, and make Love to them, for which alone they pretend so great a passion; but let 'em not so much as throw a Look on your Body; nor their Eyes fasten one Glance on yours. For what has the *Insuitien* and *Embraces* of Souls to do with these dull *Material Organs*?

But if neither they nor you can be content with such *mortifying Diet*, if you feel a sort of a pain, and displeasure, and uneasiness under such a practice, and find this a force upon your Inclinations, and you begin to sigh, and wish, and think your selves unhappy: Then beware stings, for there's certainly no better nor worse than meer *Flesh and Blood* at the Bottom. For these passions seem not so properly seated in the Mind, as the Body, or only in the *insensible Soul*, which is hardly different from it.

The Mind it self is pure and Spiritual, Reason is a calm and a Noble Principle, it admits of no

12 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Emotions, or *Perturbations*; and thus the Angels love Mankind and one another: Whereas, if we believe Mr. *Milton* (who might know as much of that matter as any *Heywood* of 'em all) a *fallen Angel* may be discover'd through all his *Disguises*, by the violent *motions* and visible *changes* which will appear in him, through the most *Glorious Forms* imaginable, and thus may you, if you please, make a certain *Judgment* of your selves and others.

And much the same may be said of *Friendship* between Persons of *different Sexes*, another *Can* you have very near akin to *Platonick Love*; Which at the beginning may in some *Instances* be innocent, at least on one side, if not in both.

But Love's an insinuating Devil, and if he gets but the tip of his *Wing* into your *Heart*, all the rest quickly follows.

His *Aguish Train* of *Pains* and *Joy*s, and *Inquiétudes*, his huge *Bow* and *Quiver*, and a thousand *Poyson'd Arrows*; and if you once talk of driving him out again, tho' he lurks there only under the *Pretence* and *Mask* of *Friendship*, how will the little *Villain* storm and rave, how big will he look, and try to be terribly *angry*, and then by turns will flatter and sawn again, and hang about you so very importunately, that you can hardly your self be yet so blind, but you'll take notice on't. Since, No *Friendship* e'er languish'd or lookt half so kind. And then, or never, if it be'n't yet too late, work for your self, struggle for *Life*, assist the *Crisis*, for if this moment is gone, never expect another.

You strive for a noble *Empire*, no less than
that

A Pacquet from Athens. 13

that of your own Mind and Body too, at the long run, as it almost always happens. Despair has made Cowards brave, and what would one not do for *Liberty*? And what have not *Women* done on less occasions? Nor are you without *Auxiliaries*, and those very strong and powerful, as well as your *Enemies*, *Virtue*, and *Honour*, and *Reason*, and the *Good wishes*, and good words of all *Good Men*, which are lost, for ever lost, as well as you with 'em, when ever you abandon your selves to the fatal Deceiver.

Then to be in sober Earnest, *one Minute* before we part, and then farewell. Love God, Love *Virtue*, have a care of *Loving any thing* else, at least, not violently.

And pray remember this one short Observation more,

That *Honour* and *Virtue* must needs be things in themselves, very desirable and amiable, when *Vice* and *Lewdness* are so fond of sheltering themselves under their *Names* and *Colours*, tho' at the same time they do it, they thereby become the most formidable *Enemies*.

Gentlemen;

Pray forgive your *Disflater*, because 'tis well meant from

Your Anti-Platonick,

Climene.

L E T

L E T T E R III.

The Athenians Continuation of their
Platonick Courtship to Ma-
dam Laureat, being an Answer to
what she writ against Platonick-
Love.

Madam,

YOU charge our Sex with a variable and un-
constant Temper, as *fickle* we must all be
as the *Wind*, or as *Fortune*. 'Tis Woman you'd
have us think, that's the only firm and stable part
of the Creation, unmov'd as the *Rocks*, and fix'd
on the solid *Basis* of her own Resolution and Rea-
son. Fix'd indeed you may be in Evil, as well
as in a very strong conceit of your own *Goodness*
and *Wisdom*; but whether as *changeable*, when you
happen to be in the right, as that Sex, which is
the object of your Scorn, as inconsistent with
your selves, and as false to your own Assertions,
if we had not abundant experience to satisfy us,
you your self would be a sufficient Instance. Some-
times 'tis true, you put on a sort of *Magisterial*
Air, and Dictate *Morality* and *Virtue*, more as it
should seem, that you might appear *Superiour*

to

A Pacquet from Athens.

15

to our Sex, then for any real esteem for that or us. But you soon forget your self, are all infected with the *Fashionable Notions* of the Town and Theatre, and discourse just at their Rate, who pretend there's no such thing as Virtue in our Sex, because they would be glad never to find it.

And to convince any one that we don't scandalize you, we need but remit 'em to the beginning of your last Letter, which we shan't Repeat, but leave it to any who are better pleas'd with such discourses.

But pray why are you so furiously angry with *Platonick Love*, which you are forc'd your self to own the same thing, or at least not very different from a *Virtuous Friendship*? Can any thing that's *Virtuous* be either so Criminal, or so dangerous as you represent it?

True *Friendship*, as we think we've read in some of the Philosophers, can only be between *Virtuous Persons*; and are all our Sex either unworthy or incapable of it? Or are you grown Ingenuous, shall we call it, or Malicious, in attempting to persuade us the same of your own Sex, that you seem to believe of ours, that there's not one spark of *Virtue* and true *Generosity* left amongst them?

Your *Grave Lessons*, what extraordinary care we should take of ye, might be admitted: They seem to have some Face of Kindness, and to come from a Friend, tho a sower one. Had you therefore only advis'd us to take an extraordinary care with whom we contracted *Friendships*, to be first very well acquainted with them, to Act with Caution at least with them, if not too with some Reserve, to be careful these *Friendships* did not cross any other Obligations; nay, after all, to be

Still

16 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

still upon our Guard against you, considering how Generous you are, and how Vertuous, and to take care of our Reputations, as well as Innocence; all this, we say, we might have thank'd you for, tho, *no more than what our Sex too often Learns from yours*, in a more dangerous manner, since 'tis no such great Wonder to find among you a Perjur'd and Faithless Friend; we have reason to wish it were not much more difficult to discover the contrary.

But what we think we have reason to be angry at, is, that you would totally exclude us from what is the Happiness, as well as Perfection of our Natures, and one of the greatest Blessings of Life.

And yet we fondly flatter our selves, we shall either find you *all Vertuous and capable of Friendship*, or prevail with you to be so, or else why do we ever Marry you?

None would be a Slave to one they believed False and Perfidious, none in their Wits would give their All to one they thought not so much as capable of Honesty, or Honour, or a lasting Amity. Why d'you take so much pains before you have us fast, to perswade us you have those *Qualifications* which may make you worthy our *Friendship, Courage, Bounty, Fidelity*, and the like? And where is it more likely, where would one expect to find a perfect *Unity of Sentiments*, or Condescension, where there's any inconsiderable difference, which I look upon as much of the Essence of Friendship? Where's that true and unbiass'd tenderness and kindness, which is the inseparable effect of that Noble Vertue, as well as that entire Confidence which is rarely or never divided.

A Pacquet from Athens. 17

ded from it, but where Interest, and God, and Nature, and the Policies of States, and the Laws of Nations have before made the strictest Union?

And if you are seldom capable of it, if you soon learn to despise us, if you have *little or no tenderness for us*, or confidence, or esteem, or so much as inclination, and if we rarely see in a Marry'd State, lasting instances of Friendship, we would ask you whether it be either just, or modest, to upbraid us with your *own Faults*, and our great Unhappiness?

But tho' you're at Liberty, it must be confess'd, to make your selves as bad as you please, we won't make you worse; and as ill as you are, as meanly as you think of us, and we wish there were no reason to say of Vertue too, yet we're satisfy'd you are not so Universally Corrupted, but there is some Faith and Friendship left amongst you. There are some instances of Love after Marriage, which we reckon only a higher Name for Friendship, and that shows it not *impossible*: Some *Happy Pairs*, who know no Contentions, but who shall Love best, and Oblige most: Whose *Flame* is still *Refining*, and still *Encreasing*, some *Phoenix-Women* who scorn to take a *Man* into their *Arms*, whom they can't admit into their *Hearts* too, and let them reign there without a *Rival*.

And is not this betwixt *different Sexes*, and call you not this *Friendship*?

And tho' we grant, considering what your Sex generally are, ours can hardly be too much afraid of you, since too many of you are like some *Venemous Creatures*, *Blasting* all you *Breathe on*, and tho' further *Friendships* of an extraordinary intimacy after *Marriage* between *different Sexes*, not

18 A Pacquet from Athens.

related, be to speak no worse, very *suspicious* and ill *sounding*, and we agree with you, and *far* *experience* has put it beyond contradiction, that there's no more *specious way* to ruine, then under such pretences; tho we say all this may be granted, yet we can't see how it follows, that after *Marriage* we are to live like *Turkish Slaves*, to be mew'd up and Imprison'd all our *Lives*, and to *Dye* if we but see any Person besides our *Wives*. Nor do we see any better reason, why we shou'd shut our *Eyes* to their *Merits*, any more then their *Persons*, why we mayn't put a *modest value* on those who deserve it, on a brave and good Woman, more then on one that's *Villanous* and *Wicked*, and this may at last amount to the Name of a *General Friendship*.

Nay, yet further, our own *Affairs* may often make it necessary to place a greater *Confidence* in one Woman than another, and to entertain a more *particular Correspondence* with her, and yet all this far enough within the strictest bounds of *Modesty* and *Virtue*. We know not what you think of your selves, or how you feed on your own *Vanity*, but for our parts, we don't find you such terrible charming dangerous Creatures, that there's no casting our *Eyes* on you, without stark falling in *Love* with you. We are not *Conscious* of any such thoughts; if you are so *Wicked*, you had best keep from us, and make the *Experiment* whether we'll trouble you with our *Invitations*. Let us but alone, and we'll be bound not to *Ravish* you.

But suppose a young Lady no ways engag'd, shou'd be pleas'd with Honourable *Addresses* and *Proffers* of *Service*, from a Person not unsuitable to her *Birth* and *Fortune*: Suppose she contract-

ed

A Paquet from Athens. 19

ed a real Esteem, a particular Tenderness for him, and were touched with his Sufferings and Merits, and shou'd be willing to make him all the returns that a Man of Honour cou'd expect, or *Virtue* let her give. Where's the Crime of all this, we'd fain know, or where the shame of it? Or what is there *Unnatural* or *Immoral*, or so much as *Undecent* in it? Or who, that is not *Brutish*, wou'd Condemn it, or not wish 'em Happy?

And If you find or think any thing worse, if you have any thing that's ill in your own Breast, when you come near us, once more pray keep the Guilt, and share the shame amongst your selves, and don't involve the Innocent.

In the mean time, we believe *Honour* and *Virtue* really as aimable as you can represent 'em, and *Friendship* not much behind 'em: Nor can all your Sexes abuse of those excellent Names, and making 'em a cover for the worst designs, make us out of Love with them, tho' we shall endeavour to follow your Advice, and to have a care of you.

Athens.

LET:

L E T T E R IV.

Madam Laureat banters her Platonick Lovers, and tells 'em, she'll drop the Correspondence.

REALLY Gentlemen, after all you've said in Defence of your *Platonick Courteship*, I can't get over it, but there's *Flesh and Blood* at the bottom of it; for were there not some kind design in't you'd never begin a *Courteship* with my Soul, but that you know 'tis tagg'd to something else. And why so much Passion, which you can't possibly abstract from a certain *feverish* disposition of the Animal Spirits? *Platonick Lovers* are all over nothing but Calmness and Serenity, and han't that warmth and heat with them which you express. Perhaps you Gentlemen of the *Athenian Society* are some *Antiquated Bachelors*, and your sins of Youth have given you a Disgust, or rather disabled you for the known Offices of Matrimony; and upon that account you prudently conceal your impotence under the Mask of *Platonick Love*. You pretend indeed to be all Spirit, and tell me — So Angels love —

A Pasquet from Athens. 21

I.

*So Angels Love — so let them Love for me ;
As Mortal, I must like a Mortal be,
My Love's as Pure as their's, more unconfin'd ;
I Love the Body, they but love the Mind.*

2.

*Without Enjoyment can desire be ill,
For that which wou'd a man with Pleasure fill ?
This more Intense and Active sure must be,
Since I both Soul and Body give to thee.*

3.

*This Flame as much of Heaven as that contains ;
And more, for unto that but half pertains ;
Friendship one Soul to the other doth Unite,
But Love joins all, and therefore is more bright.*

4.

*Neither doth Humane Love — Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm :
Shall I not for a Charming Lover Dye,
When Heaven commands Increase and Multiply ?*

Gentle-

22 *A Paquet from Athens.*

Gentlemen, if you differ from me in these **Sentiments**, I must suppose you some **Superannuated** Misers that have been neglected by your very Cook maids.

You may pretend your Affections are as fine as you please; however, I can't believe you forget the **Materials** of a Woman, when you make Love to her Soul, unless her Skin be turn'd into pure *Buckram*; ray you'd e'en dispense, with that, and a Thousand worse Qualities, were there but a *Fortune* to smoothe and supple her, and to make satisfaction for her Deformity and her Years. The *Athenians* must certainly be troubled with Poverty as well as Age, or they'd never take up with bare Words that are only the empty Aims of **Rafion**.

'Tis plain you can turn *Necessity* into *Virtue*, and fly to the Spirit, when your're too impotent for the **Flesh**. *Platonick Love*; if the words of *Plato* may determine the matter, is not altogether refin'd from sensual Regards; I'm sure he seems to relish the Kiss of *Agatho* with all the Fire of the most *Amorous Debauchee*. I'm a'raid your **Detrence** to *Platonism* is only a demure Baw'd to **Secret Whoring**, for tis a matter of common observation, That those have as gross Inclinations as other People in a Corner, who seem to care's nothing but the **Soul** in **Publick**.

In a Word, *Platonick Love* is a Diet too thin for **Flesh** and **Blood**, then, (Gentlemen) enjoy the **Shadow** if you please, I the **Substance** will pursue; *Platonicks* live but on airy Food, and **Climene** is for **Solid Diet**.

These

A^d Pacquet from Athens. 23.

These, Gentlemen, are my very Thoughts of
your **Platonick Courtship**, and therefore don't
Persecute me any more with your **Spiritual Passi-**
ons, for this is the last Letter you're to expect
from

Your **Anti-Platonick,**

Climene.

LETTER V.

*The Athenians Answer to Madam
Laureat, upon her Rejection of
their Platonick Courtship.*

Madam,

WE have received your Last, where, 'tis
true, there's Freedom enough, but as
little Charity, as one would wish. You know,
Fair Climene, the **Sex** and **Man** have Courted
and pursued each other these Six Thousand years,
and yet are as **Chaste** and **Innocent** as you'd desire;
and so may the different Sexes do with all the
strength, and the Innocence of Affection, that

the

24 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

the very Angels wou'd not be asham'd to entertain the *like Fires*.

We own indeed that every *Vertue* shines in *Madam Laureat*, that's lovely in *Womankind*, which however does but qualify you more for *Platonick Love*, and why then is inexorable?

But here lies the mischief, *There's Flesh and Blood in't*: 'Tis true, *Climene*, we are not quite undress'd into naked Spirits, and where's the harm on't? Your Sex don't love *Apparitions*; besides, we are very positive, there's not a grain of *Flesh and Blood* about us, but what's so *Vertuous* and so *Sublim'd*, that an *Angel* might adopt it into *Personal Union*. As for our *Designs*, they had no more of kindness in 'em, than might easily be allowed, tho perhaps you'd say that our *Old Inclinations* may return upon us,

*But to secure our Hearts from all Surprise,
We fix a Guard of Vertues o'er our Eyes,
And whilst dear Vertue guards our chaste Desires,
We'll Flame and Burn in such Seraphick Fires.*

After all, *Madam*, why so much out of Humour with your own *Dear Senses*? that upon the bare suspicion of any design that way, without either Certainty or Truth, you must fly us, and vanish into Air.

*To such a subtle Purity you're wrought,
You've pray'd and fasted to a Walking Thought.*

However, 'tis certainly so, we freely own we are no better than we shou'd be; but then one *Angle Smile*, from the *Fair Climene* wou'd have

A Pacquet from Athens. 25

have perfectly transform'd us into true *Platonicks*.

—The thoughts of Resentment are below us :

We'll start a *New Game*, and thus take our leave.

1.

Know Woman, since thou'rt grown so Proud,

'Twas Athens gave thee thy Renown;

Thoud'st else in the forgotten Crowd

Of common Beauties liv'd unknown;

Had not our Verse exhal'd thy Name,

And imp't it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

That killing Power is none of thine

We gave it to thy Voice, thy Eyes;

Thy Sweets, thy Graces all are ours;

Thou art our *Star*, shin'st in our Skies

Then dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere

Lightning on them that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat us then with Disdain no more;

Lest what we made, we uncreate

Let Fools thy Mystick Forms adore

We know thee in thy Mortal State.

Wise Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,

Knew her themselves through all her Vails.

We have only to Subscribe our selves,

Innocent Athens.

L E T.

26 A Pacquet from Athens:

This Platonick Courtship to Madam Laureat not meeting with Success, in the last Session of our Society at Smith's, 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices that R. S. the Mathematician should make Love to the Ingenious Irene, according to the Platform of Plato's Idea.

The Correspondence follows.

LETTER VI.

R—S—'s Letter to Irene, wherein he makes Love to her according to the Platform of Plato's Idea, Admires her into pure Identity with himself, and declares he's the first Inventer of Platonick Matrimony.

Dearest Irene,
I*N the last Session of our Society at Smith's 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices, that R.—S.— Mathematician, should make Love*

A Pacquet from Athens. 27

Love to the ingenious *Irene*, according to the Platform of *Plato's Ideaz*, and that from time to time, I should report to the House what Improvements we have made upon that Head, in regard, your Ladiship is the best Qualified of your Sex for the Spiritual Amours of *Plato*, where Flesh and Blood, with the whole Catalogue of sensual Satisfactions, are altogether unconcern'd.

Now, Dear *Irene*, I must certainly be in Love with you, as one may say, by Act of Parliament; but not quite so much of necessity in it neither, for Force and Inclination were never so well reconcil'd before; However, to Convince you, *Madam*, that Necessity and the freedom of Choice have Consistency enough in their own Natures: You may remember how the very Angels by *Heavenly Establishment* are fix'd in Seraphick Love, and yet with all the freedom imaginable.

You need not, my Dear Lovely *Irene*, give your self the Trouble to entertain the least suspicion of my design, there's nothing but *Ingenious Innocence*, and yet a World of Intellectual Happiness in the whole.

Celestial Flames are scarce more bright

Than those your Worth inspires:

So Angels Love ——— and so they Burn

In just such Holy Fires.

Tho' now I consider, your incomparable Letters that I have by me, make it needless to open t'ye the Nature and Design of Platonick Amours; you have said all, and infinitely better than I can do, that's necessary to be known in Generals of this Matter, but yet there's certainly something in particular to be advanc'd that hitherto was never

C

thought

28 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

thought of. The nature, you know, of *Platonick Love* lies wholly in the disinterested Union of two Minds, which is made up of inclination that's purely Spiritual. Now, why main't this Union be hedg'd in, and secur'd by mutual Matrimonial Engagements? There's nothing impracticable in the notion or the nature of the thing? And why mayn't we, my Dear Killing *Irene*, have the satisfactions of this State, as well as the Honour to be the first Inventors of it.

I cou'd now protest for an Hour together, upon the reality of my Love, if that wou'd Convince. I won't say, MADAM, that I am *Passionately*, but *Platonically* Yours; for the Old Philosophers tell us, that when *Passion* is working there's also an emotion of the Blood and of the Animal Spirits, and neither of these must have any concern in our Affairs.

Dear *Irene* I could love thee, now that I am pretty warm upon't, into pure *Identity* with my self, till our Understandings shou'd mingle, and till an Union should run thro' every Faculty about us.

You'll Pardon the Mystery of these expressions, for the heat of Imagination carries me quite beyond my self; but at the same time 'tis a good Argument of my sincerity, for there's a certain, kind of mystick Enthusiasm that *Platonick Love* is always attended with.

I am, Lovely *Irene*, under a great deal of *Platonical* impatience till your Compliance shall make me the only Happy Mortal upon Earth. I confess, were it to be a Matrimony in the Flesh, you might ask time to consider on't, and that every little Trivial Appendage shou'd

A Pacquet from Athens. 29

shou'd be well adjust'd before hand ; but this being the marriage of our Minds, twou'd not be agreeable to the Nature of the Thing, shou'd you defer the Satisfaction which is so much in your Power to bestow. Spirits, You know, move swiftly, and are acquainted at first sight by Intuition. I am, Fairest Irene, according to Plato's Idea,

YOUR most Impatient,

Devoted, Humble

— Husband,

that won'd be,

R—S—alias Philaret.

LETTER VII.

Irene's Answer to Philaret, wherein she admits his Platonick Courtship, but wishes she could hold out for one Seven Years Siege at least. Asks who must be the Parson that shall marry 'em — and says, they must have a Convocation of the Upper and Lower House, to Draw up and Authorize a Form for solemnizing their Platonick Matrimony.

S I R,

I'M very much oblig'd for the F'onourable Provision your Society have made for me

30 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

but were I to be married in a *Literal Sense*, a *Mathematician* among all the Men in the World wou'd make nothing for my purpose. I suppose you're the same Spark that Answers Questions in the *Athenian Oracle*, that look so Wicked-

ly, much after this Fashion
$$\begin{array}{r} 345 \\ 692 \overline{) 234} \end{array}$$
 2 or thus \times

$$\begin{array}{r} 234 \\ 121 \overline{) 234} \end{array}$$
 Notwithstanding every Man to his Cal-

ling. However to be Serious, *Your Proposal is Ingenious enough*, and tho' your'e less Ceremonious then might be expected, yet that don't much offend me. You seem only to be *Over-hasty in a Business of so great Concernment*, and but that you argue from the Nature of the thing, I shou'd certainly have held out one *Seven Years Siege at least*. But I'll dispute no more about this matter, my Future Carriage shall Convince you of what I wou'd, but can't perfectly here describe. I have been a Thousand times in the mind, to put your *Platonick Love to the utmost Trial*, and personally to challenge you to shew a *Love like Mine*; nay, did not I fear you'd draw back, I'd meet you before the Altar, and urge the Truth of what I say with as much Devotion, as ever *Vestal* did her Prayers. And was it not for some Fears that hover about my Soul, nothing that the *Holy-Man* shou'd say, or you demand (for a *Platonick Lover* will ask no sensual thing) but shou'd be consented to, with the greatest Transportation and Joy—— Now Heavens forbid Fruition!

Fruition!

A Pacquet from Athens. 31

1.

Fruition ! Ah will quench the Flame
Of my Transported Soul;
Indifference aloud Proclaim,
Platonick Love turn to a Name,
And all its Charms Controul.

2.

I've heard 'tis Loves Antipodes
And what made mighty Jove
Forfake his Queen and Heavenly Rays.
Pursue our humane vilest ways,
To Re-instate his Love.

3.

Then Dearest (Strephon) don't complain,
I can't what's Ask'd for, Give :
A Nearer Union breaks the Chain,
Dissolves the Sweet Transporting Pain
Is't then worth while to Live ?

4.

O Gods that Taught me how to Love,
Whom Swain, and Nymph adore,
Grant me but Power enough to move
In this Transparent * Sphere of Love; [*Platonick
Grant this, I'll ask no more.

I cou'd almost dye now with very Shame,
that I have driven the Nail so far home at one
Blow: But what signifies it ? Minds cannot blush
you know.

32 A Pacquet from Athens.

But, good Mr. *Algebra*, there are several Problems that lie yet in our way, as, Who must be the Parson that shall Marry us? We must send him I'm afraid, one Quarter of a Year at least to turn over the *Bodleian Library*, before he'll understand our Business with him. Again we must have a Convocation of the Upper and Lower House to draw up and Authorize a Form of Solemnization for the Purpose. When you can resolve such Objections as these, you'll Write perhaps, to

Your Platonical

I R E N E.

L E T T E R V I I I.

Philaret— is pleas'd to find his Platonic Suit is receiv'd, and makes further Protestations of his Love to Irene.

Madam,

Your Question, Who shall Marry us? is easily Answer'd, but I'm so Transported that Irene has receiv'd my Courtship, that all I can do at present is to make further Protestations of my Spiritual Love; for that's all I shall ever pretend, being already married in the Flesh.
Well

A Pacquet from Athens. 33

Well (*Madam*,) I Love You Dearly——
Nay, don't be so Incredulous, I protest I do——
The longer I Live, the more I Love you, and
shou'd you cease to return it (which I hope you
will not) but if you do, my Flame is now grown
Self-sufficient, and wou'd unwasted as the *bright*
Planet of the Day, maintain it self to Eternity;
'tis so constant that, it would follow you to the
Abyss of Wretchedness; and so vertuous, that when
my Soul shall be unbodyed (and refin'd from
all the *Dregs of Sense*) she'll still retain these
Friendly Sentiments for you, and without a Blush
entertain some *Wondering Angel* with such
defecated Notions, so that (you see) *Irene*,
my Friendship is as Deathless as yours,

*Keep your Love True, I dare engage that mine
shall like my Soul Immortal prove ;
In Friendships Orb how brightly shall we shine,
Where all shall envy, none divide our Love?*

Madam part us, and you kill us; for when
Soul and Body part, 'tis Death. But when, *Irene*,
shall we tye the *Platonick Knot*? However our
Souls meet when we Sleep, and Enjoy each other;
and when we Wake, methinks, we should al-
ways employ our Thoughts about each other,
when we are not Contemplating Vertue.

I own the morose *Climene* Condemns *Pla-*
tonick Love in a Woman, but I that have the
Happiness to Love *Irene*, find her *Ill Natur'd Error*
In fixing the Crime of a few on the whole Sex,
and let this Crittick shew me Two of the Philoso-
phers innocent as you, in their Affections and
Lives, except the *Divine Plato*. C 4 Ah

34 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Ah Madam, How happy are we, in so Pure and Undeſil'd a Love, by which Souls mingle every minute in the *bigheſt extacy of Union*, without the impeding help (if I may uſe that ſeeming contradiction) of our Bodies ! Nor need I (*my Dear Irene*) caution you how to preſerve the Empire you have obtain'd over the Fleſh, ſince you know the Body is a true Coward ; where it has the Maſtery being a Tyrant, but where 'tis over power'd eaſily kept in Servile Awe. I might go on, but here's enough to Cure your Carnal Appetite, and to make you tell me what Spiritual Paſſion you have for

Your Platonick Admirer,

PHILARET.

LETTER X.

Irene thinks Philaret a little too warm for a Platonick Lover, and tells him her Fleſh grows a little malicious after Marriage.

TYE the Platonick Knot ? With all my Heart (*Dear Philaret*) on condition your Love be as Abſtracted and Vertuous as mine, which is a Flame as pure and unmixt as that an Angel bears to his own bright Mind — Nor can I but Love the dear Owner of Thoughts ſo Generous

A Pacquet from Athens. 35

Generous and Correspondent to my own, tho' I must needs say, you are somewhat warm for a Platonick Lover (Pardon the Caution) for shou'd Polson shroud it self within the gilded Superficies, how sadly shall I resent the unwellcome disappointment? And Heaven knows I wou'd not Inspire or indulge a Criminal Thought in your Breast for the World——

Would'n ye so, —— silly Innocence? Why, then e'en leave fooling with Edge Tools.

Well then, we are well met Sir; but who d'ye think's the greatest Stray? Why, I'm in my own road, passing thro' all the Innocent Gallantries of Love: 'Tis you (Sir Algebra) are out of the way; I wonder what People have to do with Love when they are Married; you must jog on in the narrow Path of Conjugal Affection, and not so much as look over the Hedge, nor mention Love (especially by Daylight) tho' there were not another word in the whole Dialect to express your Thoughts by —

But you are settled you'll say—— I believe you are, with a Vengeance! A rare Priviledge of Matrimony—— and so you wou'd if the Constable shou'd set you by the heels—— Well, much good may your Settlement do you, sit as easie as you can; whilst I'm better satisfied in the pleasing pursuit of an imaginary happiness, whose Falacy I wou'd not willingly discover, nor wou'd I banter the pretty soft Raptures that play about our Platonick Amour (nor the Je ne sçay quey that tickles thro' my Veins) for all your Dull Fruition — I'm not so mightily oblig'd to you neither for wishing me a Cure, your Casuistical Brethren nickt the Business better in Vol. 15. Numb. 25 when they told me——

36 A Pacquet from Athens.

You'd not be Cur'd, a Lover asks not ease.

Neither (Dear Algebra) shall I take your Advice, To try another Love.

Did you but see the Charming Strephon, you'd yield your Counsel lost. I tell ye, Sir, there's nothing on Earth so Excellent to Rival him, nor Delicate enough besides to Please me ——— No, Hapless as I am, rather than Change ———

I'll still Love on, and Dye.

But Prethee (Dear Platonick) for the sake of all the pretty tender things in the World, advise me whether to Take or Refuse him: But who e'er I Marry (as my Flesh is a little Malicious that way) I'll continue to be Your Platonick Mistress, and before I bid You Farewell, I do assure ye of my Eternal Friendship, unless You by passing its regular Bounds cease to deserve it from

Your Platonick,

Irene.

LET-

L E T T E R X.

*Philaret fears a Rival, and advises Irene
against all Love but what's Platonick;
and concludes with a pleasant Trip to
Tunbridge-Wells.*

Take or Refuse Strephon! Prithee, Irene,
what do you mean? I thought Philaret
had ingros'd your Soul, but your *Flesh* (it
seems) is *Malicious* after Sweet-Meats; sure
this en't Irene! Or at least she forgets that
Beasts and Plants move to propagate their like,
our Love must step higher, and contend to make
our selves Immortal: Talk no more of Delicate
Faces, for ours is (or shou'd be) *A Love* abstra-
cted from all Corporeal gross Impressions, and sensual
Appetites, and consists in Contemplation, and I-
deas of the Mind; not in any Carnal Fruition:

*When Essence meets with Essence, and Souls join
In mutual Knots, that's the true Nuptial Twine.*

There may be Amity between Sex, and Sex, pure
and ardent as the Flames which enlighten Stars. I
profess Irene my Soul beholds thee with the chaste
Eyes of a Dove: Then think no more of Charming
Strephon; for if once the *Malicious* *Flesh* puts in
for a share, Farewel Platonick Love, and the inno-
cent Pleasures that do attend it. But Two Spirits
rightly refin'd look upon one another as the *Cher-
ubims*

rubims of the Ark, having continually the Propitiatory of God in the midst of them.

Not but Beauty pleaseth me wheresoever I meet it, yet because 'tis a *dangerous thing in Womens Faces*, I like better to behold it in the *Feathers of Birds and in the enamelling of Flowers*; Pleasures so chaste are compatible with *Lent*, and offend not God.

Then say what you please of the *Malicious Flesh*) I'll still believe your Vertue is as clear as the Fire that sparkles in your Eyes, and your Management (*Strephon* excepted) as much without Blemish as your Beauty.

You see *Irene*, by my freedom in Writing, I believe you're in *Platonick Love* with me; perhaps I may delude my self; but if it be so, you must be a *notable Deceiver*, you Write and tell it me in such an *Air* as is enough to persuade the most *Incredulous*.

Madam, If you are really overcome by the esteem that I have for you, I'd have you think 'tis such a Love as merits to infuse another equal to it, for 'tis now become nearer than an *Alliance*; and I do assert, that the *Knot which Plato hath made, Vertue bath ty'd*; then think no more of the *Fop Fopish Strephon*, but tell me you're CURED of Sensual Love.

I need not desire you to Write nothing but the Truth, for I know you approve of *no Lies*, but *those of the Muses*; and that Fictions in Poetry you can bear withal, but banish them from your Conversation —

But *Woe is me!* How little *Philaret* is satisfied with himself when he really Loves, and when his Sentiments and Ideas are above his Actions! There is not a word I speak to you contents me —

However,

However (*Irene*) to divert you and my self a little, I'll here send you my *Pleasant Trip to Tunbridge-Wells*.

I have a bad faculty at giving Descriptions, and this Task woud better become a Vertuoso's Pen, than an Head so weak as mine, whose Philosophy reaches little further than to observe that the Water I drinke each Morning makes me Drousie, and before 12, as Hungry as a very Horse: To Discourse Pertinently on such an Abstruse Subject, requires a large stock of Knowledge in Minerals, those Secrets which our Mother Earth seems to envy her Children, till they (like Unnatural *Nero's*) digging up her Bowels, force her to discover them. But Madam, I will make no excuses, and shall therefore talk something of *Tunbridg*, tho' at the same time it discovers my Ignorance.

These *Tunbridg-Wells* (which we may fitly stile our *English Spaw*) bubble up in a Valley surrounded with Stony Hills, that are rendred Remarkable by divers Rocks, which standing above Ground carry some Resemblance with the Wonderful *Stonehenge*. The Common they are Situate on, is naturally so Barren, as it 'twas designed for the Habitation of Famine; but this Sterility provident Nature hath sufficiently compensated by those *Medicinal Waters* which Yearly attracting a vast Concourse of People, affords great advantage to the Neighbouring Inhabitants. The Water of these Springs is somewhat Bitter, or rather relishing of the rust of those *Iron Mines* through which (as in a Limbick) it hath been distilled in its *Subteranean Passage*; which renders it a little ungrateful to the Coy Taste of such as
come

40 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

come out of a meer Wantonness to tipple there ; but when it hath been familiarized by use awhile, it soon becomes less Nauseous ; and 'tis certain, one can never be able to drink half so much of any other Liquour (tho' never so pleasant) as one may of this. I Drink Three Quarts every Morning.

*'Tis Ale of Grandam Nature's Brewing,
And seldom sets her Guests a Spewing,
To which, I'm kindly Welcome still ;
Good Entertainment, tho' the Cheer were ill.*

Its Operations are chiefly Diuretick and is therefore excellent against all Diseases caused by Obstructions, Agues, Scurvy, Green-Sickness, &c. strengthens the Nerves and their Original the Brain; besides, they tell me it hath some good influence on the *Alamode Disease* ; and that some London Sparks who have receiv'd signal Testimonies of their Mistress's Kindness, are come hither to wash them off, particularly Monsieur B—— and a Dutch Captain——In short, it is an universal Remedy : But I'll not dwell at the Well, but ramble for a view of the Country round it ; where the first thing that salutes my eye is *Crowbrough-Beacon* ; here I found an unlimited Prospect——At this very moment I see such pleasant Hills and fruitful Plains that the *Elysium* Fields cou'd never be more charming. But alas ! I do not see you there ; and then what pleasures can all these Varieties afford me ? Rather they call back my wandring Senses, while the prospect of so many places so proper for such tender conversations as ours, makes me more sensible of the

A Pacquet from Athens. 41

the hard fate that parts us : Methinks, that in this lovely residence every thing talks of Friendship, and that a warm passion (such as ours) becomes it ; mine makes me seek out Lonely walks, and gloomy Retirements——My Afternoon walk is to muse on your Letters in a Shady-Bower, near my Lodging ; here 'tis that I shou'd run to meet you: You are one of those whose least favours are obligations ; here 'tis I remember with delight your very words —— Nay, your very reproaches themselves are dear to me, I look upon 'em as the effect of a Platonick Friendship——From hence I go to a Neighbouring Village, where I search for you every morning, but can find you no where but in my Heart: Nevertheless, in that same Heart you are so innocently lodged, that there is nothing I can desire from you, unless it be a mutual return of Friendship——As I return to my Lodging at Night I wander thro a *Lonely Grove*, where cou'd *Irene* be present, it wou'd not a little delight us to see the pretty Birds incessantly dancing on the Branches, making Love, upbraiding duller man with his defect, or want of Fire: Man the Lord of all, he to be stinted in the most valuable joys of Life, is it not pitty ! Here are no troublesome honours amongst the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Groves, fondly to give Laws to Nature ; but uncontroul'd, they play, and sing, and love——No Parent chiding their dear delights, no slavish matrimonial Tyes to restrain their nobler Flame ; no Spies to interrupt their best appointments, but every little Nest is free and open to receive the young fledged Lover ; every Bough is conscious of their passion, nor do the generous pair (like *Phylares* and *Irene*) languish in the tedious ceremony

42 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love; embrace with their wingy Arms, and salute with their little opening Bills——This I daily find their Courtship, and thus 'tis with the *Flocks* and *Herds*; while scant'd Man, through a Thousand Harshships finds a Platonick Mistress; and then too perhaps his words are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain——And now I am at Home; and so good Night.

Philaret.

LETTER XI.

Irene resigns to Philaret all the Pure and Intellectual part of her Affections, but dares not trust him with her Body.

Dear Soul,

I Know Men Boast, they Souls to Souls convey
How-e'er they meet the Body in the way.

Yet (at your Request) I've this Minute discarded *Strepson*, and I will Love nothing but *Philaret*——*Philaret*, I know not what Magick runs through your Lines, but something there is so Charming and resistless in your Mind, that begins to be as dear to me as part of my own something

A Pacquet from Athens. 43

thing to which I have resign'd all the *Pure and Intellectual part of my Affections*, that I hardly love my own Happiness more intently; and were you one of my own Sex, I'd say a great deal more; but I dare not give you too much *Scope*; for I protest I'm a little afraid of thee *Philly*, nor can you blame me whilst you seem to suspect your own *Moderation*, besides this *Spiritual Love* is an *Æther* too thin for you to breathe in long. I knew the time when all Kisses but *Strephons* were nonsense to me; but you see, *Philaret*, in what Circumstance my Heart is now, and that I'm wholly *Tours*, and will so Continue as I am

Irene.

LETTER XII.

Our Modern Gallants look on the Platonick-way as a Heresy in Love; but Philaret declares that he loves nothing of Irene but her Soul.

Dear Irene,

I SHOU'D be extreamly concern'd that I cannot tell with what joy and respect I receiv'd your last (which was sent me to Tunbridge, where I am drinking the waters) did I not believe a Mind so extraordinary as yours, cou'd guess

44 A Pacquet from Athens.

guess at my thoughts. You tell me (Madam) I'm become so dear to you that you have resigned me up all the pure and intellectual part of your Affections, and that you hardly love your own Happiness more intensely than little Philly — Why thus 'tis with me, I stretch all Objects to infinite, when I think of you, and make all my comparisons beyond proportion. The Sun and the Stars are common things with me, and I can find nothing in Nature Goodly enough to serve for a Similitude of that Friendship I bear you — I feel a joy at the only sight of your Name; and the honour you do me, in saying you are mine in the greatest Sincerity, is so ingaging, That tho perhaps it be Fortune that does it, I cannot but love you for it: Were those words of yours as feign'd as they are true, yet you write 'em with so good a Grace, that it wou'd be a happiness to be so deceived: I am never weary with reading your Lines; they give me so many pleasures. Be assured, in what corner of the Earth soever the malice of my Fortune shall throw me, I will still on my Part inviolably preserve our Sacred Amity: Then in vain doth Sickness strive to divide us, by hurrying our Bodies to such remote distances, since in spite of all, I continually converse with you, and at such times as I know not where you are, my better part visits you, and the tenderness I found in your Last, makes me yet more sensible of your remoteness from me. I confess, Irene, that possessing you but in Spirit, it requires a very strong imagination and vertue to desire nothing else. But tho our modern Gallants look on this Platonick way as a

Heresy

Heresy
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A Paquer from Athens. 45

Hereby in love, and carry too much flesh about 'em
to be enamour'd merely with intellectual Beauty,
yet I do protest I am charmed with nothing else,
and do believe that *Spiritual Love is an Elixir*. I
could breathe in for ever, tho' here (so tempting
is Dear Irene,) I might honestly enough
break the Laws of my Philosophy, and might
lose my Gravity without any lightness — But
you say you dare not give me too much Scope, and
why so Irene? Seeing base Actions, as well as
Objects, not only offend my Imagination, but
even provoke my choler. 'Tis true, Madam, I
seek no colours of Art to paint out that sincerity
I owe to your Service; this were to corrupt
the natural purity — *Truth is simple and shame-*
fac'd, and when she cannot shew her self by real
effects she will scorn to do it by words;
but I could wish there were some mark to distin-
guish protestations that are true, from those that
are feigned: For if there were, I shou'd have
great advantage over others, more officious and
more hot in professing their sincerity than I
am — But if still you are suspicious of me, I
must say that in all this there is *nothing either new*
or strange; I am not the first Innocent that have
been persecuted in the World; and if I could not
bear detraction and slander, I were not fit to
live in it. But, Madam, you may believe me,
there was one *gracious word* which I found in
your last, that hath won me to you in such sort
that I have no longer *any power of my self*, but
what you leave me; and in all your Empire I
can assure you, you possess nothing more than
my sincerity — But I could almost chide you for
saying

46 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

saying, that were I one of your own Sex, you'd discover to me more of your Friendship. *Your own Sex, Madam*! Why the more hazards you run in trusting *Philaret*, the more innocent is your Friendship——Then write without reserve; for the Dead, the Innocent, the Absent, and She that trusts me, I will never deceive. I shall only add, your speedy answer to this Letter will much oblige

Your Innocent Admirer

Philaret.

LETTER XIII.

Irene believes Philaret a true Platonick, and desires to meet him in some Pleasant Walk.

AT last (Sir) for you little think what time, and how variously I have been agitated, yet (at last) *I am fix'd*, and will believe you a true *Platonick*. Oh the mighty power of Sincerity and Truth! It removes all Rivals, dissolves the most obdurate Heart into generous Love and Pity, and turns Jest and Merriment into unfeigned Love and Passion. But oh *Philaret* forgive me, if I here so far relapse as to fear still, you are not mine by that *indissoluble Chain*; that must (if any thing) unite us together.

A Pacquet from Athens. 47

I know 'tis Love
That does above
Seraph to Seraph tie.
One sacred Fire
Do's them inspire,
But how can'st you and I?
Our Clod of Earth
And Humane Birth
Will our vast hopes betray,
We ne'er shall be
All Harmony
Till we're as pure as they.
The Soul (tho brave)
Is but a Slave;
Sense Governs all below.
'Tis never here
In its own Sphere,
Nor can its power show.
Think then in vain,
That Love will Reign
Triumphant in our Breast.
Since 'tis a Ray
of that Bright Day
That's with dark Clouds oppress.
But——oh I feel
The pointed Steel
And so this Thought must smother
Mortal I am
Pain proves the same;
Yet an Immortal Lover.
As then 'tis Love
That do's above
Seraph to Seraph tie,
(If yours but shine
As clear as mine)
So may it you and I. How-

48 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

However tho you shou'd be mine now ; I have yet great reason to fear that you'll not be always so: Love 'tis evident (from your deserting *Climene*) is dissoluble, as well as mortality it self, and fluctuates (like other Passions) according to the carriage and behaviour of those Objects by which it is mov'd: If you once ador'd *Climene* and now left her, why may not you use *Irene* so ? If my wondrous plainness and undaunted perleverance has ty'd the mystick Knot, why may not another dissolve it? Her Artillery may be more Numerous, and her Attacks irresistible ; her outward Charms and Beauty may come into her Aid ; and then (considering you have no Counter Charm that way) you may easily be wrought upon to cast off me, as you have done the former ; some few (perhaps undesigned) Flouts has drove you from her Armes into mine, and rais'd your esteem of me above the reach of Words : And why not then. — But He urge it no farther, I can't bear the Thoughts of the consequence.

*In Love-Affairs so selfish we are grown,
That the lov'd Object must be all our own ;
Or else we wish may be Enjoy'd by none.*

I'll rather conclude, you never Lov'd *Climene* to the degree you do me. And so, tho she couldnot keep you, I may ; especially if 'tis true that *Love begets and engages Love*, If this (I say) be true, I defie the most Alluring Power on Earth, or *Charming She*, to make the least Impression on you. The Needle shall not tend more directly towards its Beloved Pole, then you shall to me. In spite of Rivals then you must and shall be mine, and if I could suspect your Power, I can't my own; and on this Consideration I can't so much as doubt your Constancy or fear a Relapse. Then

A Pacquet from Athens. 49

Then you'll be ready to meet me (will you not ?) For all my *Rhyming Powers* in some of our pleasant Walks, when I have power, or can get leave of my self to give you notice of it; in the mean time why may not I turn your own Artillery upon you, and say all those pretty things about your *Platonick Courtship*, as you have done about mine ? I have been from Town, or else I shou'd have Answer'd yours long before. But sooner to your Next. *Adieu*, once more *Ali u.*

Remember your *Forgotten*

I R E N E.

L E T T E R XIV.

Philaret refuses to meet Irene, telling her Platonick Lovers must not trouble themselves with such material gross things as Bodies, and sends the rest of his Passion in Verse.

I Received Yours this Morning, *before my Eyes were open too.* — and find you have not received my Letter Dated *September 9.* I am afraid it lost the way no farther from hence then *London*, and then *I'm undone* — pray enquire at your own Post House, and if you can have no News of it, send me word by this Post, there was a Letter to *Sapho* inclosed in it with Poems. — *Irene, Dear Irene,*

50 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Irene why were you so unkind and suspicious to Subscribe, Pour Forgorge, &c. Forget you! No by Heaven, I shall sooner in Death Forget my self and all: Forget you! Cruel Thought! Witness for me, ye soft Powers that Irene is not a Moment out of my Thoughts: Ah, do not think me Guilty of so much Injustice and Ingratitude, when I've as much Friendship for you as I can or must Harbour. I love you to Impatience, and shou'd wish to see you (in some of your pleasant Walks) but that I consider Platonick Lovers must not trouble themselves with such material gross things as Bodies are: We have Souls to be sure, and whilst they can meet and Caress, we need not repine at this distance——The rest of my Passion I've sent you in Verse.

1.

*So Angels Love, and all the rest is Dross,
Contracted, selfish, sensitive and gross;
Unlike to this, all free and unconfin'd
Is that bright Flame, I bear thy brighter Mind,*

2.

*No stragling Wish or Sympton of Desire
Comes near the limits of this holy Fire;
Yet is intense and active tho' so fine
For all my pure Immortal Part is thine.*

3.

*Why should I then the Heavenly Spark controul
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul:
Why should I blush to indulge the Noble Flame
For which even Friendship's a degrading name.*

4.

*Nor is the greatness of my Love to thee
A Sacriledg unto the Deity;*

Can

A Pacquet from Athens. 51.

*Can I the inviting Stream almost adore
And not prefer its lovely Fountain more?*

I have Ten times more to say to you.
—— but there's a LADY waits for me,
and I can't Civilly try Her Patience any
longer, —— and so you must e'en guess
at the rest, and assure Your Self I am
Your

Inviolable Friend,

PHILARET.

LETTER XV.

*Irene talks of deserting Philaret, bids
him recant all his Friendly Vows,
and endeavours to Tear him from
her Soul.*

PART! —— and that so coldly too! —— how
can you revolve the thought so pati-
ently? But part we must, I'm more
than half assur'd —— Ah Cruel
Laws, more Tyrannous than Death, to what will
you compel me —— Forgo all Correspondence with
Philaret? *Why have I Breath to feel how much 'tis
worse than Death?* —— But tell me, dear Posses-
sor of my Heart, how shall I tear thee thence? Tell
me how I shall extort thee from my Soul? ——
Prishee oblige me no more, recant all thy Friendly Vows,
D and

52 *A Pacquet from Athens*

and disengage my kinder Resolutions ! Yes, let me, and give me leave no longer to indulge a gentle thought for thee—— You'll not consent I see—— but I must bid you Farewel in my next; yet assure your self twill be with Reluctance equal to that sincerity which you have hitherto met from the

Innocent but Unhappy

IRENE.

LETTER XVI.

Philaret tells his Platonick Mistress that his Love has no parting in't.

Dear Madam,

YOURS I receiv'd, and after I had Kist it a Thousand times ('tis a tenderness I pay every Letter you send me) I fell to reading it with Eager Eyes; and finding you to Reveal your Love with such Noble Heat, I have no way left to express my self so generous too, but to mix Flame with Flame, and to tell you my LOVE has no Parting in't.——Part! No Irene, I'd follow you to the Abyss of Wretchedness, and there dwell with you like your Shadow under the keenest Miseries; nor shou'd I think any self your Friend, unless with the same equal Mind

A Pacquet from Athens. 53

Mind. I could go half in Perils as in Friendship with you.

All the Arguments I use to sweeten our Parting are as so many daggers thrust into my Heart, and I can't bear the thoughts on't! — Part! — — — Bless me, how it sounds! 'Tis impossible it shou'd be so; *it does not hang together*: What part after so many Vows of never parting here, or scarce a Minute in the other World; methinks I feel already the Torments to which a Heart is exposed that loses what it Loves; *never did Man love as I have Lov'd*; my Sentiments have a certain delicacy unknown to any but my self, and my Heart loves Irene more in one Hour, than others do in all their Lives: Say, dear Possessor of my Heart, can this consist with parting? — Part! — No, It can never be.

1.

Since Love hath kindled in our Eyes
A Chaste and Holy Fire,
It were a Sin if thou or I
Should let this Flame Expire.

2.

What though our Bodies never meet?
Love's Fewel's more Divine:
The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never join.

3.

False Meteors who still change their Place,
Tho' they seem Fair and Bright,
Yet when they covet to Embrace,
Fall down and lose their Light.

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4.

*If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take Fresh Fires at thine.*

5.

*Thus when we shall preserve from Waste
The Flames of our Desires,
No Vestals shall maintain more Chaste
Nor more Immortal Fires.*

*Irene, Can you doubt my Constancy (or
talk of Parting) when, if I am any thing, 'tis
yours; and so Innocently yours, that I'd Seal
these Protestations with a Dying Gasp.*

*The Poles shall move, to Teach me, ere I start;
And when I change my Friend, I'll change my Heart.*

*I have no less lov'd you than my self, and
have equally shar'd my Hours between Love to
Vertue, and Dear Irene——*

*Then how can I think of Parting!—— No
Irene, I'll still Love on with all the Liberty Plato
allows, neither distance of Place, nor Interval
of Time, can quench this Innocent Flame——*

*In a Word, Irene, your discarding Strephon has
refin'd you to a meer Angel, and I'm certainly
in Platonick Love with you. But pray send me
Strephon's name, and how far you consented to his
sensual Amour.*

*Thus you see, Irene, (but methinks I should kiss
you here, as loth to leave so perfect a Sentence with-
out a Comma) that my Flame is innocent as well*

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as yours, and that 'twill last as long——

'Tis true (my Dear) you are wholly made of Charms; there is a *Quiver in your Looks*, a Thousand Graces playing on your Lips, and so many *Beauties* darting from your Eyes, will be hard to a Mind which knows no holier use of such a Heavenly Form, but first to covet, and then to enjoy: But *Philaret* looks upon you with other Eyes; as you're to me a *Venus*, and strike a warm Flame in me, so you are a *Diana* too, and do infuse a chaste *Religious coldness*: You do not only stand before me safe as in a *Circle* made by your own Charms, but do incircle me with the same *Virtuous Spells*.

Then talk no more of parting; for you see, *Irene*, there is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; in *Platonick Love*, *Two* so become *One*, as they both become *Two*; our Wills United make but one Mind, which ruling all our Actions that it seems we are *in like manner but one Body*.—Part, why, tis impossible; for *Irene* and *Philaret* are become at length, the perfect *Abstract* of all *Sympathy*, and partake of one anothers Good and Evil with so Lively - a Perfection, that there needs but *One Blow* to make Two Wounds.

And now things are as they shou'd be; for when there's True Friendship, 'tween *Two* of a Different Sex,

—They so Unite,
That Two distinct, make One *Hermaphrodite*.

This isn't the Thousandth part of what (with a great deal of Truth) I cou'd add to this Subject; but here's enough to shew, that though your Love is the most Tender thing I possess, yet that I bear the *Lawrel in Friendship*

fill, and **Out-Love** You, as far as you out-Love others.

And this (Dear Platonick) is all the Parting
you must expect from, Yours

(Innocently, and) Eternally,

PHILARET.

LETTER XVII.

Irene Contends with Philaret for the Wreath in Friendship, she tells him her Inclinations are chain'd to his, and follow them so naturally, that she can scarce distinguish the motions of his Thoughts from her own——

Dear Phil,

I Can't say I'm upon the square with you, *a Thousand times is a pretty considerable number;* but kiss your Letter I did o'er and o'er, methought I cou'dn't help it neither, it had *an unaccountable tendency to my Lips,* as if that had bin the nearest way to my Soul!—— but I'll not yield you the *Wreath in Friendship,* for the *Conquest is mine;* Love as much as you can: My Flame has already commenc'd, immortality——my Humour carries every thing to the excess, and I love not only beyond the practice, but even the Conceptions of others; you Reign *Unquestioned Monarch in the Nobler part of my Soul.*
'Tis

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'Tis true, my Flame for Sirephon is more active and impatient, but withal Fickle and Irregular; whereas to you 'tis a Pleasant and Establish'd Heat, prompted neither by interest or design: My Inclinations are chain'd to yours, and follow them so naturally that *I can scarce distinguish the motions of your Thoughts from my own*, for which reason I could not be perswaded that your Fidelity or Constancy will fall short of mine, and that's so firm that

*The Sun shall cease to shine
The Moon shall lose her light;
Before these constant thoughts of mine,
Chuse any new Delights.*

And Death it self will be no period to my Friendship; for shou'd that snatch me from you——

*With Care on your last Hour I will attend;
And lest Like Souls should me deceive,
I closely will embrace my New-Born Friend,
And never after my Dear Pithias leave.*

But should Fate be so unkind, to take you from hence before—— Ah me—— in what a Melancholly shade has this sad thought involv'd me?—— Heaven's! what a desert the World is, while I but fancy, my lov'd Philares gone—— but shou'd the destinies be so cruel, I'd breathe out my Life in a Song and follow you—— but I must divert my self from these black Reflexions—— and so enter Sirephon, whose name, I tell ye once more, you are not like to know; but thus much of the Circumstances of the increague I'll inform you, I love, and am belov'd again; at least Sirephon tells me so,
D 4 but

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but he tells me a great many pretty things that I'm not one quarter Fool enough to believe. He's inconstant and false, yet I have one undissembled proof of his Affection for my Comfort——
But alas all my Art can't fix him, I could tear the Roses from my Cheeks, and put out the flatter'd Lustre of my Eyes, for Strephon breaks my Fetters like a Spiders Web, he Counter-Charms me, and baffles every Art I have.

*In vain are all the Charms I can devise ;
He has an Art to break them with his Eyes.*

And yet he'll not resign my Heart, but still indulges and blows up the Pernicious Sparks ; his Charming Tongue infuses a Poison, 'gainst which there's no Antidote but——

*Beware Britannian Ladies, Ah beware,
How you receive my Faithless Wanderer !*

Thus I complain of Strephon, and the while Strephon complains to every Stream and Grove of me.—— Well, this little blind Deity makes some stir, especially among People that have nothing else to do in the World—— but I'm in such a Labyrinth now, that I've a good mind to forswear Intreague, and with one Brave Resolve to set my self free, and be happy in spite of them all—— what a Harmless and Peaceful thing is Platonick Love to these rude Passions into which 'tis impossible my Flame for you shou'd ever degenerate ; while as an Antidote against Corporal Love, I meet your Effigies at every Barbers Window ; or which is Ten times worse, in the Methodical Phiz of every little Dapper Pedant of about 3 Foot high,

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high, that I meet—— which things I say, carry this Air, You are as safe in your Circle, as I am in mine. I wou'dn't move one step beyond the limits of *Spiritual Love* for ever so much—— but because you shan't hang your self for cramming this Fantastick Idea into my Brains, when you might have let it alone and Welcome—— I'll tell you, I know you much better than you do me, you are *Proper and Black*, and Careless in your Air and Feature, all which wou'd please me extreamly, if I had any *thing to say to your Body*; —— but *Srephon* from my Flame to you has abstracted all the grosser particles—— — and left it too pure to deserve my Mothers Jealousy or censure; but in spite of that difficulty, I shall still be (having banisht *Srephon* for ever)

Your Constant Friend,

IRENE.

LETTER XVIII.

Philaret fell in love with Irene in his pre-existent State, and endeavours to out-rival Her in Love and Tenderneſs.

PLainly, then here's a Battle—— You say the Conquest is yours, *love as much as I can*; but I'll have t'other Tug for't yet before I yield the Victory: You only love beyond the
D 5 practice

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Practice and conception of others; but I out-love this. Doctor G—— (that studies you more than his Notes) must not pretend to love like me, and for all the other Admirers of your Body they are but of Yesterday (a sort of Novices in Love) if compar'd with me, all which is prov'd at once by telling you, I fell in love with you in my *pre-existent State* (which is 5000 years ago) tho' you have forgot it (*which you cou'd not ha' done had you lov'd like me*) and that my Love is still more pure than 'twas the first minute I embrac'd you in the World of Spirits; but supposing your Love to my Soul had commenc'd Immortality as many Ages as mine did to you; yet still you own *you have nothing to say to my Body*, whilst I admire you both in **Body** and **Soul**: So that except you can prove that Soul and Body are the same thing, or that the half is as much as the whole, 'twill be still evident I love most. 'Tis true, you affirm That *you are so much the same with me, that you can scarce distinguish the motions of your own thoughts from mine*; but this is your highest flight, and I out-strip you here too, for you can breathe into me *no other thoughts but mine*; and every thought I have is so far from being *scarcely distinguishable* from yours, that I am positive 'tis moulded in your very Breast; and cou'd you be as willing as I that we might grow together, our courteous Hearts wou'd not be nearer nor yet more entire; than sure I Love most; for I love Irene without reserve, or Rule. My Heart is not large enough for such a Guest as dear Irene—— In a word, no description can reach the height of the Friendship I bear you, since it admits not of any Parallel, but derives its value only

only

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only from its excess——Should you still deny that I love most, (bless me! what an overwhelming joy wou'd that be!) I shou'd fancy it a happiness too great to last; Envy or Fate must lessen such an Endearment.

But be charitable now! For tho' I run on at this warm rate, I'm certainly one of the most *Platonick* Lovers this day living: For I can so innocently view and admire a Lady, her pretty pinking eyes, her Ivory Neck and Breasts; and can gaze so long without one irregular thought, that you'd even wonder to see so much *Ice* in *Flesh and Blood*.

You'd stand amaz'd, and greatly wou'd admire
How so much water sprang from so much fire.

My Visits are so civil too, that were you a meer *Precisian* you need never counsel me, nor check me with a Frown——My Flame can never degenerate into Rudeness, or move one step awry.

Madam, Methinks our Souls are *Wedded* already, so that now (if we cou'd) we need not marry Bodies too, that were a needless charge—
Lie with Irene! How vile and horridly that sounds!
No, if men must be made, lest the World should cease, we both desire that Nature wou'd expect such course and homely drudgeries from Porters and Carmen, and not from us. Such Honey wou'd quickly cloy; but whilst our Souls are only wedded, we shall be ever *Beauteous, Fresh and Young*, at least, in our own belief: For who can lessen or defile the opinion which our mutual Thoughts shall frequently exchange? Besides if we wed no further, we may lawfully beget *Reflections* in each others Eyes, and those *Immagin*

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terial Creatures cannot sin or inherit any thing ; and I cou'd shew you how (as through a Perspective) when we first meet, we shall unite and thrid our Beams until they make a mutual string on which our Souls will dance into each others Brain, and so begin short Journeys to the Heart, and thence descend, &c. This life the Angels lead ; for they no Sexes know, but ever love (like us) in Meditation, not in Act. Surely our first Addresses will be a Dialogue of interjections and short Periods, the most pathetick Language of Surprize, and high-wrought Joy.

I might go on (for this is what *Uesta* is might discourse) but I suppose by this you are convinc'd of the innocence of *Platonick Courtship*, and how much you're out-lov'd by

Your constant Admirer
Philaret.

L E T T E R XIX.

Irene declares 'twou'd destroy her very Woman-hood to give the Man the allowance of the last word; and therefore makes their whole controversy of Platonick-Love turn upon this hinge ; that whether of 'em at their first interview shall look most like a Fool, shou'd bear away the Palm of loving best.

NAY, *Philarett*, 'tis against my Womanhood to let you have the last word, and to convince you,

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I have reason for't too, you shall see how little
my Friendship for you falls short of my passion
for Strephon :

Joy salutes me when I set

My blest Eyes on Philaret.

But with wonder I am struck,

When I on bright Strephon look,

If ever Philaret complains,

I have sense of all his pains.

But for lovely Strephon I

Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of my self is mine

Dearest Philaret, is thine.

But we'll let alone this Arguing 'till I see
you, and then conclude which looks most like a
Fool loves best. I hope there will be no ceremo-
ny betwixt us after this long acquaintance;
nor shall my Love to Strephon e'er divide or
part us. 'Tis true, he's a person of Truth and
Honour, scorns an ungrateful action; but his
policy is unfathomable, yet I dare trust him
for all that, nor have I much reason to be
incredulous, having never been cheated in all the
dealing I have had with the Sex from 13 till now.
'Tis true Strephon deceiv'd me as to his Ver-
tue, but in nothing else; he's so true yet, that
were I as constant, we should plunge our selves
in certain ruin, both our Parents being such
Enemies, tho' very near related, that a death-
bed

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bed would scarce reconcile 'em; but Philaret had you seen Strephon in his Seventeenth Year, which was the Age I loved him in, you'd scarce have blam'd the unhappy thing he deluded; 'twould scarce obscure an Angel to assume such a form, and appear with such a Face as Strephon then had, you'd have thought him the God of Love in Masquerade; and except the lovely Damon, 'twas the softest delicate thing that ever I beheld; not but that I loath effeminacy in any thing but an unfledg'd Boy, and it became him as well as Gravity, or a Frown do's Philaret: He was vers'd in all the Gallantries of Love, and Humours of the Town: But he had failings too, for he was a great Jacobite, and something else; yet nothing but a sight of him after two Years absence, cou'd have cur'd my dotage; for then he return'd from the Wars such a Bearded masculine thing, that I found there was no such tender charming Being in Nature as I till then cherish'd the Idea of——'Tis true, he now seem'd a little nobler than the rest of the Sex, and might have charm'd another woman; but I was so humerous, that nothing but a Species between Man and Angel, would serve my turn—I despised all the proposals made me, and scorning to be fetter'd by those dull methods that the rest of the Sex obey, I resolv'd (since nothing within my reach cou'd please me) to range till I found an Object excellent enough to move me: But I might have ranlack'd the whole Mass of Mankind, and met nothing so powerful to conquer me if I had miss'd Strephon, whom his Habit spake mortal, but his Face some disguis'd Deity: The first
Beam

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Beam of his eyes pointed my destiny, and soon eas'd me of a Heart that lay upon my hands. I wou'd have lov'd him, tho' he had been the *Sophy of Persia*; my Fancy being too wild for the most formidable Obstacle to limit; yet I had never reason to repent my rashness, and now least of all; for *Strephon*, (I wont say beyond my hopes, because I can reach the *Queen of Love* her self to manage her charms; but just as I expected) subscribes himself my **Slave**; and in requital, I own my **flame**, and whisper out my passion to him agen, in as tender, but innocent expressions, as 'twas possible for *Venus* to inspire: Thus — I love, and am belov'd again, and care not who knows it. — But this love to *Strephon* is all dissolv'd in one thought of *Philaret*.

*You already have of me
All that's. not Idolatry.*

But methinks (*dear Platonick*) your **Courtship** has a little flattery in it, which I can scarce forgive; and yet coming from you, it's pleasing too.

As to the Parson he's an Afs to you, (*saving his Reverence*) and I wou'd prefer one moment of *Philarets* Company to whole Ages of his; and those other Admirers of my Body (if there is any) may go hang themselves; for I prize you more than my Life, and own you exceed me in every thing but loving most: Your very Enemies now are in love with you. There's *Fido* tells me you e'en kill him with kindness; he's so freighted with admiration of you

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you, that now you are his perpetual Theam to my Mother, who much approves our *Platonick Amour*.

So that now a *Marriage of Souls* is the talk of the Family ; and for my self, I do nothing but speak and dream of *Philaret*.

Yet I dare hardly hope for another Letter after you have read this, for you that improve every moment of your *Life*, if that is possible (*being already I shou'd think at the height of perfection*) cannot throw away your precious time in reading *nothing* ; for such is all I write or say : However, be Generous, and forgive this and all Troubles from

Your most oblig'd *Platonick*

I R E N E.

L E T T E R XX.

Philaret flourishes upon the Ideal advantages of the Platonick State of Matrimony, proposes Mr. Norris for the Parson, and sends her the Forms both of Publication and Marriage ; of which he desires her thoughts.

Dearlly Beloved Soul,

I Find by your last that we are both arriv'd to such a height in *Platonism*, that *who loves most*, need no longer disturb us ;
fo

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so that we are now pretty ripe both in *No-*
tion and *Affection*, for that intellectual State of
Matrimony, where *Flesh* and *Blood* (those
dear Relatives however) have nothing at all
to do. You have digested *Plato's* Idea of the
matter very well; and I know no discouragement
in the way that shou'd hinder the consum-
mation of our Marriage: As for poverty and
want, we need not fear 'em, so long as our
Understandings can subsist and keep us from
starving; 'tis true our Children, those pretty
little tiny Ideal Subsistences, may increase upon
our hands; however, we shall be able to
maintain 'em at easy rates; for this same
Spiritual Posterity of our own dear Brains, will
be able to provide for 'emselves so soon as
they're born; and besides, when we've got a
pretty collection of 'em together, we shall
be able to put 'em off to Book-sellers at
10 per Cent I'll warrant ye, and what in-
couragement d'ye think, will this be to fol-
low the Business of Generation with all possible
application?

You mention, I confess, a very nice difficulty
in your first Letter, when you put the Question,
who shall marry us? Why truly (my Platonick
Transport being now over) I've been thinking
these three hours, and can make nothing on't: For
all the men in Orders that I can recollect, have so
much of *Flesh and Blood and Sense and Sinews and*
ranc inclination about 'em, that ther's no dealing
with 'em in a Business so *refin'd*, so *Spiritual* so *In-*
tellectual, and to say no more, so *Platonical*, as this
of ours. But—let me see—Now I have it, there's
Mr. Norris you know, Rector of Bemerton near *Salk-*
bury, begotten betwixt the Brains of *Plato*
and

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and *Malbranche*, by the same token that his Sermons and Discourses are better comments upon these two Gentlemen, than upon the new Testament, and the Scheme of Christianity. He's certainly the fittest Fellow in the Universe for the purpose; besides, he has writ a Book entituled *the Ideal World*; which shall be our Family-Book, and into this World we must endeavour to transport our selves, and live as little as is possible in this *sensual World*, where the very Air would spoil all our *Platonism*. Having adjusted this matter to our wish, I'll take care in the mean time to acquaint Mr. *Norris* that he, by vertue of his Orders, is oblig'd to publish the *Banns* of our *Platonick-Matrimony* thro' all his *Ideal World*, on three several holy days, within the compass of some convenient time; and to shew that we'll dissent as little as is possible from the present Establishment: (For Mr. *Norris* don't like the Dissenters:) The publication shall be made in the following words.

'I Publish the Banns of *Platonick-Marriage* between the Soul of *Philaret* and the Soul of *Irene*: If any of you know Cause or just Impediment why these two Souls shou'd not be join'd together in *Spiritual Platonick-Matrimony*, ye are to declare it: This is the *First*, (*Second*, or *Third*) time of asking.

Dear Soul! I'm now all over nothing but pure *Platonick* Transport, when I think of you; and to what heights shall I then be rais'd, when our Understandings shall join in a lasting and a living Union, when our Wills shall mingle their Desires, and embrace each other without either weariness or end! I'm not

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not a little inclin'd to the Opinion of those who assert the Union of Souls in another World, and that the Minds of Men are turn'd all into *one common Soul*, when they enter upon the world of Spirits; Unity being one great Attribute of Perfection, and has in it a resemblance of the Deity It self; and if so, because of our union in this State, we shall then have the satisfaction to lie nearest to each other in that universal heap of Souls. We'll take therefore all imaginable care to make our union here as sacred and as strict as the Circumstances can admit.

And that the very words of solemnizing our *Platonick* Marriage, may be as binding, and as comprehensive as words can make it. I've inclos'd by this Post the very Form for this purpose, which was adjusted and agreed upon in a full Session of our *Athenian-Society*. I desire you'd send me your Remarks upon it with the first opportunity, and tell me with all freedom and sincerity, whether you'll take me in this or some other form; for should we leave this matter to Mr. *Norris* the Parson, he'd certainly marry us into the *Omni-formity of the Divine Ideas*, or by some such unintelligible Term. Prithee, my dear little *Angel*, write soon, and appoint a day when all our Happiness shall commence. I am very passionately yours, in all the purest Quintessence of *Platonick-Love*.

The Form of solemnizing Platonick-Matrimony.

IT will be necessary to acquaint you for what very solemn and important reasons this intellectual and *Platonick* Matrimony is instituted

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stituted and ordain'd, before you enter upon the Ordinance it self: And negatively,

It is not appointed to satisfy the Wicked inclinations of the **Flesh**, and to gratify the ungovernable Appetites of Sense, &c. for you must not so much as suffer one single Thought to wander after any Physical enjoyment of each other, for that wou'd destroy the Essence of *Platonick* Matrimony, and all; your civil Rites and Liberties in the Ideal World, wou'd be taken from you, and return as a Forfeiture, into the hands of *Plato*, the great Monarch of that Ideal Kingdom:

But positively, it is ordain'd for the mutual enjoyment of your Souls, your Understandings are to make free communications of all you know, so that your Knowledge must be shar'd like a common Stock, and every little Idea you can either of you form, must not be kept as a reserve for private use, but be thrown with pleasure into the common Treasury; and this commerce must not only be maintain'd betwixt your Understandings, but your Wills, which are the seat of *Platonick*-Love, must embrace each other with all the Intensity of Spiritual Desire, and to keep some warmth in your Love, you are to look upon all the little Ideas your Understandings can create, as equivalent, and of the same nature with those charming Prettynesses which the fond Lover imagines in his Mistress. All your Happiness, and all your Sorrows, are to lie in common, and a mutual sympathy must make up as it were a third Soul of union betwixt you. If you understand

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stand and Consent to all this, we shall proceed to the Solemnity it self.

The Priest must say first to the Man,

‘*Philaret*, Wilt thou have the Soul of *Irene*
‘to be thy Platonical Wife, to live together
‘after the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher in
‘the purely intellectual State of Matrimony?
‘Wilt thou have nothing at all to do with
‘her Body, either in Act or Desire, but be al-
‘ways Platonically satisfied to enjoy no more
‘of her than her Understanding and Will, and
‘such other Spiritual Faculties as thou shalt find
‘about her? Wilt thou Love her, and comfort
‘her, and forsaking both the Bodies and the
‘Souls of all other Women, keep thy Soul only
‘to hers so long as you both shall Live?’

The Man shall Answer, I will.

Then shall the Priest say to the Woman,

‘*Irene*, Wilt thou have the Soul of *Philaret*
‘to be thy Platonical Husband; to Live toge-
‘ther after the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher,
‘in the purely intellectual State of Matrimony?
‘Wilt thou have nothing at all to do with his
‘Body either in Act or Desire, but be always
‘Platonically satisfied to enjoy no more of him
‘than his Understanding and Will, and such
‘other Faculties as thou shalt find about
‘him? Wilt thou submit thy Understanding
‘to his, and suffer his Will always to have
‘the Government of thine? Wilt thou Love
‘him and Comfort him, and forsaking both
‘the Bodies and the Souls of all other Men,
keep

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'keep thy Soul only to his, so long as you
'both shall Live ?

The Woman shall Answer, I will.

This Platonick Marriage being something Hyperphysical in its own Nature, it can't be Rigorously Required, that any Third Person shou'd take the Soul of the Woman, and give it in Marriage to the Man's ; and therefore by a Superiority of Votes, in a full Session of our Athenian Society, it is Enacted, That this part of the Ceremony be legally omitted, as also that of the Ring ; which in this case, would be no better than a Round Absurdity, of which Plato himself han't left us the least Intimation.

Mr. Norris the Parson, shall then Re-quire the Man to say after him,

'I Philaret take this same Soul of Irene to
'be my Platonical Wife, to have and to hold
'her, for Wife or for Foolish, for good Hu-
'mour'd, or bad, for better for worse ; to keep
'under all Sensual Inclination, tho it be never
'so strong ; to Love her and Cherish her in a
'Platonical way ; and this I promise to do with
'my Understanding and Will, and such other
'Faculties as may make us more happy, and
'thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Then shall the Woman say after the Parson,

'I Irene take this same Soul of Philaret,
'to be my Platonical Husband, to have and to
'hold him, for Wife or for Foolish, for good
'Humour'd or bad, for better for worse, to
'keep under all Sensual Inclination though it be
'never

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'never so strong ; to Love him and Cherish him
'in a Platonick way ; and this I promise to do
'with my Understanding and Will, and such o-
'ther Faculties as may make us more Happy, and
'thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Pray, Irene, send in your next how you ap-
prove of this Form of *Platonick Matrimony* to
PHILARET.

L E T T E R X X I .

Irene's Remarks upon the Last Letter :
She Consents to the Substance of it,
with some Peculiar Limitations and
Restraints ; and proposes, a FORM
to Dissolve the Platonick Marriage,
suppose the Premises be Transgressed.

Dear SOUL,

IF Your Affection may be measur'd by the
Care you have taken about *our Platonick*
Wedding, I have no reason to Question it ; how-
ever, seeing you have given me the Liberty to
make some Remarks upon the whole, take 'em
as they follow.

As for your Choice of Mr. Norris, the Par-
son, I can freely agree to it ; he has certainly
the greatest insight into our Business of any Man
Living ; as for calling up the Ghost of *Divine*
Plato, 'tis something impracticable, and we might
easily be imposed upon ; but as to that Expres-
sion, and such other Faculties as you shall
find about me ; it looks so suspicious that I'm
afraid

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afraid there's some Wickedness in it, for I'm not Conscious to my self of any more faculties that are purely Platonical, beside my Understanding and my Will, tho' if you mean no more than this, that if there be any latent Faculties in our Minds, which we may afterwards discover when more accusom'd to our Platonical way of House-keeping; I freely grant you the Enjoyment of them, as I expect the same Favour from you; however for fear of any mischief from that, or any other sentence in the Form of Solimpization, I require your promise to be Unmarried in the following Words, tho' I shan't exact it of you so long as you keep your self Sober, and at a due Platonical distance.

The FORM follows :

' *I Philaret* having not the gift of Continence, according to the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher, but being overcome by the Wicked inclinations of the Flesh, and so being unsatisfied with no more than the pure Platonical Enjoyment of the Soul of *Irene*, have endeavour'd to Violate our Marriage Covenant, by some supernumerary Appetites that were not therein mentioned, I do declare that our Platonical Obligations are Void and of no Effect, and that I will have no more to do with *Irene*, either in a Physical or Platonical way: To which I Subscribe,

PHILARET.

And as for my own part, I will have Liberty to dissolve our Platonical Marriage in Words that follow,

' *Whereas*

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Whereas, I *Irene*, being contracted to the Soul of *Philaret*, in a Solemn Covenant of Platonical Matrimony, and having found by too sad and sensible experience that he has not the Gift of Continnence according to the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher, but being overcome by the Wicked Inclinations of his Flesh, and so being unsatisfied with no more than the pure Platonical Enjoyment of my Understanding and my Will, has endeavoured to violate our Marriage Covenant, by some Supernumerary Appetites that were not therein mentioned; I do Declare, Henceforward, all our Platonical Obligations to be Void and of no Effect; and that I will have no more to do, either in a Physical or Platonical way with *Philaret*.

To which I Subscribe *IRENE.*

Now my Dear *Platonist*, all this security can do no Harm, you know; and may Matters never come to this Extremity.

It looks very pleasant methinks to see how you have tyed me to Obedience, and to Resign both my Understanding and my Will to Yours, had you first given us a Demonstration that there's something like *Sex*, &c. in *Souls*, I should have said nothing to it; however, this Nicety shan't part us, I hope your Platonical Government will be as Reasonable as it should be Refin'd, and Spiritual; and so long, you may take my Word for it; I shall never Contend with you.

E

As

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As for the Marriage Day, I cannot possibly appoint it; you must learn that of Mr. Norris, for we are not so well acquainted with their *Kalander* in the *Ideal World*, and so can't tell how soon Three Holy Daies may fall, that the Publication may be Dispatched.

I am YOURS,

In all the Warmth and Sincerity

of Platonick Love,

I R E N E.

Our Mathematician Succeeding so well in his Platonick Courtship, at the next meeting of the Athenian-Society we Propos'd a Platonick Wife for our Reverend Chaplain, the Lady we Recommended to him was the Charming Orinda, (a Daughter of the Church) and a true Platonick from Head to Foot.

The Correspondence Follows :

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Dr. Fido (A Member of New Athens) is advised to Court the Soul of Orinda — He gives her a true Idea of Platonick Love, and declares he loves nothing but her Spiritual Part.

Most Dear Orinda,

THE Platonick Wedding lately agreed on between Philarez (a Member of Athens) and the Ingenious Irene, gives me hopes that I shall be as successful in my Court to Orinda: 'Tis true Madam, I carry *Flesh and Blood* under my Gown, but 'tis so refin'd by Mortification, that I now intend (being recommended to you by *New Athens*) to make love to your *Spiritual Part*. And why, (Dear Madam) shou'd I not have the preference to all your other Admirers, for they but Love the Body, but I your Soul, and nothing but your Soul; perhaps they'll tell you, they cou'd lose an Arm or Leg for a Nights Lodging; and was there no such thing as *Virtue*, I shou'd not blame them; for all that sees your Person, admires it; you are an *Angel* dress'd in *Flesh and Blood*.

*Saint-like you look, an Angel if you sing,
Your Eyes are Stars, your Mind is every thing.*

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But still there's a But in this kind of Love ;
for Beasts and Plants (as well as these) move to
propagate their like. *Children* are the poorest
way of immortalizing as can be, and as natural
to a Beggar as a Prince, and therefore away
with this *Dull* Enjoyment.

*Sense is enough, where Senses only Woo ;
But reasoning Lovers, must have Reason too ;
Bodies are Finite, and do quickly Cloy ;
But Souls are Infinite, and like themselves enjoy.*

Then in spight of all the *Corporal Lovers*
that haunt your Body (not your *Mind*) com-
mend me to *Platonick Love* ; I mean, Commend
us to one another ; for I thought for that one
Week I lay by you, not with you (as grosser
Lovers wou'd) that we beheld one ano-
ther with the *Eyes of a Dove*, and were
mutually inflam'd with a chaste Affection,
but *Angels Visits are short and sweet* ; and
I was thus happy but Six Days, when
Six Ages had bin too little ; but (Dear
Angel) if ever we meet again (for there's such
a thing as the *Platonick Tear*, as well as the
Platonick Lover) we'll Live o'er our Absent
Years in that Minute I first see you, and so
(if you'll consent to a *Spiritual Marriage*) live on
to the end of our Lives —

Perhaps here (considering my Function) you'll ex-
pect I shou'd describe the *Purity* of that Love
which such profels who distinguish themselves
from the herd of *Sensual Inamorato's* by the
Title of *Platonicks* ; that I may impartially do this

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this, it is Requisite, I enquire into the Original of *Platonick Love*.

Plato in his Dialogue, intituled *Convivium*, or the Banquet (the Argument whereof is *Honourable Love*) bringeth in *Socrates*, a Wise, Grave, and Chaste Philosopher, taking high delight in the Society of *Alcibiades*, a Beautiful Youth; and loving him passionately, though Virtuously, not for any sensual respect, but only to impregnate him with that Knowledge and those Vertues, with which his own Mind was pregnant.

*This is the Point where Circling Pleasures move,
When Happy Lovers have returns of Love;
Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death Destroyed,
Where not the Body, but the Soul's, Enjoyed*—

This (Dear Madam) is the *Idea* of *Platonick Love*; for the sum of *Plato's* Opinion concerning this kind of Love, is this. That a Man whose Mind is full of Wisdom and other Vertues, is naturally inclined to seek out, and Dearly affect some Beautiful Person, of Age and Capacity to conceive, in whom he may by frequent Instructions and Familiar ways of Insinuation, beget or produce the like Wisdom and Vertues: And that the Delight he receives therein, is very Great, as the Motive to it is very Honourable.

Thus (Madam) have I given you a true *Idea* of *Platonick Love*, and I hope by that have convinced you how Spiritually I Love *Orinda*; and as I only Court your Soul, your Obliging Answer will be expected by

Your *Platonick* Servant,

Fido.

LETTER XXXIII.

Orinda tells the Athenian Parson, he carries Flesh and Blood under his Gown, and that his Platonick Courtship is but an Honourable Pretence to conceal a sensual Appetite.

Reverend Platonick,

I Cannot like your making Love to my Soul, for tho' Socrates might be Chaste; it follows not that therefore all were so, who afterward adhered to this opinion: Witness the Pedagogue in *Petronius Arbitr*, and many others, whose Stories Modestly will not suffer me to Retate. Once more; Were all *Plato's* Disciples in this particular, as innocent as their Masters Idea; yet it is not necessary their Love should be therefore pure, or void of all sensual respects, because (as the greatest Philosopher of our Age hath excellently observed) *The Continent have the Passion they contain, as much and more than they that violate the Appetite.*

We have the memorable Confession of *Lais* that she had more Philosophers, and those *Stoicks*, for her Humble Servants, than men of lower Professions. Divine *Plato* (as your Reverence knows) Confesses himself so passionatly in Love with his *Archianassa*, hat forgetting his Doctrine of Ideas, he knew none but that of her Face; and the

Grave

Grave *Stagyrite* as well sacrificed to his *Herpetis* as to *Ceres*. But leaving *Plato's* Opinion, let us see how the Love which our *Modern Platonicks* pretend to be justifiable thereby, does agree therewith.

First, Our *Platonicks* are generally of Different Sexes ; whereas *Socrates* and his Darling *Alcibiades*, were both Masculine.

Secondly, Ours are commonly both Young, and in the Canicular, or Scorching Years of Life : But *Socrates* was Ancient, and superannuated for the Incitements of Wanton Desires.

Thirdly, Ours are generally far short of that Wisdom and those Vertues, that are Requisite to form the like Excellencies in others.

Again, Ours pretend to Love, because they would Learn, not Teach, and the Male *Platonick* (forsooth) is ever admiring and extolling the content he takes in Contemplating the Ideas of those rare Vertues, which he Discovers Daily in the Female while she (good Modest Soul) is as much Transported with those Perfections of Mind she Discerns in Him : When indeed, those Vertues and Excellencies are kept so close, that no Person else can perceive any such in either of them.

Lastly, Ours, (especially the Women) are for the most part Married to others, and so ought to propagate Virtue, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their Husbands and Children, than in Strangers : But, Alas ! Those Relations are despised in comparison of the Noble Lover, who alone deserves to be made Wiser and Better.

I could reckon up many other Differences more, but these are enough to let you see, what

vast disparity is betwixt the *Platonick Love* of the Ancients, and that of Modern Puritan Lovers; and how little reason they have to usurp either the Example of *Socrates*, or the Authority of *Plato*, for their Patronage. I hope, therefore, Reverend *Fido*, you will not be offended, If I take leave (without Prejudice to that Noble Amity, called Friendship) to suspect that your *Platonick Passion* is but an Honourable pretence to conceal a *sensual Appetite*, and is (in plain truth) *Cousin German* at least, to that Love, which made the *Ephebian Matron* so Gentle and Obliging to the Souldier.

Sir, — You know the end of *Fishing* is Catching, not Angling — of *LOVE*, Wedding, not Wooing — *The Eye is the Messenger of Love not the Master*; or suppose (Doctor) you had neither Ears to hear your Lady speak, nor Eyes to see her Beauty, shall you not therefore be subject to the *Impressions of Love* —

If you answer No, I can alledge divers born Deaf and Blind that have been Wounded: If you grant this, then Confess *the Heart must have his Hope*, which is neither Seeing nor Hearing — He that desireth to view a Lady without any further suit, is not far different from him that liketh to see a *Painted Rose*, better than to smell to a *Living Violet*; or to hear a *Bird Sing* in a Bush, rather than to have her at Home in his own Cage. — To Plead for *Platonick Love*, and request nothing but Looks, is as one shou'd Plow his Ground and never Sow it, or Saddle his Horse, and never Ride.

Then (Reverend Sir.) pretend no more to *Platonick Courtship*, for I do think the end of Love is the full Fruition of the Party beloved;

lov'd ; for it cannot follow in Reason, that because the *Sause* is good which thou'd provoke mine *Appetite*, therefore I shou'd forsake the *Meat* for which it was made; Believe me (Doctor) the Qualities of the Mind, and the Beauty of the Body are the *Sause* to whet our Stomachs, not *Meat* to fill 'em; for they that Live by the View of Beauty, still look very Lean; and they that Feed only upon *Virtue*, will go with a Hungry Belly to Bed: But after all, you to your Fancy, and I to mine; for the Learned must Differ.

Then (if you'd not bring a Scandal on New Athens) talk no more of *Platonick Courtship*: Did I ever give you any Encouragement? However, You don't know what *TIME* and *PATIENCE* may produce: 'Tis our Darling Custom to pretend a dislike to what we Wish for; and Flees from him we wish would overtake us. And If *ORINDA* (in this Affair) is not carried down the same Stream, I shall surpass all the rest of my *SEX*, But hands off, (cill I've considered the matter)

I Remain,

YOUR Sincere Friend,

(wiebin the Compass of Common Sense and Reason)

ORINDA.

LETTER XXIV.

*Eido justifies his Platonick Courtship,——
tells Orinda shou'd he drop his Ma-
terials, he shou'd love her as Angels
do, out of pure necessity ; ——and then
concludes his Letter with threat-
ning to preach a Sermon on Her Vertues.*

M*y Lovelier thing than Life —my all—Orinda !
Not love thee ? Twere a perfect contradiction,
Twou'd argue me a downright Fool, or madman.
Thou art lovely, and I know thee so :
As trembling Virgins are the first blest Night,
As all a Poet loves, or Nature made,
That's Beautiful and charming : Thou'rt to me
Cool Streams, soft murmuring Brooks, and Chrystal
(Rills,
Thick Secret Groves, the Chambers of delight,
Arbors and Birds, and Sighs, and warbling winds,
A checker'd Shade of twisted Boughs and Light,
The Silver Moon-shine, or the Morning-Sun ;
Nay, more—my Country, Vertue, and my Friend,
Honour and Fame, and only not my God.*

*Come to my Arms my Charmer, and be more
In one kind Smile than all I've nam'd before.*

*To Ipeak truth, I need no other Death but the
Absence of Orinda——And yet (which shews
your Error in censuring Platonick-Courtship)*

A Pacquetf rom Athens. 85

I never offend your Chastity so much as in thought.

Madam, I have read of many, and some I know, between whom there was as fervent Affection as might be; that never desired any thing but sweet talk, and continual company: *As Irene and Philaret*, whose constant innocence is such, that there was never Word or impure Thought between 'em. *Pigmalion* lov'd his Ivory Image, being enamour'd only by the Sight. Why shou'd not the chaste love of two *Platonicks* be builded rather in Heavenly Meditations than sensual Actions? Believe me *Orinda*, if thou knewest what it was to love, &c. thou must be of this opinion.

Madam, you so nearly resemble *Irene*, that Heaven seems to have made your Soul as a Copy of Hers; and when (as a *Platonick-Lover*) I court your Divine Perfections, I am as 'twere Spiritualiz'd before my Time; and thank Heaven, that it has contracted its greatest Perfections in a Woman, and (as Fate wou'd have it) in a Woman that is my Friend——

*Yes, my Orinda's true, and much above
The vulgar World, in Sense as well as Love.*

And for this reason, where-e'er I go, still your Idea pursues me: 'Tis not *Newport* (or *Lamos*, where I now live) or any part of the Globe; that's a Sanctuary against your *Virtuous Image*, you eat, you drink, you sit down and walk with me, and I see you (and good *Irene*) every Night in my sleep——Then recant your thoughts of *Platonick-Love*, or I'll call

86 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

call you Woman, (very Woman) and sure
that's revenge enough. But perhaps you'll say —

1.

Death will when once (as 'tis by Fate design'd)

TEliseum you shall be remov'd,

Such sweet companions there no doubt you'll find

That you'll forget you e're Orinda lov'd.

2.

No—— banish all such fears, I then will be

Your Friend, and guardian Angel too.

And though with more refin'd Society

I'll leave Elysium to converse with you.

In a word, *Orinda* is the meer Perfection of *Platonick-Friend-ship*, I e'en dote on her Spiritual part.

Dear Madam, I now live in a dismal solitude, where I converse only with Groves and Plow-men: But nothing can make me sad, but the fear I have *Orinda* forgets me; for tho' you are the only woman whose company never cloyed me, yet I can't but suspect your Love; as women are said to place their Eyes and Friendship only on what they see present, because what is pass'd is no longer enjoy'd. But be as fickle as you please, our *Athenian Brethren* have prick'd you down for a *Platonick Wife*. 'Tis true, you tell me of *TIME* and *PATIENCE*, an Airy subsistence you know! I may wait out my *Life-Time* and be no better for't, and then you know shou'd I drop my *Materials*, I shou'd love you as Angels do, out of pure necessity,
and

A Pacquet from Athens. 87

and there wou'd neither be *Vertue* nor Inclination in it, 'Twou'd be some satisfaction to engage while the *Difficulties* of Sense stand like Mountains in our way, and there's nothing too hard when a Body resolves upon't; but because some have the Art to *praise a Womans Vertue* till they get to bed to her; for this reason, the *CHASTE Orinda* is an *Enemy* to *Platonick-Courtship*; but however you *disgrace* the matter, I resolve to take you for better, for worse.

I.

No *LOVER's*, nor no *Bridegroom's Mirth*
To mine compar'd can be;
They have but pieces of this *Earth*,
I've all the *World* in Thee.

2.

Then let our *Flames* still mount and shine
No *Walking-Fears* controul.
As innocent as our *design*,
Immortal as our *Soul*.

To say no more, for this *Patience* is intolerable, let me either have a *Letter* all full of consent, or I shall certainly *PREACH* upon't, it runs so unluckily in my head: I am however (to the Honour of *New-Athens*)

Your *Platonick Admirer*,

FIDO.

LETTER XXV.

Orinda is wond'rously chang'd to what she was, — her Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupid's Hand-maids give sentence against her: Her Reason too, wonders at the conquering plainness of her Platonick Admirer; and is now perswaded he is as sincere and innocent as he wou'd be thought.

THE Art of Courtship, (my Dear Platonick) abstractedly consider'd, is a very commendable Science; but Reality is much greater upon all accounts: And for this reason I am better pleased with you. — Indeed I have read your last oftener than I shou'd, to perswade my self (if possible)

*So rare it is the sacred Ark to find,
When one vast Flood o'er spreads all Humane-kind.*

That your Excellency lies in the Former, rather than the Latter. But my Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids give Sentence against me: My Reason too, wonders at your Conquering Plainness; and has almost perswaded me you are what you wou'd be thought to be: And what shall I do here — Oh — Intellectual Love! Whither wilt thou lead me?

A Pacquet from Athens. 89

I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Left to my Self I prove unjust;
And thus the wondring active Mote
Around the burning Candle flies,
A Buzzing forth her harmless Note,
'Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.

I know not whether you shot at Rovers,
but you have deeply wounded a poor unsuspecting Hart.

She now loaths the Society of her Companions, and makes choice of the thickest Fern, and most secret Groves to be conceal'd in.

The pleasing Fawns in vain play about Her; in vain invite Her out to their innocent Pastimes.

Neither the most delicious Food in the well-grown Vale; nor sweetest Morsels from the springing Bushes can she be wrought upon to taste or think of.

She only wishes the mighty Hunter wou'd again pass by, and see the bleeding Trophies of his Sport, and seize her All as a just Reward.

If thus your Pen is Cupid's Dart,

Your Letters Philares all;

And both are level'd at my Heart,

How can I chuse but fall?

Oh (Sir) I am chang'd, wond'rously chang'd to what I was: An unusual coldness sometimes disperses it self thro' every Vein; at others, a raging Flame.

And what is yet a greater sign, I feel and know

know I know not what, and wou'd be cur'd,
and yet fly the medicine that should do it.

I am jealous too of your least Kindness to
other Maids, and fear you are not truly mine.

But hark ye Sir, what do you mean by
Preaching? D'ye design to excommunicate the
poor innocent Soul you Love? But now I think
on't; I believe we shall be turn'd a grazing
together; and what d'ye think of Bedlam for
such a sacred Frenzy? But hold, let me read
your Letter once again — Well! 'tis done, and
I find there's nothing but indifferency (attend-
ed with the force of wit) can say——

Oh! Take heed Fido, that you don't carry
on the Jest too far, or sport too much, with
the sacred Power of Love.

*The Gods and I do here proclaim,
Pure and transcendent is my Flame :
Shou'd yours be found a Painted Fire,
A Cheat, or but a gross Desire,
The Gods and I our force will join,
Our Humans Arts and Powers Divine ;
That you (false man) with horror just may see
None e'er can love, and yet revenge like me.*

Ah me—— I am spent—— Alas! What
have I said? For Heaven-sake don't believe
me; I here retract it all, and am a politick
Orinda, —Decoy—a Woman—— meer Intreague-
ing Woman, ——or any thing but what I have
told you, or rather——

Your Conquer'd

Orinda.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVI.

The Doctor tells Orinda he will discover no more of his Sincerity till he puts off his Body into the State of Separation— He proves they are dearer to each other by the Tyes of Vertue, than ever any were yet by the Tyes of Blood. — He tells her He's a Traveller, and has Authority to be believ'd— Desires her to dispute no more against Platonick-Love— Proves the Heart of a man in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable— He then owns his Passion is grown to the height of his command, and concludes with telling Orinda he e'en languishes for a Platonick-Wife.

Dear Madam,

HOW ! Believe me, *as Platonick as I wou'd be thought, and yet fear to be catch'd in the Flames of sensual Love!* I find *Orinda* you still suspect my *Sincerity*, which I am concern'd for, and cou'd soon disabuse you, if it were lawful to withdraw the Curtain, and let you see where you are; but this must not be (no, tho' our Souls were marry'd) 'till you put off your Body into the Sate of Separation, &c.

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I can't imagine what you mean by *wounding a poor unsuspecting Hart*: For as to your *Brady*, I am not concerned whether you be single or double, young or old; Angels have neither Ages nor Sexes: Or suppose I design'd to tempt your chastity, I hope you are so good a Christian as to forgive; and your Vertue is never the worse for being try'd, but more Refulgent.

But after all, I e'en challenge you to prove me a *Corporal Lover*, or to find one spot in my Coat: 'Tis true 'tis *Black*, but if you'll take my word for't, I'm innocent as *Infancy*, with respect to *Carnal Desires*, and it shall be your fault if we are not dearer to each others by the *Eyes of Vertue* than ever any were yet by the *Tyes of Blood*.

*No stop nor stay my Valiant Heart shall quit,
Do you but smile, my purpose will prevail.*

*Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul:
There is no Labour here, no shame,
The solid Pleasure's still the same;
Never, oh never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.*

When two Souls are thus touch'd with equal *Passions* and *chaste Love*, this Heaven designs and means by *Friendship*, and may ours be as *Eternal* as 'tis *Vertuous* and *Obliging*.

But alas! I fear 'tis your *Pen*, (not mine) is *Cupid's Dart*, and that *Fido* is the wounded *Hart*.

You say indeed your *Soul's inflam'd*, and that you are chang'd, *wondrously chang'd*, from what you were; but can you love and fly me still?

A Pacquet from Athens. 93

still? Who ever lov'd and kept at such a distance? But the wond'ring active Mote is afraid of the burning Candle, when alas! your innocent Lover has no Trick nor Artifice, no wheedling Arts to wound a poor unsuspecting Hart. I call a Spade a Spade, and am that plain thing you wou'd have me to be: Wou'd such Innocence suit your temper, our Friendship wou'd be eternal, and I shou'd be all Transport when I hear from you.

The Saints, as well may those bright Forms express,
That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss,
As I can give such inward Charms their due,
Or dress in words my brighter thoughts of you.
Charming, and Gay your fair Idea seems,
As Gay as if compos'd of Love and Beams.

Such Heavenly Rays adorn your Lovely Eyes
That by Imagination they surprise,
And at your Feet poor Fido sighing lies:
But how fair Nymph will your approaches fire,
If distant Charms such gentle thoughts inspire?

But tho' I love you at this rate, I an't so blind yet as to think you Infallible; and tho' I lose your Friendship by't, will never think as you do, but when you think aright.

Then Dear Angel, dispute against Love no more, nor once suspect your Platonick Admirer.

I have Travell'd thro' Six Kingdoms, and have good Authority to be believ'd.

Think not (MY DEAR) I am now exposing my weakness: To a Platonick Lover, looking of Babies and playing with Lips, is a merry, innocent, pretty sport.— The Truth is, the Heart of a man really in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable, all it's soft and tenderest motions,

94 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

motions, its innocent Tremblings, harmless Fears, melting Sighs, *Lambent Fires*, are as highly rational as the gruff and churlish School-Man's most regular Demonstrations——

Don't think (*Orinda*) I'm now *jesting* with the sacred Power of Love, for you see my Passion is grown to the height of my Command.

Methinks now 'tis a Felicity to love you, tho' neglected; then what Name must I call my Happiness, when your Eyes, *Imagination*, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids, shall declare for me.

*Then yield upace, for yield you must,
Or to your self you'll prove unjust.*

You tell me (*Orinda*) you feel and know you know not what, and wou'd be cured, and yet fly the Medicine—— *strange Perverseness!* For to act the denying Virgin, to sigh and die for one who loves you, is intolerable.

But you'll say the God of Love is just tho' blind, and that Fetters put on in jest, may become so fix'd, that you can't shake 'em off: Well, What if you can't? I have heard of *Platonicks* that all their Lives have had a constant Spring of Love, Joys upon Joys, their Passions so high, and Pleasures so chaste, each striving to raise the others Innocence above their own, —— and this I expect from the Soul of *Orinda*: Then why do you fly me thus?

Orinda young, and Soft and Fair;

Ah were you too but kind!

Why

A Pacquet from Athens. 95

*Why must your Shepherd then despair?
Why must his Vow dissolve to Air,
And scatter into Wind?*

2.

*See at your Feet lost Fido lies
Deaf, (as your Ears to Love :)
See how he wastes his Tears and Sighs,
How he attempts to warm your Ice,
Your stony Breast to move.*

3.

*Shall Fido then his Love conceal
In Wedlocks colder Name?
Must he by Signs and Tokens deal,
Must be from all his Thoughts conceal,
And stifle all his Flame.*

Now (*Dear Angel*) who is most refin'd in
their Passions, you or me? 'Tis true, I was
ever slow in making of Love, but where I have
once pitch'd my Affections, I love inno-
cently and Eternally——But I'll ha'done
(but ob stay a Minute longer, take my Soul with
thee, that gentle Look——that——)

Send your answer in a few days, for I e'en
languish for a *Platonick-Wife*—— Send me no
more to the Groves and Streams to sigh out
complaints, but meet me to morrow at——
For that I am (or wou'd be)

*Your Platonick Husband and
Eternal Admirer,*

FIDO.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Orinda's *Impatience to hear from her Lover*, — she makes good use of their *Separation* — promises to meet him at the *Mount of Spirits in the Ideal World*, and there to *Solemnize their Platonick Matrimony*.

DISPUTE against Love! — no; VENUS forbids; whilst my Looks urge the contrary Principles, and my Soul's compos'd of the soft Ingredients — But Ah! —

*Like the Damn'd, from the Fire
I Gaze and Admire,
But never can hope to be Blest.*

Which makes me Rail now and then for spight, yet 'tis some Pleasure to think I'll be Reveng'd on all the rest of the Sex that come in my way, as sure as I have Eyes *mischievous enough*, and they *Hearts capable of their Influence* — But I'll leave your *Platonick Courtship* just as I found it, only you shan't lose by your Poetry.

I.

*On the Pleasures of Possessing
You but little Value set,
When you must Esteem the Blessing
Not a Favour, but a Debt.*

Amorous

A Pacquet from Athens. 96

2.

Amorous Wishes now removing

*You in Silvia's Arms may rest,
Too Contented, but less Loving;
Curst the more for being Blest.*

Well, this is a lewd Digression, but take notice, I'll stray no more out of *sheer Good Nature* to keep you Company—— I'm glad I know you are a *Traveller*, if you were but a *Poet* too, you'd be *Licensed according to Order*.

I know you'll take this Answer for a piece of *Madness*, but I think you may well excuse it, for tho' my Impatience to hear from you makes me rave a little, yet you know in a *Fit of Distraction* a Man talks what he never thinks, *neither does he know what he then speaks*; then (for the future) when I seem to *suspect* your Innocence, conclude 'tis a *Symptom* of the Old Disease, and that I had forgotten to whom I was Writing.

Assure your self there's nothing can lessen my Value for you. —— Then Bless me as oft as you can with Letters, for (*tho' we Live at a great distance*) 'tis not properly Absence, when we can Write to one another; we have Souls to be sure, and whilst they can meet and Caress, we may enjoy each other, were we the length of the Map asunder——

*Thus we may double Bliss, Stolen Love enjoy
And all the spight of Place and Friends desie,
For*

98 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

For Ever thus we might each other Bless
For none cou'd trace out this new Happiness;
No Argos here to spoil, or make it less.

I have sometimes made good use of my *Separation* from you, we better fill'd and further extended the possession of our Life, in being parted: You Liv'd, Rejoyc'd, and saw for me, and I for you, as plainly as if you had your self been there; one part methinks remains idle (at least, I'll think so till the *Wedding* is over) and we confound one another when we are together. —

To speak Truth, I am asham'd to be Lov'd so much, and deserve it so little. However, if you are contented with a Faithful Heart, I can offer something Equivalent for that pure and *Platonick Courtship* I found in your last Letter. — It pleas'd me so well that (tho' I can't say) [I kist your very SOUL,] yet I kist each Syllable of your Dear Letter, as so many *Pictures* of your innocent Flame;

1.

I did not Live until this time
Crown'd my Felicity,
When I could say without a Crime,
I am not thine but Thee.

2.

This Carcass Breath'd, and Walkt and Slept,
So that the World Believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept,
But they were all deceiv'd.

3. For

A Pacquet from Athens. 99

3.

For as a Watch by Art is wound
To Motion, such was mine :
But never had Orinda found
A Soul, till she found thine.

4.

Which now Inspires, Cures and Supplies,
And GUIDES my Darkned Breast ;
For thou art all that I can Prize,
My Joy, my Life, my REST.

But Adieu t'ye Sir, you are on the Wing; yet
my Sentiments compel me to believe you as
strictly innocent as you pretend, in Confidence of
which I'll venture to meet you to Morrow at—
or else in the IDEAL WORLD, where
without any more adoe, I'll promise (if
Norris will Marry us) to be,

Your PLATONICK SPOUSE,

ORINDA.

LET

For

LETTER XXVIII.

*The Athenian Parson Repents of making
Love to Orinda, — Shews the great
Dangers of Platonick Courtships,
— And Desires Her to return his
Heart.*

WELL (*Orinda*) I know you'll say that the Men are as Fickle as the Women; for you no sooner consented to an Intellectual Marriage, but I Repented of my Addresses to you; and this comes to tell ye I have done Loving *Orinda*: Perhaps you'll think this Affront is to Revenge the *Athenians Quarrel* with *Climene* for her Rejecting their Platonick Courtship, but be the Reason what it will, my Retreat is honourable, for I now own, after a severe course of Mortification (for I told you at first I had Flesh and Blood under my Gown) I cou'd not refine my Body enough to venture on a Platonick Wedding.

I.

*'Tis true, Frail Beauty, I did once resign
To thy Imperious Charms this Heart of mine;
There didst thou undisturb'd thy Scepter sway;
And I, methought, was pleas'd t' Obey:
Thou seem'st so Lovely, so Divine,
With such sweet Graces didst thou shine;*

Thou

A Pacquet from Athens. 101

Thou entertain'st my Amorous Sense
With such Harmonious Excellence,
That Credulous and Silly I,
With Vain with Impious Idolatry
Ador'd that STAR which was so lead me to the
(Deity.

But now, thou soft Enchantress of the Mind,
Farewel; a Change, a mighty Change I find;
The Empire of my Heart thou must resign,
For I can be no longer thine;
A Nobler, a Diviner Guest,
Has took Possession of my Breast;
He has and must Engross it all,
And yet the Room is still too small:
In vain you tempt my Heart to Roar;
A fairer Object now my Soul does move;
It must be all Devotion, what before was Love.

Thus, Madam have I given you my present
Thoughts of my former Courtship (and that too
in the very words of the Seraphick Norris, by
which you see, had we both kept in the same
Mind, he'd never have join'd us in Platonick
Matrimony.

Don't think, Orinda, that I cast you off for
some new Charmer, No! Madam, I'll fly the Sex
in General. there's Pitch and Bird-lime in their
Lips and Fingers, an Itch of Amorousness of
Skin all over; a Man may as soon hug a Flame
without Burning, as not be Fired if he Embraces
Petticoats: Democritus put his Eyes out to
avoid the sight of 'em.

102 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

I now find (*Orinda*) that all our *Vertue and Caution* is little enough (when we converse with Women) to keep us from criminal Familiarities, and from the scandals of the World.

In a word, tis impossible to regulate our *Friendship with Women*, and to walk evenly on the Borders and very Ridge of a *Passion* whose next step is a *Precipice of Flames*.

And (which renders *Platonick Courtships* the more dangerous) I can now prove there's a *Sex in Souls*.

Then Pray *Orinda*, Take your Heart agen, and restore mine; for I'll venture it no longer with you——

I shall only add, I'm Corporally marry'd to Dear *Emilia*, and don't fear but her chaste *Alimbeck* will refine all my Love, and make it as *Spiritual* as it shou'd be.

However, That I may fully *Justifie my leaving of you*, I'll send you a Letter to prove, There's a *Sex in Souls*; and 'tis the last you'll receive from,

Your *Anti-Platonick*,

F I D O.

LETTER

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L E T T E R XXIX.

Orinda banters her Lover for leaving
a Platonick Mistress for a Matrimo-
nial Convenience——He leaves her be-
cause there's a Sex in Souls——She
challenges him to prove it——She
offers to receive his Courtship agen,
if He'll ask her pardon——Charges
him with Perjury——says if he cou'd
but love her, he'd have no more
scruples——Tells him his Letters
were not lawfully begot——she won'd
despise him, but cann't.

I Ndeed (Sir Crape) I ought to declare war a-
gainst you (for you are a false intreagu-
perjur'd man) but if you'd appear a little na-
ked, and recant your deserting of me (as I
ha' done the Laughter it put me into) I'll
receive your Courtship agen as tenderly as a
Lover does the sparing expressions of his
half consenting Mistress. Indeed (Mimick) I thought
once your Courtships were all sincere (for
they look'd as correct and pure as if distill'd
through an Angels Quill) but now I find you
chaffer'd for the Fair one with Coyn that was none
of your own, for had the LOVE (I mean
the Lines) you sent me, been lawfully begot,
and the pure Issue of your own Brain-

104 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Pan, you'd never have chang'd your mind at this shameful rate, and left a *Platonick Mistress* for a *Matrimonial Convenience*.

Indeed you have a fair opportunity to triumph over me, but remember (*Doctor*) He who first invented *Gloves and Masks*, was but a *Fugler* that made *Traffick of Shadows and Disguises*: But shou'd other men trifle wth their *Mistresses* as you ha'done with me, the *Apartments of our English Ladies* wcu'd be no less difficult to come at than in *Italy*, where the *Houses* are the *Womens Prisons*, and where the men make love to the *Doors and Windows*——

In short, *Fido*, I'm half in the mind to despise thee; but I own 'tis with great reluctance; for

1.

*Of all the Torments in the Mind,
None causeth half the Grief I find
As when a Friend becomes unkind.*

2.

*Loss of a Fortune or Estate,
Is Physick to't; but causeless hate
From one I truly Love——Oh that!*

But pray (*Sir Fickle*) what do you mean by the *Ridg of a Passion*, and *flying the Female Sex*? For my own share, my *Love* makes all things ease to me; and if you cou'd but love me, you'd have no more scruples, but you're out of the humour of *Loving* I see; and therefore,

*GO, GO, be squeamish still, and spare not,
Cloud your Eyes in high disdain;
Flying away in Pet, I care not,* Or

A Pacquet from Athens. 105

Or unsent for come again;
If you pleas'd, or angry be
Take my word, all's one to me.

2.

I grant your Eyes are much more bright
Than ever was unclouded Light;
And that Love in your charming Voice
As much of Reason finds for choice;
Yet if you fly when I pursue,
Don't fear, I'll ne'er intreague with you.

3.

A Voice wou'd move all but a Stone;
Withou come on, shall find me one;
And Eyes the brightest ever shin'd,
On me have Pow'r but as they're kind.
You must, to throw down all Defence,
As much my Reason please, as Sense.

4.

Not but all Regard and Duty
I must pay to those bright Eyes;
Which do sparkle forth a Beauty;
Wherein each perfection lies.
But since———abuse———you so pursue,
My pretty piece of scorn adieu.

But I recant: One Glimpse of you alone
Makes me forget what last I thought upon:
And as the Suns bright Ray revives a Fly,
Or Frozen Worm, that otherwise must die;
So those far brighter Suns have shot new Flame
Into my Breast———I your new Creature am.
No more I'll be a Schismatick in Love,
Unless so please you, I a Quaker prove:
Only this thing I ask, (do what you will)
And so you do not bind me, rob me still.

E. 4.

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I shall only add, you tell me *there's a Sex in Souls*, and for that reason (as there's danger in *Platonick Marriage*) have sent for your Heart agin, but I tell you plainly I'll not restore it, till you *justifie your leaving of me*, by proving *there's a Sex in Souls*, (nor then neither, if I can refute your Assertion) for that I am (tho much affronted by your last Letter)

Your sincere and eternal Platonick,

O R I N D A.

LETTER XXX.

Fido forbids the Banns between Irene and Philaret, and (to justifie his leaving Orinda) endeavours to prove there's a Sex in Souls, &c.

Madam,

I TOLD you in my Last, I had discover'd a Sex in Souls, and that my Heart (for that Reason) was unsafe in your keeping; but you (so) ITCH after *Spiritual Copulation*, that you'll not return my Affections till I prove my discovery; and I hope to do it in such a manner as will forbid the Banns between Irene and

A Pacquet from Athens. 107

and Philaret, Orinda and Fido, and all the Platonicks in the three Three Kingdoms—— And I'm sure this is effectually done, by proving there's a Sex in Souls—— And here seeing Novelties make an impression on the Mind, before I handle this Nice-point, I'll first premise, that 'tis Charity to lend a Crutch to a lame Conceit. However, if I am ask'd for my Authorities, I answer, what appears reasonable wants no other Recommendation than being so; and as to What appears over-strange, let Orinda consider that Philosophy had never been improved, had it not been for New-Opinions, which afterwards were rectified by abler Pens, and so the first Notions were lost and nameless, under new Superstructures; but such a Fate is too Agreeable for my Judgment to repine at, or my Vanity to hope for. But that there's a difference of Sex in Souls, and will be Male and Female in Heaven, (tho' the Notion's new) yet I now believe it, and hope to make it plain before we part.

Object.—— But you'll say, when the Holy Spirit speaks of separated Souls that are gathered up into Heaven, he does not speak—— of Male or Female, but only of Souls, without distinguishing either Kind, or Sex—— And further, that 'tis said there is no marrying in Heaven, Mark 12. 25. And that in Jesus-Christ there is neither Male nor Female, Gal. 3. 28. which is directly contrary to the distinction of Sex in Souls—— For if Sex be only for the sake of Marriage, where there is no Marriage, there is no need of Distinct Sex; then why, that in Heaven which there's no need of? All that's of the Essence of a man will undoubtedly be there,

there, and that's a rational Soul united to an Organiz'd Body; but what Organs will be necessary then, we can't tell; however these cannot. Besides, this difference is only accidental, Man and Woman being in Essence the same. But in a State of Bliss and Perfection, all that's Imperfect or Accidental shall be removed, and accordingly one would think Sexes should. I won't add for another reason, what, as I remember, one of the Fathers has said — That were there any Woman in Heaven, the Angels cou'd not stand long, but wou'd certainly be seduced from their Innocency, and fall as Adam did. But one wou'd think that if Souls were to Marry, it ought to be in Heaven, which is the element of Spirits, after the Bodies had been united in Marriage upon Earth, the Seat of material things. — Perhaps you'll also object the Words of St. Austin, who says, — The Soul is not distinguished into Sexes. And that of St. Cyril, who liv'd before him, who also says, — the Souls of Men and Women are absolutely alike, nor is there any part of their Bodies, where there is any difference to be observ'd. To this I answer, — That Souls may be distinguish'd into Male and Female, (notwithstanding these Objections) since 'tis a common Saying — The Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman. — And Moreover, because 'tis generally believed, and no less sensibly acknowledged, that they have each their particular Character — the Soul (and consequently the Understanding) of the one is Resolute and Constant, that of the other Dign, Wavering and changeable — The Soul of one takes a pride in being Grave, and

A Pacquet from Athens. 109

and speaking little; the other talks much, and cannot forbear *swatling upon every thing*— and which is yet more to the purpose, does not Moses say,—— That the Sons of God (whom several of the Fathers of the Church have Expounded to be Angels) *fell in love with the Daughters of Men*? And if there be a Sex mark'd out for Love in Angels, we need not scruple to go a little farther, and say that *there is also a sex in Souls*. To this we may likewise add certain Expressions of those great Men, who are frequently cited by Tertullian in his Writings,—— I mean Homer, who gives the Greeks the appellation of *She Achæans*; and Virgil, who calls the Trojans *She-Phrygians*.

And for this reason Randolph salutes the Hermaphrodite thus,

Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether,
Nature twists you both together.

And Cicero reports that Hortensius was treated at Rome with the Title of Madam,—— whence could proceed this Custom of giving Men the Epithets of Women, but only because, that tho' they had the Bodies of Men, they had the Souls of Women:

And I might mention the Apparitions of Men and Women, in the same Shape and Sex they formerly lived in, as no contemptible proof of this Assertion. But you'll say perhaps—— Souls are not furnish'd with Organs that make this distinction between 'em, and that a Spirit cannot become Visible,

To this I Answer, I own a Spirit cannot become Visible; 'tis not an Object for a material Eye, being it self not matter; but what appears

110 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

appears to us in the Shape and Sex of *Male and Female*, is something that a Spirit assumes, as *Condensed Air*, or the like, neither does the Soul's not being furnish'd with *Organs*, hinder the *Distinction of Sex*; 'tis true, I acknowledge, that Souls are *simple Beings*, which admit of composition of parts, and so they cannot have that distinction, which appears in the *Corporeal Sex*; — But can there not be found a *Spiritual Distinction*, seeing that we meet with a marriage of *Minds as well as Bodies*? Whence it comes to pass, that two Minds seek the enjoyment of one another, and love each other by a *Secret Sympathy*.

'Tis objected, That this Union never produces other Souls: — But do all Bodies of different Sexes produce other Bodies? There are Insects that are produced, the same in likeness every way, without the *Assistance of Sexes*, — There are perfect Creatures which have different Sexes, which never Procreate, such are *Mules, and Moyles* — This then can be no convincing Argument, that there is no difference of *Sex in Souls*, because their Union does not produce another Soul: Which is a thing that no Body neither can certainly determine; for in regard we know not the *Nature of Spirits*, neither can we have a perfect knowledge of their *Faculties* till we come to *Heaven*. — And *Tertullian*, as was said before, does affirm, That they are able to Procreate their like, seeing that the *Sons of God* became enamour'd of the *Daughters of men* — and that those *Sons of God* were *Angels* — And that there is — a difference of *Sex in Souls* — is further evident,

A Pacquet from Athens. III

dent, if you consider that the Soul is so far from assuming the *Disposition of the Body*, that 'tis the Body which conforms to the Disposition of the Soul; for this Disposition proceeds only from the Substantial Form; the Body cannot give it to it self; it is Indifferent of it self; but the Form is the *Understanding*, which determines it to be such as it is ——— It should be then from the Soul that this distinction of Organs should proceed; it shou'd be she that shou'd determine the Sex, and consequently the Soul it self that shou'd be Male and Female ——— For as no Body can give that which it has not, of necessity the Soul must be furnish'd with Sex before it can bequeath it to the Body ———

And the ingenious Milton fairly proves ———
there's a Sex in Souls ——— by saying ———

*Spirits receive no more than does the Air,
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Sense; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare,
They either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure;
Not ty'd, or manacled with Foynt, or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of Bones,
Like cumbrous Flesh, but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute thir Airy Purposes,
And Works of LOVE, or Enmity fulfil.*

As to that Text which says ——— *That in Heaven there is neither Marrying, nor giving in Marriage*

112 A Pacquet from Athens.

riage ——— It directly proves my Assertion for Virginity and Celibacy are so far from Denying Sex, that they suppose it ———

I might next consider the Words of St. Austin and Cyril, who says *all Souls are alike*; but their opinion being meer conjecture I shall pass it by —

Thus (Madam) have I largely prov'd *there's a Sex in Souls*, and by that have justified my leaving of you.

Consider of what I've said, for I now give you an ETERNAL Farewel, and am,

Your Anti-Platonick,

F I D O.

LETTER XXXI.

Orinda gets the Victory, by Disproving a Sex in Souls. ——— Blames Fido for Marrying to Flesh and Blood ——— Tells him, He can never Disengage himself from his Spiritual Mistress. ——— Has a Mind to cling into Union with Him. ——— But at length, (to Revenge the Affront she Received) bids him Farewel.

NAY, Good Sir, don't mistake me, for I only promis'd to Resign your Heart on Condition you could Prove there was a
Sex

A Pacquet from Athens. 113

Sex in Souls ; but I find by your Letter there is no such thing, and therefore I'll still Love on, and it possible even *cling into UNION with You.*

You left me under a pretence of Proving *There's a Sex in Souls* ; but as I am able to prove the contrary, you ought now to make *New Court to my Soul.* and to agree to a *Platonick Wedding* whenever I appoint the Day——

Indeed you bid me *Consider* it (as if you had fully prov'd—— *There's a Sex in Souls*)

Consider it ? Why, I protest I have a Hundred things to say, before I can *Consider* it : In the first place, Why all this Gravity, this hard abstruse way of reasoning ? What, are you writing to some *Grave Myrr* or Murderer of true Reason, call'd an *Ancient Philosopher* (tho' you shou'd be a *Cartesian* by your new Paradox) that you so *Be-Riddle* me with your unintelligible Speculations : If indeed you have the same Aim as *Father Aristotle* had to carry the cause by Confounding of it, by *Obscure Predicables* and *Problems*, you have done little less then Wonders as well as he. But what's all this to the Confutation of the Female Sex, who Generally understand them no more, then the Language of a *Screech Owl* or the Oratory of a *Brackman* ; for my Part. I profess my self an utter Enemy to such *Modern and Ancient Hieroglyphical Sense*, as well as *Characters* : And look upon nothing to be *Genuine* but what is distill'd thro' the *Natural Limbeck of the Brain*, which I am Confident always refines Sense from the Dregs of Obscurity, and makes it as clear and intelligible, as possible it can be : And hence it is, that I am to averie
to

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to the Testimony of others, especially, when 'tis not built upon the undoubted Foundation of Equity and Truth.

Then why do you tell me of your *St. Terulian, Cyril, or Austin, &c.* Their Devotions, 'tis true, are Valluable; but I look upon their *Opinions* (in indifferent Matters) as Weak and Falacious as other Mens, at least not sufficient to Convince me of the Truth of any thing I have no better Authority for; undoubtedly, they said many things they never intended shou'd pass for *pure Gospel*, or be the standard of other Mens Belief; tho' at the same time some will not fail to lay hold on every Bulrush that springs from the banks of those *Admirable Streams*, to support their sinking cause of the Wildest Tenets that can be thought of. And what have we to do with *Holy Scripture* in this Controversy? If *there being a Sex in SOULS* was an Article of our Faith, I shou'd be glad to hear our Saviour's or *St. Pauls Opinion* in it's behalf. But in meer *Norional or Humane matters*, I presume, our Reverence wou'd be more apparent in letting *Scripture alone*; besides, as far as I can see, both Objections and Answers from thence are so far from touching the Eye of the Controversie, that they make nothing to the purpose.

And thus having Renounc'd your *Abstruse Speculations*, invalidated the *Testimony of the Fathers*, and beat you (but with all Reverence) from Holy Ground; and is not this (don't you think) a pretty task for a Woman? Having (I say) thus defeated your main force; *One short Encounter more*, will, if I am not mistaken, make you Surrender upon Discretion, in order

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order thereto I shall consult your Defence once more, and make such Remarks as may effectually do your Business.

Well ! Here's more Work, I find then I expected ; However, have at ye ——— You say, *That Souls are distinguish'd into Male and Female, because 'tis a common saying, the Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman : Why, (Harkey Sir) so 'tis, that the Moon is made of a Green Cheese, must it be so therefore ? Besides, this saying can't prove, There's a Sex in Souls, unless the force of it lay in the SOUL and not in the SEX, which is evidently false : And what if they have their Particular Characters ? And the Soul (as you say) of the one is Resolute, and the other Frail and Changing : This I presume is purely accidental. And besides arises from the different Organization of the Body, which doubtless has the greatest Influence over the Passions which you mistake for the Soul) that cause that constancy or timorousness we all are endow'd with.*

And then you tell us, *that the Sons of God (according to Moses) who are by some Interpreted Angels, fell in Love with the Daughters of Men : A comfortable Consideration indeed ! And whether True or False, you'll have cause to wish you had ne'er put me in mind of it ; for who'd, &c. — If she had the least Prospect to Charm Angels, Angels of what kind so ever (so they are not of Darkness) must needs be very pretty things, and make good Husbands, and so I'd fain have this Objection of yours stand as an Exception against my General Hypothesis, that so my next Humble Mortal SLAVE may be treated accordingly.*

But

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But Further, You then proceed to give us some strange Instances of *Homer*, &c. which may possibly prove you a great *Proficient* in their Tongue, but not their Sense and Meaning, for unless you prove that *Cowardice* and *Esfeminacy*, is the Soul, you may allow 'em to bestow the Epithets of *Women* upon them without making them (I hope) be guilty of so extravagant a Contradiction.

Your next Objection (you raise for me) (that *Souls are incapable of Organs*) is unanswerable, and what you have acknowledg'd has made it so. For, 'tis a certain Truth that the Organs only make the *Distinction of Sex*, and those are only to be met with in compounded (not simple) Beings, so that if I am any Philosopher, 'tis the *Body*, not the *Soul* that is capable of this *Distinction*.

Thus (Sir) have you confuted your self at one blast, and so unluckily destroy'd your Superstructure, that all you say after, is not able to repair it. And what need I go on to do my Adversary greater Mischief? 'Tis enough for me to see him *Fail'd by his own Weapons*; which is a proper Punishment for such as you, that can caress the Soul of a Woman, and then *Love and Unlove* at a Minutes Warning.

I shall not further endeavour to Rectify your Notion about the *Marriage of Minds*, but only to acquaint you, that such a Union may be between one and the same Sex, as well as the contrary; and so makes nothing to your Purpose: Nor concern my self with your next Objection and Answer, I disown the former

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former, and then I'm sure, you ought to let fall the latter: I shall only Answer to your Remarkable Passage of Dr. Brown (where he speaks of a certain *New way of Generation*) that tho' he knew well the true energy and spring of *Vulgar Errors*, he was yet undoubtedly Guilty of some himself; and if he aim'd at our *Present Debate*, I presume this was a Grand One.

Nor Lastly, Will I trouble you with as Enigmatical a Chain of Speculation (if 'tis not an Absurdity to call it so) about your last *Position*, as you have done me; I am not much concern'd to know whether *the Soul assumes the Disposition of the Body, or the Body conforms to the Disposition of the Soul*; when 'tis only Organs (as I said before,) make the different Sex; which, because they can't be found in Souls, we must conclude that the Soul is an *abstracted Individual* (Pardon that refin'd Expression) a kind of *Unity in itself*, that is as incapable of *Distinction* as 'tis of *Penetration*, and can no more admit of the Terms of *He and She*, then it's Maker himself can.

Thus (Sir) have I turn'd your *own Artillery upon you*, and tho' you made the first Attack, with all the advantage that so large a Field of matter wou'd give you leave, you have yet most infallibly lost the *Victory*, and consequently must *continue Loving Orinda*, and own it a *Great Blessing*; for why may not I give it on my own side as well as you did on yours? Yes! Verily, with the same Reason, tho' 'tis Fifty to One, if a Woman (as well as a Man) is not Partial in her own Cause, so that I have Sally'd out with my Myrmidons so successfully that

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that 'tis an easie matter to decide this *Mighy Rencounter*, and leave you as unlikely to disengage your self from your *Spiritual Mistress* as 'tis you shou'd ever receive any *Solid Pleasure* from that *Fair Angel of Fiesh and Blood, and Inclination*, the Parson has ty'd you to.

Tho' I must needs say you've done wonders, and proved your self a *perfect Politician* as well as undaunted in your Undertaking — But to ask you a civil question, Whence got you all that *Train of Atillery* — *Scripture* — *Reason*, (tho' that indeed was too enlighten'd for my dull Noddle) and *Fathers* at your Fingers ends, tho' you unluckily forgot to bring in the great *Prophet Mahomet* into the number, who is so far from denying there's a *Sex in Souls*, that he has fill'd his *Paradise* with handsome *Gogg'd Ey'd Wenches*, that his *Votarys* in the *State of Separation* with an unconfined Liberty, might enjoy them; tho' (I say) you forgot this mighty example, which now by the Law of Nations you must rake no advantage of, yet your *Artillery* is mighty numerous, and all in defence of a Subject never before dreamt of.

However, if I ben't partial to my own performance, I've fairly prov'd your *Doctrine* false, and that there's no such thing as a *Sex in Souls*. I shall further add, (for I'd fain have you see your Error in deserting *Orinda*) that there can be no danger in *Platonick-Courtsips*, for Doctor, you know that every individual man hath two distinct Souls, the one *Rational or Intellectual*, and *Incorruptible*, as being of Divine Original, the breath of the *Creator*: The other only *Sensitive*, produced from

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from the Wombs of Elements; common also to brute Animals, and therefore capable of dissolution, this Rational Soul, (or more properly, *Spirit*) is the common Cement, or Tye, betwixt the celestial and incorporeal nature of the reasonable Soul, and the terrestrial and corporeal nature of the Body: It is also the immediate organ or instrument, by which the nobler Soul informeth and altereth in the Organs of the Body. Now, tho' I deny not, but the rational Soul, in respect of this her alliance with the Body, is in some degree *subject to the Laws of Matter*, and consequently, that the humours and temperament of the Body, have some influence or power to alter and work upon the Mind, especially in weak-minded persons, who make no use of the arms of their Reason, to encounter and subdue the insurrections and assaults of sensual appetites: Yet cannot I grant, that the impressions which the Body makes upon the Mind are such, as suffice to question either the Immortality, or derogate from the Sovereignty of the Soul over the Body.

So that suppose there had been a Sex in Souls, (as I prov'd the contrary) yet this Sex cou'd never Effeminate the *Platonick-Lover*; besides, the delight of *sensual Love* depending partly upon the powers of the Body, is therefore *surious, short of duration, and subject to decay*; but the *Platonick* depending solely upon the Mind (whose Powers are perpetual) is therefore *calm, of one equal Temper, and everlasting*.

So that now by your own confession, you are (*Innocently*) mine, but since you have been so *sensual* as to marry to *Flesh and Blood*, I return your *Eternal Farewel* upon you, and will ever remain

The Unmarried Platonick.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXII.

A Letter from Mr. Wem to the Athenian Society, who (having Kist a Buxome Girl in his Dream) intends to venture on a Corporal Wedlock, and desires the Athenians to discover to him the several Kinds of Love, that so by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, he may Love so as to be Happy in Marriage.

The Letter follows, viz.

Gentlemen,

YOU tell us in the Post-Boy, That you'll send us *A Pacquet of Letters from Athens, &c.* In which you'll direct the Batchelor and Virgin in their *whole Amour*; this encourages me to tell ye I intend speedily (*Platonick Mistresses* are such airy things) to Court the Beautiful *Clara*.

*Thrown on my Bed for a short Naps Essay,
In came this Buxome Girl and by me lay;
I quickly turn'd, and Courted her with Kisses,
For That which Lovers call the Bliss of Blissess;*

But

But she refus'd with — Pish — nay then — what
(now ?

Some Body comes, — you never shall I Vow —
At length she seem'd, to struggle a Consent,
With much of Pleasing Art, — so to't we went;
And then for every Kiss I gave before,
She thankfully repaid me half a Score
But when I thought to Bathe me in Love's Stream,
I lost my Lase, and found a Foolish Dream.

However, I resolve to enter on a Real Court-
ship; and if real Love can make a Woman kind,
do hope to make her the best of Wives; but hear-
ing Corporal Wedlock is a great Lottery, I'd
learn from you the several kinds of Love; that so
by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, I
might Love so as to be Happy in Marriage —
And sure, Athens, I am Lovesick; for,

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since Clara first I saw,
As I were stung with some Tarantula;
Arms and the dusky Field I less Admire,
And strangely soften in some new desire:
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright;
But Pale as Fires when master'd by the Light;
Even while I speak, and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before;
I'm Numb'd and Fix'd, and scarce my Eye-Balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part
Like a New Lord he vaunts about my Heart;
Surveys in State, each corner of my Breast:
And now I'm all o'er Love! — or Love's a Jest,

Now

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Now (Gentlemen) as you are the ORACLE for the Batchelor and Virgin to consult in difficult cases, I thought none so fit to address my self to, as the Athenians, especially since I understand you are Masters in the Art of Love, and can direct an ignorant Youth through the whole Kingdom of Love and Gallantry.

I shan't Apologize for my ignorance in Love matters, for CUPID is Pictur'd naked, only to shew the simplicity of Affection that shou'd be amongst Lovers —

If you ask how I can Love Clara so much upon no more acquaintance, I cou'd tell ye that 'tis usual at first Sight with young Lovers to twist — Eye Beams together, and steal into one anothers Hearts through the Windows of their Eyes, exchanging Love a Thousand ways; such Lovers as these live more happy by making so kind an Adventure, than such as for Worldly Respects join hands when their Hearts are far asunder; for 'tis often seen that Smithfield Bargains are made to add Land to Land, not Love to Love, and to unite Houses to Houses, not Hearts to Hearts; which hath been the occasion that Men have turn'd Monsters, and Women Devils.

*Wives are grown Traffick, Marriage is a Trade,
And when a Nuptial of two Hearts is made,
There must of Moneys too a Wedding be,
That Coin, as well as Men, may multiply.*

It must be own'd that Woman is the Gem of Heaven, in which Nature hath carv'd the Universe in less Characters; but she is also the baggage

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A Pacquet from Athens. 123

baggage of Life, she is troublesome, and hinders us in the great march; yet we can scarce live chastly without her: *But Marriage is Honourable in all—* Then shall we account that Condition mean, whereof God himself was the Institutor, *Adam and Eve were the first Couple, Paradise the place where, and Innocency the State, or Time when, Marriage was first Celebrated?*

Now (Gentlemen) if Adam in Innocence, (when he was perfect in Body and Mind) thought it better to lose a Rib than lack a Wife; and if it was not good for him (that was so happy) to be alone, what great need of a Wife has Sinful Man since the Fall?

Then (Athens) tell me how (and where) I may Love so, as to be Happy in Wedlock: For,

Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first, Tho pair'd by Heav'n in Paradise, were Curs'd:

For Man and Woman, tho' in One they grow, Yet First, or Last, return again to Two.

He to Gods Image, she to his was made:

So farther from the Fount, the stream at Random (stray'd

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair;

But yet if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware,

And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.

However I shall increase my Love to Clara daily; and when the Athenian ORACLE gives an Answer to this Letter, I'll Dress as it were in Print, and fall a Courting like any thing,

I am (Gentlemen)

Your very Humble Servant,

Charles Wem.

G LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

The Athenians Answer to the foregoing Letter, wherein they discover the (Mysteries and) different Sorts of Corporal Love, from their own Experience.

Mr. Wem,

WE have in our Platonick-Courtship discours'd at large of Love to the SOUL, we shall now (for the sake of Variety) proceed to a more Sensual Adventure, and shew what 'tis to Love the BODY; and here, that we may oblige Mr. Wem, (that is going to venture on Corporal Wedlock) we'll discourse of the several kinds of LOVE, and we'll advance nothing on these Heads, but what we learn from our own Experience, or from such Persons that are now living, whose Testimony we can depend upon.

We own (Mr. Wem) to Treat of Corporal Love, will be somewhat distasteful to the pure and refined Disciples of the Platonick Sect, who profess to be enamoured only on the Beauties of the Soul, wholly rejecting all respects of Flesh and Blood, and entirely devoting their Courtship to coo-

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temple, and Intrace themselves in Admiration of the lovely Idea's of Vertue : Nor will the Ladies (made doubtless of a Mold much finer, and less sulphureous, then other courtes Mortals are) be pleased to hear their *sweet and cleanly Flames* should be aspersed with the mixture of gross and sooty Exhalations, such as arise from ardors of the Body. But yet still we hold it Essential to true Love, that it keep within the Bounds of *Honour* and *Virtue*, and that there is such Loves, we are certain; but if your Love breaks those bounds, it loses so fair a name; our Language has a much worse for it, and it degenerates into Lust, the very sound of which a Civil Ear can scarce endure; and this it does as oft as either the Object, or other Circumstances thereof, are unlawful. We know there are a great many Men in the World wou'd make Love nothing else; they wou'd turn the God into *Satyr*, pretty little *Cupid* into a foul *Priapus*; but all they can mean by't is fairly owning that their Love is nothing else, and consequently won't believe there's any other, because they have no Notion of it; taking *Woman* in general, the whole Sex we mean, as the Object of their Desires: At which rate they out-do the *Great Turk* himself; for his Love, as they call it, is confin'd perhaps to a few Hundreds, but their *Seraglio* is all the *World*, and a Bull must unavoidably be as true a Lover as they, when he divides his Courtship among the whole *Herd*s of the *Milky Mathers*—— Nor can we think any Lady will entertain a Spark of this Principle in her Service, unless she has the Ambition of passing for *Pasiphae's* Rival.

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However, Mr. *Wem*, we'll present you a Picture of Love in little, not copied from the descriptions of other Mens Fancies, but drawn from our own Experience. And here we shall first discourse— of *Love in General*.

Love is the Authour of many wonderful Adventures. But we will not undertake fully to explain the mysterious nature of this Passion, which all are subject to, and none clearly understand; and think it well defined by him, who said, *It is I know not what, which came I know not whence, and went away I know not how.* 'Tis——

*A pleasing Sweetness, harmless Fire,
A Tender melting gay Desire;
A Something more than Wealth or Fame;
A tender Something wants a Name.*

Socrates called it the Desire of Beauty; *St. Thomas* affirmed it to be, a complacency of the Appetite in the thing which is Lovely. 'Tis very much like Light, a thing that every Body knows, and yet none can tell what to make of it:

*The cause of Love can never be Assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

'Tis not Money, Fortune, Jointure, Raveing, Stabbing, Hanging, Romancing, Flouncing, Swearing, Ramping, Desiring——Fighting, Dying,——Indeed *Hudibras* says,

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*He that Hangs himself, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.*

Yet all these have bin, are, and still will
be mistaken, and miscalled for it. What shall we
say of it? 'Tis a pretty little soft thing that plays
about the Heart; and those who have it, will know
it well enough by this Description.—'Tis ex-
treamly like a Sigh, and could we find a Painter
could draw one, you'd easily mistake it for the
other: 'Tis all over Eyes; so far is it from
being blind, as some old Dotards have describ'd
it, who certainly were Blind themselves: It has
a Mouth too, and a pair of pretty Hands; but
yet the Hands speak, and you may feel at a di-
stance every Word that comes from the Mouth,
gently stealing through your very Soul. Yet
thus much we have learn'd from Dear Experience,
that it is an Imperious Passion, which, once
entered upon the borders of the Mind, in-
stantly becomes a Tyrant, over-running all the
faculties, subverting the Laws and Government
of Reason, and Demolishing all the Fortresses,
that either Wisdom or Modesty can raise a-
gainst it.

*Love is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate;
Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a general
(waste:
Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall,
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on and covers all.*

It is a kind of *Magick*, against which Nature hath given us no power of Resistance; for, insinuating insensibly into the Soul, like a masked Enemy, it suddenly surpriseth and takes Possession of all the strengths of it, and like a subtle Poison, discovers not its entrance, till it be secure of conquest.

Believe us Sir, all Lovers, Soldiers are;
 For Cupid has his Tents; and Lovers, War;
 Both rise up early, and both sit up late;
 Both stand as Centinels by equal Fate;
 This, at his Captains Tent; that, at his Mistress Gate.
 The wretched Lover and the Soldier goes
 Through thickest Troops, where danger does oppose;
 Through Midnight Watches and strong Guards they pass,
 One for his Fame, the other for his Last.
 And he that for the War, or Love is fit,
 Must be a Man of Courage, Sense and Wit:
 At Love's Command we through all dangers rove;
 The Man that wants Employment, let him Love.

Like the Venemous Spiders of Calabria, it destroys us with tickling, and making us Dance. It scorneth the prevention of Prudence, and flighteth the prepossession of Grief. Being once in Love, we believe our desires cannot be noble, untill they are extream; nor generous, unless they be rash.

But far above the rest, the furious Mire,
 Barr'd from the Male, is Frantick with Despair:
 For Love she'll force thro' thickets of the Wood,
 And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood;

Thus

Thus every Creature, and of every kind,
The secret Joys of sweet Coition find:
Not only Mans Imperial Race, but they
That Wing the Liquid Air, or swim the Sea;
Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame:
For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

The greatest, the wisest, the most resolved
Spirits, have felt the force of Love; nor is
Ambition it self (esteemed Lord Paramount of all
the Passions) able to contest with it, for Absolute
Dominion over the Soul.

Love's Power's too great to be withstood
By Feeble Humane Flesh and Blood:
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The Heav'ring Kill-Cow, Hercules;
Reduc'd his Leaguer Lyons-Skin
To a Petticoat, and made him Spin.

The Reason, why Corporal Beauty so delighteth
the Senses, and ravisheth the Soul, is only because
it is a Mark or Sign of that interiour power or agreeableness, which is in the subject to which it
adhereth, and which our Appetite wanteth, in
order to its attainment of that perfection,
which is required to its nature. But,

Virtue (Dear Sir) needs no Defence

The surest Guard is Innocence;

None knew, till Guilt created Fear.

What Darts or Poison'd Arrows were,

So that in this Sense, we cannot much find fault with his Definition of Beauty, who called it the *Splendour of Goodness*; nor condemn his of *Love*, who termed it *Need or Want*. And this we conceive sufficient to explain the Nature of *Love* in General.

We shall next Discourse of *Love betwixt Male and Female*.

To come up close to our Argument, we must, Sir, put you in mind, that all the Powers or Faculties, which together with the Respective Appetites, compleat the Nature of Man, were conferred upon him for one of these two ends; either for the well-being and conservation of him in his single and individual Person; or for the conservation of him in specie, or in his kind.

But beside this General Love of a different Sex, which is no more but the Appetite of Procreation Indefinite, there is yet another Love in which the same Appetite, tho' respecting diversity of Sex, is yet determined to some one particular Person; and such as are in this Passion, are properly said to be in Love. Now the Question doth concern not the General Love betwixt Male and Female, but this Particular or Determined Love: Since this seems to be that, which Ladies mean, when they distinguish *Love* from *Lust*. Nor is there indeed, any other cause that makes this Love quit its Indifferency to all of that divers Sex, and fix only upon some one single Person, but only this; that the Person Loving, (or rather in Love) apprehending

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hending that the Marks or Signs of the power Generative are more conspicuous in the person loved, than in any other of that Sex; thereupon imagineth, that the Fruition of that person, (that is, the doing that Act, which is necessary to continuation of the kind, with that person) will better conduce to the satisfaction of the Appetite to Generation, than the doing of it with any other.

And hence it comes, that comely and proper Men (as they call them) such as are of good complexions, and well-proportioned Bodies, are generally in great reputation with Women: And fair and Beautiful Women, in as high esteem and honour with Men.

To confirm the Truth of this, besides the Natural Reasons here alledged, we have also the suffrage of *Experience*. For, what woman was ever in love with an *Eunuch*, tho' otherwise exceedingly handsome? Nay, what woman is there, that doth not secretly despise any man, of whose insufficiency (whether Native, or by Misfortune, in the power of Generation, she has had any, the least notice. On the other side, what Man hath ever continued his passion for a Woman, after he hath been once convinced of her impotency to club with him in the Act of Procreation, tho' she were, in all other things, the most beautiful of her Sex.

Now, after all this, we hope 'twill be no longer a Paradox, that the indefinite desire of different Sex (which is generally called **LUST**) and desire of some one particular person of that different Sex (which is generally called

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LOVE,) are one and the same Appetite to the Act of Procreation—— And this brings us in the next place to discover the *Mysteries of Love.*

LOVE is a Guest sooner entertain'd, than perceived; and yet sooner perceived than known, and much easier known than understood; better understood than defined or described. As if it challenged only the Heart for its proper apartment, and disdained any remove up into the Brain. Love admits of no Interpreter but it self: Nor do we come to know it by either Precepts or Examples; but by *Infusion*. You may affirm safely, that *Cupid* is not only blind, but also dumb: Making all parts of the Body vocal, except the Tongue. Hence it is, that Lovers are more eloquent in their sighs than in their words. By affable nods, and darted smiles, the vocal Ambassadors of desire, they treat about their union; and read each others Soul in glances. Their *Colloquies*, like those of Angels, are made by *intuition*: And they express themselves also, like them, not by the Intellect, but the *Will*. Sometimes their Souls interchangeably sally forth at their Eyes, and steal Kisses at a distance; and then return home again triumphing in their invisible Thefts. Though the Passion be of it self innocent, yet 'tis always conjoyned with secret shame: And the same Blushes that betray our flame, strive to hide it. Nay *Cupid* himself, not contented with a single Veil, contrives also Ambushes for more secrecy: and oftner takes in Hearts by stratagem and surprize, than by storm. Nor is it less difficult

difficult to conceive, that one can die, and instantly revive again; yea, be *alive*, and *dead* at once; or, like the *Phoenix*, build his own, both funeral and vital fire, out of which he re-assumes a more vigorous and Youthful Being, than what the flames consumed: Yet nothing is more frequent among Lovers; whom the miraculous Chymistry of Love, by a most pleasant *Palingenesis*, restores from their ashes to their primitive state and form.

*Love's but an Ague, that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first
That after burns with cold as much
As Ice in Green-Land does the Touch.
Melts in the Furnace of desire
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire,
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.*

A man wou'd think at first, that no two things in Nature are more incompatible, more inconsistent, more reciprocally destructive, than those two contrary Passions, *Love* and *Hate*. But these seem reconcil'd in the Breast of even the most refin'd *Inamourato*.

'For the *Servant* always wishes his Mistress less Happy than she is, that so his affection may appear more pure, more sincere, and determined upon her Person alone.

'Is she wise, and discreet? He presently reproaches the Stars, that favour'd her with so strong a defence; as conceiving, that if her Brain were less sound, her Heart wou'd be more tender; and that if
she

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she had less wit, himself wou'd be less subject to her Contempt.

Is she in Health? He secretly invokes Jove to afflict her with Sickness, that he may have that occasion to demonstrate his grief, his tenderness, his sympathy.

Is she Rich? He cannot forbear to wish her in Want, that he might endow her with his Fortune.

Is she at Liberty? He longs to see her a Captive, that he may merit her Favour by hazarding all in her Redemption.

Is her Fame clear and immaculate? How glad wou'd he be some licentious Tongue wou'd defile her Honour, that he might wash away the stains, though with his Blood.

Is her Birth and Quality Noble? He wou'd fain degrade her, that she might derive all her Dignity from the Generosity of his Love.

In a word, in some sort or other He wishes her miserable, that he may have the glory to relieve her, and that her own Necessity may draw, rather than his Courtship and Observance invite her to his embraces. He had rather be her Sanctuary, than her Conqueror. Now is not here a certain Malignity mixt with Benevolence; Zeal tempered with Hate; Inhumanity proceeding from excess of Kindness; Cruelty conjoined with the greatest Charity? Yet such is the constitution of Love. Cupid has no darts headed with pure Gold.

Foynture

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*Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
Houses, Household-Stuff, or Land,
(The low conveniences of Fate)
Are Greek no Lovers understand—— Cowley.*

Yet more *Enigmata*, more perplexing Difficulties in Love. This Affection, which composeth all other commotions of the Soul, which reconciles Men, wild Beasts, and Philosophers, is yet at variance with it self.

When you see a *languishing Lover*, whose Arms seem so tender and delicate, that you think them fit only for embraces; who exhales nothing but Odours or Sighs; who is struck down with the contraction of a Brow, and wounded to the Heart with the disdainful glance of an Eye: Take heed notwithstanding, how you reproach him as a soft, effeminate and pusillanimous Person. For really he is hardy, daring and adventurous.

*Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;
All precious things are still preserv'd with care:
Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the stealth
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth.*

The Lover defies danger, nay, makes it a pleasure to create them in his imagination, and is gratified with the encounter of adverse accidents, as favours to his Zeal.

Nor ought you to accuse him of Stupidity, tho' you observe him to suffer Contempts and Affronts from his proud *Celia* without just resentment. For, he (be you well assur'd) is wholly

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wholly transmigrated into Soul, become all Spirit, retreated into that ~~Aetherial~~ particle of Fire, which is impassible, and cannot be touch'd. If this seem less credible, be pleas'd to consider, it is the Religion of Love to overcome evil with good. Besides, our good-natured Lover entertains neglects and scorn, not with insensibility, but discretion: As well understanding, that Injuries, as they fade and die of themselves, when bravely despised; so they pass into Benefits, when received with gentleness and humanity. *A Flint is broken on a Feather-Bed.*

Will you charge him with Blindness, because he discerns not the defects, the spots of his Mistress; but takes these for Stars, and those for Ornaments; and by a most obliging Error, gilds over her faults with the title of the nearest Vertues? It is a sign of ill-nature in you, thus to envy him the pleasure of an error, wherein he thinks himself more happy.

*A Happiness so nigh he cannot bear;
His Love's too fierce, and she too Killing fair.
He grows enrag'd to see such Excellence;
If words disorder'd give her such offence,
His Love's too full of Zeal, to think of Sense.*

Again, if to Philosophize, be nothing but to contemplate Idea's; then to love, is to be a Philosopher. Yea, if every man loves so much as he understands (which was Plato's opinion) then do'age in Love is an argument of Science.

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Sir, having shewn you this *Proteus*, Love, in some of those various shapes, wherein it usually appears; you are (we presume) thereupon inclined to think it may be no less inconstant to its Object, than it seems to be to it self. To obviate this scandalous mistake, therefore, we find our selves obliged in the next place to evince, *That the Judgments of Love are, like those of Fate, unalterable and perpetual; that it is constant and immutable*—

*Love in this Passion is so strange,
It hides all faults, and ne'er is giv'n to change;
It unclips'd in its full blaze shines bright;
Pure in it self, it wants no borrow'd Light;
Nor sets 'till Death draws the dark Scene of Night.*

He who can cease to Love whom he hath once Loved, does but dream he loved. He never Lov'd at all, whoever makes Retreat. Forthe Conjunction of true Lovers Hearts, like solemn Matrimony, admits of no divorce.

*By all the pleasing Energy that Arms
Thy Soul and Eyes with such peculiar Charms,
By all thy Falshood, all thy Smiles, and all
The tender things that did my Heart inbrall,
By all that has the Power my Soul to move
And Thyrsis, thou art all that I can love.
True Love can never change its Seat;
Nor did he ever love, that can retreat.*

*Love ceases not, though what is loved hath ceas'd to be. When your Turtle hath molted all her Beautiful Feathers, and is grown Old;
'you*

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‘ you must not cease to think her still the
 ‘ same, still Amiable and Youthful : And
 ‘ what of her Charming Features time hath
 ‘ impaired, your Affection will continually
 ‘ renew the pleasing Form now lost to
 ‘ your Eye shall be perpetually found Fresh
 ‘ and Lively in your Mind. *The Fidelity of*
 ‘ *Remembrance shall countervail the Cruelty of*
 ‘ *Age* : Which may by a natural Metamor-
 ‘ phosis render your Wife a stranger to her
 ‘ former Self, but hath not the more Tyran-
 ‘ nical power to alienate her from you.
 ‘ Nay, when Fate shall have torn her from
 ‘ your Arms, even then shall you still re-
 ‘ tain and enjoy her in your Imagination;
 ‘ you shall think her not Dead, but only
 ‘ Absent, and as often as you mix Embraces
 ‘ with her kind Ghost, you shall deny her
 ‘ to have Perished.

For ill does he deserve a Lovers Name ,

Whose Pale Weak Flame

Its Heat cannot retain

In spight of Absence, Hured and Disdain ;

But dies at once, like Paper set on Fire,

Burn and Expire

That Noble Flame that my Breast keeps Alive,

Shall still survive ;

That shall walk with me to the Lower shade,

And never fade,

When my Souls fled :

Nor shall my Love Die, when my Body's Dead :

My very Ashes in their Urn

Shall like a ballow'd Lamp for Ever Burn :

Love

Love shall make you Triumph over Mortality; and in the the Ardor of your Spiritual Fruition, you shall bid defiance to Destiny; Crying out, 'Though you have Separated us, O Fatal Sisters! You have not divided us; yet we converse together, yet we are a pair: From others you taken away the Woman, from me not so much as her shadow. While she lived, we used but one Soul; now, but one Body. Her Spirit is received into my Breast, and there remains fixt, as in its proper Afterism and Heaven.

But notwithstanding Love is thus immortal, yet can I not deny, but it is a kind of Death. For who is ignorant that Lovers die as often as they kiss, or bid adieu? Exhaling their Souls upon each others Lips.

*She shews her Heavenly Form without Disguise,
And gives her self to my desiring Eyes;
Proud of the gift I want my greedy sight
Around the Work, and Kiss with vast delight.*

Lovers, like Apollo's Priests, possessed with the Spirit of Divination, are Transported out of themselves; their Life is a perpetual Extasie.

Lovers divest themselves of their own Souls, that they may be more happily fill'd with others. We believe Pythagoras his Metempsychosis, or Transmigration of his Soul, when he loved, not when he Philosophiz'd.

Sir

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Sir, Let us advise you attentively to observe how the Soul of a Lover almost visibly flies to that part of the Body, which approaches nearest to his Mistress. If they join hands, you may perceive their Souls to be palpably distributed into their Fingers, mutually to take hold, and entwine each with other. If they stand side by side, *their Bowels yern, their Hearts leap for Joy, their Spirits flow in crouds into their Breasts,* and raising strong palpitations, salute each other as Clowns use to do, with thumps; as if they strove to dissolve the ligaments of Life, and intermix Embraces.

*All other Debts, may Compensation find
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.*

In a Word, by Love we do not sell, but exchange our selves; yea, Love transfers into his own Treasury whatever is excellent and Divine in another.

*Thus like the Two First Lovers they
Yet free from Guilt and all Offence
On Odorous Beds of Flowers lay,
In their First State of Innocence.*

*Their Lips still join'd like Billing Doves,
With Ardent Breathing's of desire
They secretly inflame their Loves
And set each others Hearts on Fire.*

This

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This munificence of Love in communicating whatever it thinks good and delectable, is evident even in the delight of sensual Fruition, which being a pleasure consisting in a conjunction not only of two persons of different Sexes, but also of two different Appetites in each person; viz. to please, and to be pleas'd; it necessarily follows, that each party becomes so much the more joy'd or pleas'd in himself, by how much the more able he finds himself to please or cause joy in the other.

*His quick imagination must present
The Scenes and Images of his Content,
Which soon the fair One will to him dispende,
Joys too unruly and too fierce for Sense.*

So that Lovers rival each other in the Communication of delight.

Thus Mr. Wem have we discover'd to you the Mysteries and different kinds of Corporal Love: We shall next shew you how Love is dispersed throughout the whole World, and ingrafted into every Creature, as well Mineral and Vegetable, as Animal, all obeying the Statute of the great Law-giver, instituted in primo Adami. The which causeth a Sympathy or Love in all things.

*The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above:
A general Doom on all Mankind is past,
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last.*

Now

Now to demonstrate this in Man. He having by Nature imprinted in his Soul an affected desire or earnest inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn as 'twere by necessity to search it out in every thing which he esteemeth fair and good; and finds nothing so apt to be the center of his Affections, and to correspond with his Nature (her creation solely tending to that) as *Woman*. For after God had created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, *It is not good* (saith he) *that Man should be alone, I will make him an help meet for him.* Now seeing man was created for this end, he could not continue without *Generation*, which could not be, unless he were joined to a *Woman*; which was before his Fall a most pure and innocent *Love*. But now because of his Corruption, his *Affections* are irregular, and are made extream; there is nothing so greatly exciteth and carrieth away his Mind, nor cometh more near to his destruction, than this foolish *passion*.

To prove which, many Presidents might be produced. *Galacea* of *Mantua* declaring oftentimes to a Maid of *Pavia*, whom he courted and made love to, that *he would suffer a thousand deaths for her sake*; which she imagining was but spoke in jest, commanded him to cast himself into the River; which he presently performed and was drowned.

Yet, as well as Man, this Love (as we have said) is ingrafted into every Creature; this *Love*, *Appetite*, or *universal Inclination*, or *Complacency*, was given to them at the Creation, and

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and inciteth them to desire and search out that which is consentaneous to, and sympathizeth with their own nature; so that there is nothing so insensible, which hath not in it self this Love innate, propending and moving to its proper Object, as *Amber* and *Straw*, *Iron* and *Adamant*; and the *Palm Trees* of both Sexes, express not a sympathy only, but a *Love-passion*; according to that of the Poet,

*Leaves sing their Loves, each complemental Tree
In Courtship bowes, the amorous Palms we see
Confirm their Leagues with nods, Poplars incchain
Their Arms, the Plane insetteth the Plane.*

Now, the better to illustrate this by example, *Florentius* tells us of a *Palm* that loved most fervently, and wou'd receive (if properly it may be so said) no consolation, until her *Lover* applyed himself to her; you might see the *two Trees bend*, and of their own accord stretch out their *Boughs* to embrace and kiss each other. They (saith he) marry one another, and when the wind brings their odour unto each other, they are marvellously affected; they will be sick and pine away for *Love*, which the *Husbandman* perceiving, strokes his hand on those *Palms* which grow together, and so stroaking again the *Palm* that is enamoured, they carry kisses from one to the other, or weaving their *Leaves* into a *Love-Net*, they will prosper and flourish with a greater bravery. No Creature is to be found *quod non aliquid amat*, which doth not love something

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thing, no Stock nor Stone, which hath not some feeling of its effects: Yet 'tis more eminent in Vegetables.

We shall next exprefs what *special causes* and *motives* tend most to the encrease of this *Passion*. And here, Sir, we're oblig'd to tell you that *Beauty* and *Goodness* makes us love. Which two if they be found both in one Woman, (she's *rara avis*, a very rare thing indeed) are most availeful advantages. This *Beauty* hath great power to procure *Love*; for where it appeareth in the exterior parts in any Body, it is as it were a witness and testimony of the beauty in the Soul. It is the Witch of Nature, as Gold is the God of the World; for a Woman without *Beauty*, hath as few followers, as a man without money hath Friends.

The reason why Womens *Beauty* is of such force, that it overcomes men, is that the Sense being too much fastned upon it, doth not only (as if it gazed upon an Object above its strength) remain dazled with the Rays thereof, but reason it self is darkned, the Heart is fettered, and the Will by Love made a Prisoner.

Having discoursed thus much of *Beauty* in General, we will now descend to the particulars of *Beauty*, and demonstrate their force in causing *Love*. For there is not any that loves, but there is some particular part, either in form or condition, which pleaseth most, and inflameth him above the rest.

And first of the *Eyes*, which *Scaliger* calls *Cupids Arrows*; the black, round, quick, sparkling *Eye*, is the most fair, amorous and enticing,
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the speaking, courting, enchanting Eye. — The Eyes of a beautiful woman apply their Beams, and endeavour to intangle the Hearts of those that earnestly behold her. The Poet Propertius calls the Eyes the Conductors and Guides in Love.

Si nescis, Occuli sunt in amore duces.

It is the Eyes that infect the Spirits, by the gazing upon an Object, and thence the Spirits infect the Blood. To this effect the Lady in Apuleius complained, Thou art the cause of my Grief, thine Eyes piercing through mine Eyes into mine inward parts, have set my Bowells on fire, therefore commiserate me that am now ready to die for thy sake.

The Eye is the Judge of Beauty, and is as it were the Looking-Glass of the Soul, in which are described all the Affections of the Soul; as Love, Passion, Anger, Disdain, &c. The Eye exceedingly lusteth after Beauty, and is fittest to be the principal Judge thereof; the Eye being an Organ by which the Lover doth best discern the perfection of all those principal parts, which are required to the framing of a compleat Beauty.

Secondly, Fair Hair; as the Poets say, are the Prisons of Cupid; that is the cause (as we suppose) that Ladies make Rings, and Bracelets, and Love-Locks to send to their Lovers. And that's the cause too (for we must handle both Sexes) that Men curl and Powder their hair, and prune their Perriwigs, making the East side correspondent to the West.

Thirdly,

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Thirdly, the Tongue is called by Scaliger, the Lightning of Love. But we will take all the actions and gestures of the Mouth together with it; what a bewitching force hath a gracious laughter, a pleasant and eloquent delivery, a modest courting, a Syrens Song, or any other comely carriage or manifestation of the Mind, a corral Lip, a comely order, and Set of two Ivory Rails? How great force and enticements lie in kissing?

1.
*Her Hairs are Cupid's Nets, which when she spreads,
She catches Hearts and Maiden-heads.*

*Her Forehead makes all Gazers proud,
Not her; and is by me allow'd*

A fairer Coast than Heaven without a Cloud.

2.
*Her Eye-brows are Loves Bows, from which her Eyes
Do seldom shoots but some man dies.*

Her Lips the Temples are of Bliss;

*And he that can but get a Kiss
Knows what the end of his Devotion is.*

3.
*Her Tongue I call Loves Lightning, but the Throne
Of Graces, is her Neck alone.*

Or Poets may inspired say,

*There the wanton Doves do play,
When Venus means to make it Holy-Day.*

They

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They breathe out their Souls and Spirits together with their kisses, changing Hearts and Spirits, and mingle affections as they do kisses, and is rather a connexion of the Mind than of the Body.——

I felt thee with a pleasing kind of Smart,
The kiss went tingling to my very Heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all day,
Like drops of Honey, loth to fall away. }

Fifthly, Their Breasts and Paps are called the *Tents of Love*; for which cause women do so much discover them, (for Women, saith Aristotle, are *Natures Errata*, continually studying Temptations) together with their *Painted Faces*, *naked Necks*, *Shoulders* and *Arms*; having all things necessary and in readiness, that may either allure the Mind to Love, or the Heart to Folly. And that made L——s salute his disdainful Mistress in this manner.

There are who know what once to day it was;
Your Eyes, your Conscience, and that morning-Glass.
Now durst you venture that adulterate Part,
(Belabour'd with your Fucus and best Art)
To the rude Breath of every rash Salute;
What did your proffer'd whisper expect Suit?
You were too pliant with your Ear, you wish'd
Pomatum and Vermilion might be kiss'd.
That Lip, that Cheek by man was never known;
Those Favours you bestow, are not your own.
Henceforth, such kisses I'll de-fie like thee,
Which Druggists sell to you, and you to me.

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A Ship is not so long a Rigging, as a young Lady is in Trimming her self against the coming of her Sweet-Heart.

Sibly, Pleasant and Well-Composed Looks, Glances, Smiles, Counter-Smiles, Plausible Gestures, Pleasant Carriage and Behaviour, Affable Compliments, a comely Gait and Pace, Dances, Plays, Revels, Masks, Dancing, Time, Place, Opportunity, Conference, and importunity, are materials of which Loves Torch is made; also no stronger Engines than to hear and read of Love Toys, Fables and Discourses, so that many by this means become distracted; for these Exercises do as well open the pores of the Heart as the Body.

Yelly, Obscure Low-Letters, to insinuate themselves into their Mistresses Favour, are great Incitements; they are the Life of Love.

The Pen can furrow a fond Females Heart,
And Pierce it more then Cupid's feigned Dart.
Letters a kind of Magick Vertue have,
And, like strong Philizers, Humane Souls inslave.

We purpose next to Treat of Money causing Love. That is, the General Humour of the World, and in this Iron Age of ours, is that Commodity Reers our Affections, the love of Riches being most respected.

A just Proportion every where behold;
And Gold, the Cream 'nd Jess, remember Gold!
Gold! Gold! Those subtle Charms must needs
(prevail,
Gold; Gold enough! Had Spouse nor Maid nor Tail.

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Sure this must even the Flintiest Heart jubilate
 These Chains, these Pearls, those Lockets, all for now;
 What if no Cubbs bless the ill natur'd Joys?
 Look she's already stock'd with yellow Boys.

Now adays a Maid must buy her Husband
 with a great Dowry if she will have him;
 making Love Mercenary; and tis the fashion
 altogether in use, to chuse Wives as Chapmen
 sell their Wares, with Quantum Dabit: What
 is the most you will give? And for this Bos-
 ton Cowley tells us,

Vertus now, nor Noble Blood
 Nor Wit, but by Love's understood:
 Gold alone does Passion move,
 Gold Monopolizes Love;
 A Curse on her and on the Man
 Who this Traffick first began;
 A Curse, all Curses from above,
 On those who us'd it first in Love:
 Gold begets in Brethren hate,
 Gold in Families Debate;
 Gold does Friendship separate
 These the smallest Harms of it:
 Gold, alas, does Love digest.

Witty was that young Gentlewoman's Answer
 to an inconsiderate Suitor, who having solicited
 the Father, and bargained with him for the
 Affection of his Daughter for so much, and
 Covenants of Marriage concluded: This un-
 discreet Woer unseasonably imparts his Mind to
 the Daughter; who made strange of it, saying,
 she never heard of any such matter; yet, but

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(replied he) *I have Bargained with your Father, and he hath already consented: And you may Marry him too* (quoth she) *for you must hold me excused. They care not for Beauty, Education, Honesty or Birth; if they hear that she is a Rich Heiress, or hath ready Cash, they are Frantick and Doting on such a one, more than if she were Natures Master-Piece in Beauty. If she be never so Ugly and Stinking, 'tis Money makes her Kiss Sweetly. Has she Money? (that's the first Question) O how they Love her!*

Now to turn the Current of our Discourse to the other Sex; for this desire of Lucre is not adherent to Men only, but that there are some of the Female Train of the same temper. Let the Man be what he will, let him be cast in *Esops* Mould, with his Back like a *Lute*, and his Face like *Thersites*, his Eyes broad and Tawny, his Lips of the largest size in Folio, able to Furnish a Coblers stall with clouting leather; if he have but a Golden Hand, *Midas's* touch, or loaded with Golden Pockets, immediately they salute him with delight.

*Freedom is a real Treasure,
Love a Dream all False and Vain;
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
Sure and Lasting is the Pain.*

*A Sincere and Tender Passion
Some ill Planet over-rules,
Ah how blind is inclination!
Fast and Women dote on Fools.*

But

But the truly Handsom, Compleat, and Meritorious, that cannot shew the face of a *Jacobus*, that hath not *Pocket Angels* for his *Guardians*, shall live at a distance from the Grace of her good liking.

We will next Declare what the Poets say is the cause of Love. They say that when *Jupiter* first formed Man, and all Souls, he touched every one with several pieces of *Loadstone*, and afterwards put all the pieces in a place by themselves; likewise, the Souls of Women after he had touch'd them, he put them in a Magazine by themselves: Afterwards when he had sent the Souls into Bodies, he brought those of the Women to the place where the *Loadstones* were which touched the Men, and made every one to take one piece; if there were any Theevish Souls, they took several pieces and hid them. Now when that Man meets with that Woman that hath the piece which touched his Soul, it is impossible but he must Love her; the *Loadstone* which she hath, doth attract his Soul: And from hence doth proceed the several Effects of Love; for those who are Loved of many, are those Theevish Souls who took many pieces of the *Loadstone*; if any do Love one who Loves not him again, that was one who took his *Loadstone*, but he not hers. And from hence (say they) comes it to pass, that we do often see some Persons Love others, who in our Eyes are nothing amiable.

Fonseca holds (and we are of the same mind) there is something in a Woman beyond all Humane Delight, a *Magnetick Vertue*, a *Charming Quality*, and a *Powerful Motive*. To illustrate this;

this; There is a Story recorded in the *Lives of the Fathers*, of a Child whose Education was in a Desert from his Infancy, by an old *Hermite*: Being come to mans Estate, he accidentally spied Two Comely Women wandering in the Woods; he enquired of the *Hermis* (having never seen such before in his Life) what Creatures they were? The *Hermis* told him they were *Fairies*; after some tract of time being in Discourse, the *Hermite* demanded of him which was the pleasantest and most delectable sight that he ever saw in his Life? He readily replied (without any pause, or further consideration) the two *Fairies* he espied in the Desert. So that Indubitably, there is in a Fair and Beautiful Woman, a Magnetick Power, and a Natural Inbred Affection, which moves our Concupiscence.

To Conclude this head, It may be, that some will expect, that we should prescribe some things to *cause Love*; as to teach them how to Temper and Spice an Amatorious Cup, and what time may be Elected for the Administring of it; or how *Love* may be caused by natural *Magick*; *Pliny* reporteth that *Lucullus* a most brave General and Captain of great Experience, lost his Life by a *Love-Portion*.

*Love bath us'd against Frail Hearts
 Delov'ful Weapons, shooting Poison'd Darts.*

That there are things that have Power and Virtue to *cause Love*, is not to be doubted. But if these be not done under a suitable and proper Constellation, you may as well go about to pick Straws, as effect any thing by them; no more but *verbum fat sapienti*. Also there are certain seasons

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seasons (which we will conceal for Modesties sake) when Women (tho' never so backward at other times) may be won, in the which moment they have neither Will to deny, nor Wit to mistrust; such a time, as is Recorded in History, a young Gentleman found, to obtain the Love of the Dutchess of Milan; such a time a poor Yeoman Elected, and in it purchased the Love of the Fairest Lady in Muscovy. *Sed vulgo prolevis gran di nefas.* If we have displeased any Fools in concealing such things as are to be concealed, we hope the Wise will hold us excused, whilst we proceed to declare unto them in the next place the *Power and Effects of Love.*

Sir, — You shall pay nothing but your Pains in following us, whilst we shew you the great *Power and various Effects of Love*; and yet we think we may as well go about to number the leaves of the Trees, and sands of the Sea, the Grass piles upon the Land, and the Stars in the Firmament, as enumerate the different *Effects and Disorders* that Love produceth in Mortals. Plato calls it *Magna Dæmon*, or the great Devil, for its vehemency and Sovereignty over all other Passions. For faith once, I had rather contend with Tygers, Wolves, Dragons, Lions, Bulls, Bears, and Gyants, than with Love, he is so powerful.

Love hath walked on Scepters, wither'd the Laurels of Victors, thrown trouble into States, Schisms in Churches, corruption among Judges, and Furies into Arms. It Assaileth in Company, in Solitude, at Windows, at Prison Gates, at Theaters, and in Cabinets, at Sports, in a Feast, at a Comedy, and many times at Church. Chains and Wounds are Honourable, if they

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come from a beloved hand, making their Heads Cushions for their Mistresses Feet, shewing that they find more force in their Eyes, than in their own Hearts. They would dye a Thousand Deaths for them, so they throw but so much as a handful of Flowers, or distill but a poor Tear on their Tombs. *Love!* It is a natural Distemper, a kind of Small-Pox; every one hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

A Lovers Heart is Cupids Quiver, an inextinguishable Fire; more hot and vehement than any material Fire; it is the quintessence of Fire, which no Water can quench.

*For Love bath Nets there laid to serve his turn,
And in the Water will his Wildfire burn.*

It is impossible to reckon up the many great Dangers and Hazards Lovers undergoe; they undertake single Combates, venture their Lives, creep in at Windows, Gutters, go down Chimnies in Ropes, and Climb over Walls to come to their Sweet-hearts; Anoint the Doors and Hinges with Oyl, lest they should make a Noise, Tread softly, Whisper, &c. and if they be Surprised, Leap out at Windows, and cast themselves down Headlong. What a Passionate Speech was that of Callicratides to Lucian: The which we thus Paraphrase; O ye Gods Celestial, Grant me this Life, for Ever, to sit Opposite to her I Love; that I may continually be an Auditor of her Mellifluous Speeches, to go in and out with her; be that Frown upon her, shall Frown upon me; if she should Die, I would not Live, and One Tomb should contain us both.

Love

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Love causeth him that doth Love, to ingrave
and imprint in his Heart, that Face and Image
which he Loveth; so that the Heart of him that
Loveth is like unto a Looking-Glass, in which the
image of the Party Beloved shineth and is Represented;
and doth as it were deprive him of himself,
and giveth himself to whom he Loveth; for the
Delights of Love are commonly more in the
Imagination, than in the thing it self; and the
Soul doth cast her Eye upon those images
which remain in the Fancy, and looks upon
them as if they were present.

*Ah Cruel Love! how great a Power is thine!
Under the Pole although we lie,*

*Thou mak'st us Fry:
And thou can'st make us Freeze beneath the Line.*

Yet this Amorous Passion is not more frequent
with Men and Women, than it is with the *Airy*
Quiristers, the nimble Birds, who are overtaken
with Cupids nimbler Wings, annually electing
their Valentines.

*Tho' all the sweet Voice of Quiristers which be
This Day together join'd in Amity
By Natures Bonds, their Notes in one Combine
To chant the Praises of my Valentine
Twou'd be too harsh a Trumpet for the Fame
Of Fairest, Dearest, Chastest, Margaret's Name;
None but thy Lover, thou art so Divine,
Can Sing thy Worth, Dear Valentine.*

What a perfect *Harmony of Affection* is there between the *Turtle* and his dear Mate? Whose continual billing names *Diana* and her frigid Train! What a Zealous Adorer of *Venus* is the wanton *Sparrow*, who empties himself of all his Radical Moisture in her Rites, and at Three Years end (when the Column of his Life fails him) offers up his dry Bones a Sacrifice to her! *Aristotle* will have Birds sing *ob faturam venenum*, for Joy and Hope of their Love-*feasts* to come. *Cupid* is as familiar with *Lions*, as *Children* with *coffes Lambs*, and oftentimes mounts on their Backs, holding by their Brisly Mains, and riding them about like Horses, whilst they fawn upon him with their Tails.

It is Love makes Old Men and Women, that have more Toes than Teeth, Dance and Prisk like Goats; it makes Old Gowty Fellows break their Crutches, yes, and Shins too, and Dance after Fiddlers, *Hei-go-mad*.

Maid when they get together (Pardon us Ladies, for 'tis our design to touch all) are still either Reading or telling of Love-Stories, Singing Love-Songs or Sonnets, talking of this or that Young Man, such a Man is Proper, Fair, and handsome, saith one; and such a Man is Black and Comely; O! what a Pearl is he in mine Eye, saith another; and thus they chat when they meet, never thinking or willingly discouraging upon any other Subject. And forsooth they must fast St. Agnes Eve, to see who must be their first Husbands, and flock to the Artist to know who they shall Marry, and how many Husbands they shall have; nay, what would they

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they not give if they might: but see him in a
Glais?

WE will now turn to the *Thamoras*; and
suppose one should endeavour to Reform him,
(then which, one had better strive to tame a
Panther) immediately he will burst out in Choler,
saying, *Would you have me inconstant? Oh no,
not for the World!*

*A Constancy in Love I'll prize,
And be to Beauty true;
And doat on all the lovely Eyes,
That are but Fair and New.*

*On Cloris Charms to Day I'll Feed,
To Morrow Daphne's move;
For bright Lucinda next I'll Bleed,
And still be true to Love.*

*What, would you have me Mad? (as he is no
better.) No, I will be Constant till Death; start-
ling more at the word Inconstancy, than at a De-
vil.*

*There's no such thing as Constancy we all,
Faith eyes not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all;
The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be
Constant in Nature, were Inconstancy;
The most fix'd Thing still does move and fly,
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
I imagine then your Love shou'd never cease,
Love, which is but the Ornament of these,
Were quite as seamless as so wonder why
Beauty and Colour stay not when we Die.*

End

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Had we a Quill pluck'd from Cupid's Wing
and dipt in the Milk of Venus, we could not
Record all the Delight Lovers take in Displaying
the Beauty of their Mistresses, with obsequious
Hyperboles, and things most Excellent, compar-
ing their Eyes to those of Night, to the Sun, and
call them Spheres of Light, flaming and strongly
enkindling all others.

*Why sit you not (Perinna is he drawn)
A rarer piece no Pencil ever drew ;
Had fam'd Appelles seen so rich a Pawn,
His Venus he had perfected by you.
But why no Limner dares approach, I find ;
Alas ! Your Eyes would strike the Artist blind.*

They compare her to *Aurora*, or the *Morning*,
to the *Snow*, *Lily*, *Rose*, to the whiteness of the
Swan, sometimes to the *Myrtle*, sometimes to
Gold, *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, *Chrystal*, sometimes they
parallel her with the *Heavens*, the *Spring*, and
whatsoever is in any degree excellent ; and yet
they think those but beggarly Similitudes, and
would go higher, if they could tell how.

Now see how *She* Lovers Fry under the *Torrid*
Zone of Love, hourly in that *Exilium*, quenching
and renewing their Heats, and letting themselves
loose to the freedom of *Uncontroull'd Embraces*.
Expressing themselves in these or such like *Rap-
tures*, viz. *My Dearest, Unless thou be'st Frosty
Spirited, unless Alecto's cold Poison fills thy
Veins, I'll Melt thee into Amorous Thoughts,
and speak Charms to all thy Senses, and make
thee all Flame.*

The Lover Hugs and Embraces all his Mistresses Friends and Followers; her Picture, and and what ever she wears, he adores as a Relique; her Dog he makes his constant Companion, feeding him at his Table, verifying the Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog*. If he gets a Ring, Ribband, a Shoe-tie, her Garter, a Bracelet of Hair of hers, he wears it (*ut pignus amoris*) for a Favour about his Arm, in his Hat, Finger, or next his Heart. How many of such-like, would not stick to hazzard their very Souls for their Mistresses sake? And because they know Women are given to *Dissemble*, they will never believe them when they *Deny*, and will defend their Mistresses even in a wrong and unjust cause:

Many a Lover seeks to win his Mistresses Affection with gallant and costly Apparrel, putting all he hath on his Back, thinking Women are Married to fine Cloaths, making his *Taylor* his *Baud*, and hopes to enveagle her Love with such a coloured Suit; but surely the same man hazzards the loss of her Favour, upon every change of his Cloaths. Another with an *Affected pace*. Another with *Musick*. Another with *Rich Gifts*, and *Pleasant Discourse*. Another with *Letters Vows and Promises*, to be Gracious in her Eyes, struts like a *Peacock*, with his Train before her,

But there are many other, who every moment declare their *Fervour*, their *Torment* and *Martyrdom*; they serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spy out, all occasions, they silently practise all the ways they can, to come to the end of their designs.

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Why this Talking still of Dying?

Why this Dismal Look and Groan?

Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,

Let these Fruitless Arts alone.

2.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,

Born of Beauty, Nurst with Wit,

Much misse you take your measure,

This dull whining way to hit.

3.

Tender Maids you fright from Loving

By the Effect they see in you.

If you wou'd be truly moving,

Eagerly the Point pursue.

4.

Brisk and Gay appear in Doing;

Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;

All this Talking, and no Doing,

Will not Love, but Hate increase.

Some are so foolishly overcome, as to waste
Ten Years of Service to kiss a Womans hand,
and suffer for a shameful Servitude, that which
(we profess) we would not endure one Year, for
an Empire.

For we think a Slavery in Love is the best:
But here we see, one of these Melancholy
Lovers

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Lovers, setting a Frowning Tare, Saturnine
Face upon us: Objecting, that he that Loves not
in the highest point of Extremity, does not Love one
for.

Indifferent in Love? It cannot be,
Tis contradiction to the last degree?
Cool Temp'rate Passion is an empty name,
And greater nonsense than a Freezing Flame:
Hope, Fear and Joy may with degrees differ, }
These Passions but by halves affect our sense;
But when we Love, 'tis still with Violence.
And that dull Shepherd, who this Truth denies,
Sure never must have seen your Clara's Eyes;
Half Beauties may perhaps half Passions move,
But she still wounds with all the force of Love:
Yet whilst such rigorous Flames she does inspire,
Preserves her self unmov'd by any Fire:
Who gaze upon her Charms, are sure to burn,
And are as certain to have no return;
Yet ne'er Repent them of their Destiny,
But count it greater Bliss for her to Dye, }
Than in the Arms of other Beauties Lie.

He that can be indifferent, and Love all alike,
cannot Love one as he ought to do; or he that
can measure, or think any greater than his own,
is not a Lover worth a rush; for to enjoin a
Mediocrity in Love, is to impose an impossibility.
But can you think (saith the Lover) that one
who Loves, will ever be troubled with the presence
of her whom he Loves? If you did but know
what it is to Love, you wou'd never think that
he who Loves, can do any thing to displease. If he
chance

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chance to commit any fault, the fault it self pleaseth, considering with what intention it was committed. The very desire of being amiable has such a vigour in a *right* Lover, as tho' he be rough to the World in general, yet will he be sure to smooth and spruce up himself towards her he *loves*. Nay, he thinks himself in the Orchard of *Adonis*, or the *Elysium-Fields*, if he enjoy her company, he is so taken with delight.

This Love gathers its heat, and redoubleth its force by Hope.

*'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what 'twere.*

This Hope or Expectation inflameth with the soft and gentle Air thereof, or our foolish desires, kindleth in our Minds a Fire, from whence ariseth a thick Smoak, which blindeth our *Understanding*, carryeth with it our *Thoughts*, holds them hanging in the Clouds, and makes us *dream waking*.

How justly are those cruel Ladies to be condemned, who being rich in *Beauty* (scorning *Art*) suffer their *loyal Amoris* to die for love of them unpityed. And on the other side (to make neither Barrel better Herring) some young men are so obstinate, and as curious in their choice, and Tyrannically proud, insulting, deceitful and false-Hearted. Therefore let these go together, for Love and Hanging go by *Destiny*.

Yet there are some *feminine humours* so tractable, that they are won with a small intreaty, according to that of the *Commedian*,
Such

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Such rape thou art upon my Soul, and with
such pleasing violence dost enforce it, that when
it shoud resist, it tamely yields; making a
kind of haste to be undone; as if the Victory
were lost, and Conquest came by overthrow.

Wounded with Love, they yeild up Natures Treasure,
To be all ransackt at the Victors pleasure.

She is now peevish and sick till she see him; dis-
content, heavy, sad. And why comes he not?
Where is he? Why breaks he promise?
Why tarries he so long? Sure he is not
well; he hath some mischance certainly; he
forgets himself and me. But when he
comes, then with a seeming coyness she looks
upon him, with a cold look, though she be
all Flame within.

The coyest She that is may be won by
fair opportunity, being the strongest plea in
the Court of *Venus*, able to overthrow her
be she never so coy; (for 'tis more easy for
some Maids to suffer themselves to be mar-
tyred by Tyrants in defence of their Chasti-
ty, than (if opportunity, pleasing Courtship
and importunity serve) not to yield that to a
Lover, which they wou'd have denied to an
Executioner. But to gull their Lovers the
more, and fetch them over; they will shew
them *Rings, Gloves, Scarffes, &c.* saying,
that such a Gallant sent them; when there's
no such matter, but meerly to circumvent
them. O the subtilty of Women, to
whet their Lovers appetite! They will fall out
and quarrel with them on set purpose, pick
quarrels upon no occasion, because they wou'd
be

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be reconciled unto them again, according to the old Grammar Rule, *Amantium ira Amoris, redintegratio est*. The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love.

The blunt Country Wench did as eloquently as she cou'd express her self in these words; There's something runs in my mind, I wish it were out; but I wish somebody lov'd me, as well as I love somebody: Poor Girl, both at milking, walking, and working, still something troubles her: At last she cries out, Hal-ho, for an Husband; a bad Husband, nay the worst that ever was, is better than none.

But now Mr. Wem, to put a Period to this Session, for Volumes wou'd not be sufficient for him who shou'd write all the *Passions* which daily arise as Members from this *Passion*.

We shall therefore in the next place (for perhaps Sir, if *Clara* reject your Suit, a Widow may charm you next) discover the *Power and Effect of Love with Widows*.

Mr. Wem, We'll let you smile, but do not fear at our curiosity in describing the *Effects of Love in Widows* (who like *Merald's Horse-Cloths*, serve so many Funerals with a little altering the colour) and the wylle Lures they lay to bring on their Suitors. It wou'd make a Dog laugh to hear how they will belie their Age, saying they're little past Thirty, when they've scarce a Tooth in their heads.

They will artificially discourse of their former Husbands, saying, they have no memory of Life, unless it be to think of, and to live in him, thinking thereby to engage their Lovers the more, and to let them see how much they

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they do deserve to be *belov'd*, in shewing them how capable they are of *Love*, and how much they can cherish the Affections of a living man, since they so long retain those of dead ones, imitating such Decoys, as to gain another Mans money, do willingly deposite some of their own. O Heavens! saith she, (relating her *Love* to her former Husband) how do I resent his loss! And have ever since preserv'd so lively a memory of him in my Soul (for I did love him with most perfect Affection) that methinks I see him every hour before mine eyes.

She has a trick to commend to them a *single* Life; just as Horse-Couriers do their Jades, to put them away. *While she's a Widow* (observe her) she's no morning Woman; the Evening and a good Fire may make her listen to a Husband.

Really, Mr. *Wem*, I admire at those Men who take delight to *chase Widows*. What a Fantastical Stomach must he needs have, that cannot eat of a dish of Meat, till another have out of it? Who wou'd wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking? The Principal of a Widows Love is perished with the Use.

Wherefore 'tis a resolution of the *Spaniard*, of what mean quality soever he be, he will not marry a Widow, altho' she be very young and wealthy, and it hath been a resolution of theirs from Antiquity, and continueth to this day: And to this effect one of 'em made this Answer,

I will no Widow wed, my reason's sound;

I'll drink no water wherein one was drown'd.

Surely

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Surely Widows were ordained for younger Brothers, for they being born to no Lands, must Plow in another mans Soil. But we expect no thanks from them for this, having trespassed a little too much upon their Patience. Therefore we will proceed on, and and tell you the Signs of Love.

Mr. Wem, Having entred thus far within this melancholy Devils Territories. It is our purpose to set before you a clear Representation and Image of a Love-sick Person, with an account of those various Gestures and Actions Lovers have.

Love, tho' it be never so close, and kept private, may be discovered, if Prudence and Artifice be used. Yet we wish everyone, who ventures his judgment in the discovering of an Inamorato, not rashly to give credit to one testimony of contingent Signs, but join many, and consider them together for the perfection of his judgment.

We'll first shew how it may be discover'd by Physiognomy. We commonly call *Physiognomy* the Science whereby men judge of the nature, complexion and manners of every one, by the contemplation of all the members of the Body, and chiefly of the Face and Countenance.

A rejoicing Heart maketh merry the Face. And is a received opinion, that *Vultus est Index Animi*; the Countenance is the Discoverer of the Mind. So that one affirms that those that are in Love, have a continual motion of winking with their Eye-lids. Tears are Signs of this passion, which may be observed by the Poets so often representing unto us Lovers weeping and lamenting; because Love is delighted

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delighted in tears; but this Sign is not very certain, especially in Women, who have the command of their Tears, and can unsluce the Flood-Gates of their Eyes when they please.

But as this *Passion* enters first into the internal parts by the Eyes; so they send forth the first assured and undoubted tokens of the same (for there's no *Passion* but some particular Gesture of the Eyes declare it :) So soon as ever the *malady* hath seized upon the Patient, it causeth a certain kind of *modest Cast* of the Eyes; but if it begin to get strength upon the party, then the Eyes begin to grow hollow and dry, and you may observe them to stand, as if they were in some deep contemplation, or else were fix'd in beholding something that much delights them.

Hair growing thick behind the Ears, and besides the Temples, is a Sign of a vehement inclination to Love. *Valescus de Tarenta*, the most famous Physician of his Age, observes the chopping of Lips in Women to be a Sign of their inclination to this Malady; for that it denotes the intemperate heat of the Matrix. They cannot endure to look any one in the face, because they think, that through their Eyes they see their Hearts.

The Lovers Arms are carelessly used, as if their best use were nothing but Embracements. If you ask him a question, he answers not, or not to the purpose; and no wonder, for he is not at home, his thoughts being gone a Wool-gathering with his Mistress. Scragling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking. Speak to him, he hears with his

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his Eyes, his Ears follow his Mind, and that's
not at leisure.

Ovid saith, That Paleness is a constant colour
with Lovers.

Pallidus amnis amans, color hic est apud amanti.

One trembles at the sight of his Mistress;
tremor Cordis, Palpitations of the Heart; ano-
ther sweats, blows short, his Heart is at his
mouth, leaps, he burns, freezes, and some-
times thro' violent agitation of the Spirits
bleeds at Nose.

Poor Soul, he is inflam'd with fits of Love,
So violently hot, as they do move
His Pulse to beat a Madmans temper: He
Does sigh, does languish, seems half dead to be,
And ever in such violences swell,
As ask him what he ails, he cannot tell.

Erastistratus discovered the Love of *Antiochus*
to his Step-mother, for so soon as ever she
entered the Chamber, his colour changed, his
Speech stopped, his Looks were pleasant, his
Face burn'd, and he was all in a sweat, his
Pulse beat very disorderly, and lastly his Heart
falled him; with other such like Symptoms,
which are wont to appear in melancholy
Lovers.

A serious Lover can alone explain
In some well ordered Speech his amorous pain.
But when his beauteous Idol comes in place,
All's lost in Cringes and a begging Face:
Fear of offending and desire to please,
Turns all to Blushes and half Sentences, *Tes*

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*Yet that confusion shows a Love more true
Than all the Flowers of Rhetorick can do.*

'Tis undeniable, but that a passionate Lover may be known by the Pulse, by reason of the stirrings of the Spirits; for which cause, fifth *Avien*, If one would know the name of such an ones Mistress, he must feel his Pulse, and at the same Instant name the Party whom he suspects to be the cause of his Malady, and take some occasion or other to commend her Beauty, sweetness of Behaviour, Attire, or Qualities of the Mind; for at the same time, you shall perceive (saith he) a strange alteration in the motion of the Pulse, and it will be very unequal, swift, and often interrupted.

Mr. Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* saith, the best Conjectures are taken, from such symptoms as appear when the Parties are both present, all their Speeches, amorous Glances, Affections and Gestures will bewray them, they cannot contain themselves, but they will be still kissing, joining hands, treading on one anothers Toes, embracing, pinching, diving into their Bosoms, &c. Tho' it be so that they cannot come near, and have the opportunity to dally, yet if they be in presence, their Eyes will bewray them: *ubi Amor, ibi Oculi*; where I look, I like; and where I like, I love. They will be still gazing, staring, winking, nodding, stealing Glances, smiling and glancing at her, with much eagerness and greediness, as if their Eyes could never be satisfied with seeing her.

They

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They are troubled with *immoderate washings, wakings, and sighings*, because in *Lovers* are divers *imaginations, and fancies*, that steal into the *Brain*, and never suffers them to take any quiet repose.

They are vexed with *immoderate sighings*, by reason that they many times are oblivious of drawing their breath, being wholly taken up with the strong imagination, that they love either in beholding the beauty of their Objects, or else in their absence contemplating on their rare *perfections*, and contriving the means how to come to their desires: So that recollecting themselves, Nature is constrained to draw in as much Air at once, as before it shou'd have done at two or three times: And such a respiration is called a *figh*: Which indeed is nothing else but a double respiration: Observe one transfix'd with violent Love and you shall find that all he holdeth, all he meditateth on, all he speaketh, all he dreameth, is of the Creature he loveth. He hath her in his Head and Heart, painted, graved, carved, in the most pleasing Forms. For her he entreth sometimes into quakings, sometimes into faintings, another while into fits of fire, Ice; he soareth in the Air, and instantly is drenched in the Abyss; he attendeth, he espieth, he fears, he hopes, he despairs, he sighs, he blushes, he waxeth pale, he doth in the best company, he addressees his Speech to Woods, Groves and Fountains; he writeth, he blots out, he teareth, he lives like a Hermit, estranged from the conversation of Men: Repose, which charmeth all the cares of the World, is not made for him; still this fair one, still this cruel one, tormenteth him.

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You shall see another of *Cupid's Slaves* burthen himself with News of no value; he makes a Secret of every thing, and gives out those for Mysteries to his Mistress, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

Another is so extremely open breasted (that you need look for no other sign) he tells all his Thoughts, and as if his Heart were a Sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not out by the Lips. So that the many Passions that Multiply in the Breast of a Lover, do bring with them an extenuation and impairing of the Complexion; and sometimes a strange kind of alteration in the individual Essence, from whence do arise those Furies of Love, and Potent Frenzies, and Insensible Astonishments, which happen many times to those that Love. You may observe this Passion drawn to the Life by *Virgil* in his *Dido*, *Æneid*. 4.

*Vritur infelix Dido, totaq; vagatur
Urbe furens, &c.*

She was so Tormented with the Heat of her Love, that she ran up and down the City as if she had been Distracted. For Lovers through despair of obtaining their desires, thro' the inflammation of the Vitals become Melancholy. which is (to speak truth) a madness; for all Passions that produce strange and unusual behaviour, are called by the general Term of Madness. And of the several kinds of madness caused by Love, he that would take the pains, might enroll a Legion.

The Learned *Avicen* reporteth in his Chapter

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de Amore, That from this Passion proceeds the *Green-Sickness* in Women, (which is sometimes accompanied with a gentle Fever called by our Modern Writers an *Amorous Fever*.)

The poor *Inamorato* loves to be in *Melancholly Saturnine places*, where he may best Contemplate the Beauty of his Mistress, and not be obstructed by other Objects; where he may best remember any one Action of hers; nay, the very place where he last saw her. Do you think he would change his Contentment, for any thing in the whole Universe? He is so Jealous and so Careful to entertain this very thought, that least he should make any a sharer with him, he will retire unto the most solitary and unfrequented places that he can find.

He may be styled an *Astronomer*, for he fixes the Eye of his Meditation upon the wandring *Venernean Planet*. If you go into his Study, you shall find Ten *Amorous Volumes*, for One Pamphlet of *Theology*, and scarce that too. Oh! How the Shelves are stult with *Romances*, and his Pockets with *Songs* and *Sonnets*!

If you observe a *Lover* in the presence of his *Mistress*, you shall see him either struck Dumb, or when he speaks, it is but stammeringly, not knowing how to speak. And this is, because the sense of a *Lover* being too earnestly intent and settled in the Contemplation of the Beauty of his Mistress, he doth as it were altogether forget himself; and being lull'd asleep in his Beloved Object, the over vehement intention of the Mind, taketh away the outward use of the Tongue.— But recovering himself, cries out,

My Mistress is like a *Phoenix*—

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I can no longer hold — my Body grows
Too narrow for my Soul ; sick with Repose
My Passions call to be abroad, and where
Should I discharge their weight, but in her Eye
From whose Fair Eyes the Burning Arrow came
And made my Heart a Quiver for the Flame?
I dare not ! How ? Cupid is Blind we know !
I never heard that he was Dumb till now :
Love and not tell my Mistress ! How creep in
That Killing Shaft ! Is it to Love a Sin ?
Is't ill to feed a longing in my Blood ?
And was't no fault in her to be so Good ?
I will not then be Silent — — — — —
Convey thy Passion rather in some Tear ;
Or let a Sigh express, how much thy Bliss
Depends on her, or Breathe it in a Kiss,
And mingle Souls ; loud accents call the Eyes,
Of Envy, and but waken Jealousies :
Then Silence be my Language, which if she
But understand, and speak again to me ;
We both secure our Fates, and prove at least
The Miracles of Love are not quite ceas'd :
For then I'll Read, in spite of Standers by,
Whole Volumes in the twinkling of her Eye.

An Unfortunate Lover speaks of nothing but his
Mistress and his Flames ; he is always in the Fire,
like the Salamander, he has a perpetual *Ardea* in his Breast.

It Requires much Subtlety and Craft to dis-
cover this Passion In Women, they conceal and
smother it so closely, that they will seem to be
in a great Fury and Hatred, when they most of
all Love ; giving peevish Answers, and refuse
seemingly the Affections presented unto them :

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They are like those Physicians and Lawyers,
that refuse a Fee, yet put out their Hand to take
it. Or,

*She'll fly away, and yet wou'd fain
With all her Heart be over-tain.*

*She will deny, yet seem to daunt
A Lover when she fain would grant.*

She will resist, that you at length

May seem to vanquish her by strength.

For thus her Honour does ordain,

She should Resist, and yet but feign.

Yes, (*Ladies*) you shall see some of your own
Sex so surpris'd with Affection, as it bursts out
into violent Extreame; their discourse is semi-
brev'd with Sighs, their Talk with Tears; they
appear desperately Forlorn, making Woods and
Groves their disconsolate Walks. So as in
time they fall in a poor *Maudslins* Distemper by
giving reins to Passion, till it estrange them from
the Sovereignty of Reason. We could say more,
but Modesty will not permit us.

Yet, some there are, who are not such kind
Souls, nor half so passionate, more discreet in
their choice, and in the passages of Love more
Temperate. These will not daign to cast a loose
look upon their Beloved; but stand to punctu-
ally upon their terms, as if they stood indiffer-
ent for their choice, albeit constantly (though
privately) resolved never to admit of any change.
They can play with the Flame, and never singe
their Wings; look Love in the Face, and
preserve their Eyes; Converse where they take
delight, and colour their Affection with a
feigned disdain.

Some

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Some Artists will undertake to judge who are in Love by *Chiromancy*, by the Lines of the Hand. For say they, If a little cross be upon the line of *Life* (in the hand) near the *Angle*, it portends *Maladies of Love*. Also, if the *Table-Line* join it self with the *middle natural Line*, so as both do make an *Angle*, this doth demonstrate one to be variously troubled with Love, rendering the parties Life very displeasing.

It seems to some (how true it is we know not) to be possible for a Man to know whether one be in Love or no, by their *Natural* and *Animal Dreams*, if the Party will but relate them at his awaking; for the Fancy in Sleep is most taken up with those things that the mind hath been busied with in the Day.

They say, that those Lovers who are very *Melancholly* through the extremity of this *Passion*, are accustomed to horrible and fearful *Dreams*, by reason of the *Melancholly Vapours* that ascend up into the Brain.

Also to Dream of Travelling through Woods, sticking in Bushes and Bryers, doth signify much Trouble and Crosses in Love.

To Dream of Angling and Fishing, signifies a Difficulty, and that the party despair of obtaining the Object beloved. But to Dream of Banquets and Feasts, doth signify the hopes of the Party Loving, and that his proceeding in Love shall be prosperous.

To Dream of Winds, Storms, and showers of Rain, doth signify Love-Passion.

To Dream of Riding on a tired Horse, or drawing Water out of a Well, or Climbing upon a steep Hill, is a sign of a *Veheement Love Passion*.

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To Dream of seeing ones Mistress in a Glass, is an infallible token of Love, and that there shall be *Reciprocal Affection* between the Parties. To Dream of being a Husbandman or Plowman, to Sow, Plant, or Dig, is a sign of being in Love.

But *Sanguine Complexioned Lovers*, use to Dream of Pleasant and Delectable things, as Fair Gardens, Orchards, Flowers, Green Meadows.

If you have any Faith in Astrology, (which Athens can never encourage you in) the Astrologers will tell you, you may find out a *Love-sick Mind* by

First, Dilligently inquiring whether the Party hath had any Crosses or Troubles which might cause a dejection of Soul in him, and whether they do not suspect the Party to be in Love; these being considered, then you may safely go on to Judgment.

Saturn generally signifies *Melancholly*, and by consequence alienation of the Mind, Madness, &c. and therefore always when you find him to be Significator of the Malady, or in the Ascendant, or in the Sixth House, the Sick is Afflicted with Care and Grief, and be sure the *Love-sick-Mind* suffers for it.

Also if *Venus* be Author of the Disease, and the Lady of the Ascendant, Sixth or Twelfth Houses, the Distemper comes from Love, or something else of this nature is the cause.

Mr. Wem, shou'd you here ask us, *At what Age Men and Women first begin to be in Love?*

We Answer, All have a taste of this Potion, though it have several Degrees, of Operation and at several Seasons.

But

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But the most received opinion is, That Men and Women are subject to this Passion, as soon as they are entered into those Years in which they come to their Puberty; which appeareth in Men chiefly by their *Voice*, which at that time grows *great and harsh*; it may be known also in Women by observing their *Breasts*, which about this time begin to swell and grow Bigger, and that for the most part about the Age of 12 and 14; so likewise it is the Justice of Nature, that those Creatures that soonest meet their Period, do as suddenly arrive at their Perfection and maturity; as we may observe in Women, who as they are ripe sooner than Men, so they commonly fall before them.

Some there are that would deprive men of this power, or Love to have any power over them, so long as they are under the age of 20 Years; for *Homer* saith, *Love tricks not till such time as the Chin begins to bud*: which is altogether repugnant to *Tiuh* and daily Examples; for we see many to Rage Furiously before they come to Years of discretion; especially Women. *Quarilia* in *Petronius* never remembered that she was a Maid. *Rahab* the Harlot began to be a profest Quean at Ten Years of Age, and was but 15 when she hid the Spies, as some Report. *Leo* saith that in *Affrick* one shall scarce find a Maid at 14 years of Age; for when the vehemency of Adolescence (which is betwixt the Age of 14 and 28) begins to excite 'em, and when they have greatest need of a Bridle, then they let loose the Reins, committing themselves to the subjection of this passion.

*Quoth he to bid me not to Love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move;*

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*My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or when I'm in a fit to Hick up;
Command me to Kiss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.*—Hudibras.

This Passion is more tolerable in youth, and such as are in their hot Blood; and shall we be bold to speak it without offence to the *Stale Bachelors*, that Love is not properly nor naturally in reason, but in that Age next unto Infancy.

But for an *Amorous Complexion* to cover glowing Fires beneath the embers of a *Gray Beard*, to see an Old Man to dote upon Women, what more Odious? What more Absurd? Yet in some this Italian Fire flameth more in their Old Age than in their Youth. *Aristotle* saith, That Old Men are not out of the reach of *Cupid*, nor bid defiance to *Venus*, till they have passed the Age of 80 Years.

Women often become Frantick, and Mad for Love, but rarely Men; unless it be some effeminate weak Spirited Fellows. Upon this, *New Athens* took occasion one day to visit Bedlam, and for one Man that was there for Love, we found 10 Women; and those Men that were there, were such as had lived effeminately, Idly, and Dleted themselves Riotously and Delicately.

Phlegmatick Persons are rarely Captivated, and those who are naturally *Melancholy*, less than they.

*But why this Nicenels to that Pleasure stown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one
Gives all she can; and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but Taste and Live?*

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So fills the Senses that the Soul seems, fled in moments
And Thought it self does for the time be Dead;
Till like a string screw'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last;
The full Possession does but fan the Fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Unhappy Mortals! Whose sublimest Joy
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

But when Men are once catch'd in Corporal Love; unless they hang themselves, (which they will be much Inclined to) they will never be free from desires of Enjoyment. For the Colts Evil is common to all Complexions, whilst they are young and lusty.

Thus, Mr. Wem, have we given you (from our own experience, and the best Authors we have yet found) all the Discoveries we have made in Corporal Love and Wedlock; and we all of us wish you so much Happiness in Clara's Arms, that you may never suspect her Virtue either in a Single or Married State. But seeing there is no true Love without a spice of Jealousy, we'll here give you our own experience on this Subject.

Jealousy is Described and Defined to be a certain Suspicion which the Lover hath of the Party he chiefly Affects, lest he or she should be Enamoured of another: Or an eager desire of enjoying some Beauty alone, and to have it proper to himself only. It is a fear or doubt lest any Foreigner shou'd participate or share with him in his Love; still apt to suspect the worse in such Doubtful Cases.

This Passion of Jealousy is more Eminent among Bachelors than Married Men. If it appear

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among Batchelours, we commonly call them *Rivals* or *Corrivals*, a similitude having its Original from a River, *Rivales a Rivo*; for as a River divides a common ground betwixt Two Men, and both participate of it: So is a Woman indifferent betwixt Two Suitors, both likely to enjoy her; and thence cometh this emulation, which breaks out many times into Tempestuous Storms, and produceth lamentable effects.

*It is Resistance that Inflames Desire
Sharpen's the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.*

Love with Jealousy, and a Madman, are *Cousin-Germans* in Understanding; for questionless immoderate Love is a Madness, and then had *Bedlam* need be a great and spacious House; for he that never was in that Predicament, is either Blind or Mad.

This Consuming Fever blemisheth and corrupteth all that otherwise is good and lovely in them. But as the most firm in Religion, may have doubts; so the most confident in Love, are capable of suspicion.

*For all those false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife
Such Little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love:
When those who're always kind, or Coy,
In time must either rive, or Cloy
In all Amours a Lover burns
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns
And Hearts have been at oft with sullen,
As Charming Look, surpris'd and follen.*

Then

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Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Livers sit as much enamour'd
For Discords make the sweetest Airs——
And Curses are a kind of Prayers.—Hudibras

Next time you see a *Jealous Lover*, do but mark him, and you shall see (without a pair of Spectacles) how he misinterprets every thing & either said or done, most apt to mistake or misconster; he peeps into every corner, follows close, observes to an hair all the postures and actions of his Mistress, he will sometimes Sigh, Weep, and Sob for Anger, Swear, Slander, and Belie any Man; sometimes he will use obsequious and Flattering Speeches, and ask Forgiveness, Condemning his Rashness and Folly; and then immediately again, he is as impatient and furlous as ever he was: Therefore we wish (young Ladies) to beware of such *Infidels*, who wax and wane an Hundred times in an Hour, as tho' they were born in the change of the *Moon*: The Lover pries on all sides, nicely observing on whom his Mistress looks, and who looks on her. *Argus* did not so keep his *Cow*, the watchful *Dragon* the *Golden Fleece*, or *Cerberus* *Hell-gates*, as he does her, toyling and wasting away himself in pursuit of so concealed a Mystery, and so obscure a Truth. If he see her Discourse familiarly with another, if by Nod, Wink, Smile or Message, he thinks she hankers after another, at which he is instantly Tormented; none so Dejected as he is, he thinks himself utterly undone.

Now as touching Women, They have the Symptoms of this Passion more Vehemently than Men,

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Men. But how can they moderate their Passions? How can they but be Jealous, when they see themselves manifestly Neglected, Contemned, Loathed, unhandſomly uſed, and their Unkind Lovers Court Ladies to their Faces? There is a Tree in *Mexicana* which is ſo exceedingly tender, that a Man cannot touch any of its Branches, but it withers preſently; ſo Women are ſo ſubject to this Paſſion, that (like Tinder) they will take Fire at the leaſt ſpark of Suſpicion, and a ſmall touch will Wound and Kill their Love.

*The Greater care, the higher Paſſion ſhews;
We hold that deareſt, we moſt fear to loſe;
Diſtruſt in Lovers is too warm a Sun;
But yet 'tis Night in Love, when that is gone.*

This Paſſion is moſt predominant in Old Men, which very properly may be compar'd to *Fry*, becauſe that grows ordinarily upon old Heaps or Ruins.

We hope we ſhall not be thought Vagrants from our ſubject, if we tell Married Couples that ſuſpicion of it ſelf is able to make one fly out that was otherwiſe Honelt. If we conſider that *Jealouſy* and *Cuckolds* differ no otherwiſe than a *City Sheriff* and *Alderman*, a little time makes the one the other, for it is as common as the Moon gives Horns twice a month to the World, for a Jealous Man to wear *Aſſaſins* Badg.

Jealouſy gives ſubtlety and craft to the dulleſt, and perverts the moſt Vertuous to ſeek ſatisfaction for the injury: It ſets no bounds to invention, it brings Ruine to its Follower, as it did to *Phaon*, Jealous of her Husband *Cephatus*.

Thus

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Thus Sir have we discover'd to you the *Mysteries* and different kinds of Corporal Love, and have told you what that Wonderful something in Love is, which whoever learns will be happy in Wedlock; we shall only add (for you tell us you are going to Court a Mistress) If you want any further advice in that Nice Affair, If you write to us, we'll send you the best Directions in the Power of

A T H E N S.

L E T T E R X X X I V.

Mr. Wem's second Letter to the Athenian Society; craving their further Advice in his Love to the Ingenious Clara.

Gentlemen,

I Own my self highly oblig'd to the *Athenian Society* for discovering to me the *Mysteries*, (and different kinds) of Corporal Love, but (Sirs) you were pleas'd to tell me that seeing I was going to Court a Mistress; if I sent to Athens for further Advice, you'd direct me, The best you cou'd; and therefore designing the next Week to lay a Personal Siege to Clara (who is the Wonder of the Age for *Wit and Beauty*) I desire your best advice how I may Court this Charming Creature, so as to gain her Heart, and therefore wou'd desire a Form of Courtship according to the newest mode of Wooing——

I must confess Gentlemen, 'tis a great Inducement to Love, and a happy Advance to an Amour, to be handsome, finely shap'd, and to have a great deal of VVit; these are
Charms

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Charms that subdues the Hearts of all the Fair :
 And one sees but very few Ladies, that can resist these good Qualities, especially in an Age so Gallant as ours ; yet all this is nothing to an *Ignorant Lover that wou'd Court his Mistress after the newest Mode* : Besides Gentlemen, the Women are not contented we should give them as much Love as they give us, (which is but reasonable) but they would compel us to *Present and Treat 'em lavishly*, till a Man hath consumed both Estate and Body in their Service. How many do we see, that are wretched examples of this Truth, and who have nothing of all they enjoyed remaining with them, but a poor Idea of past Pleasures; when rather the injury the Jilt has done 'em, ought to be Eternally present with 'em. *Heaven keep me from being a Woman's Property.* There are Cullies enough besides me.

Then pray Gentlemen, tell me how I may Salute and Compliment my intended Mistress, so as I may act the part of a Wise Lover, and Charm her too at the same time. Your speedy Answer to this Letter, will be ever Acknowledged by,

Your most Humble Servant,

Charles Wem.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXV.

A Form of Courtship according to the Newest Mode of Wooing — The Debates of the Athenian Society upon it. — A Graver Form drawn up and agreed to — The Batchelors Prayer for a Wife. — The Athenians direct him in his whole Amour.

The whole inclos'd in a Letter to Mr. WEM.

Smiths Coffee-House, Oct. 20th, 1703.

Poor Lover,

WE are sorry we shou'd just go out of Town, as you arriv'd thither on account of *Courtship and Matrimony*, you tell us you want us to instruct you how you shou'd *Complement and entertain your Mistress when you wait on her* : That you may succeed in this *Piece of Business*, we here send you — *a Form of Courtship, according to the Newest Mode of Wooing* — And (if our Society en't mistaken) if you follow the *choice Instructions* contained in it, you will gain the Reputation with the Lady of a *very accomplished Spark*.

And here, Mr. Wem, we'll give ye some few Directions for the *Choice of a WIFE*, and then proceed to the *Form of Courtship*.

1. Search not after great Riches, but for one of your own Degree : *For the Rich are Insulting, Self-conceited, and Proud.*

2. Admire no outward Imbellishments ; for most Women are proud of their Beauty, and imagine themselves to be Goddesses, whom their Husband ought to obey.

3. Shun

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3. Shun those who are much lesser then your self: For when a mean Virgin finds her self promoted by a great Match, she is much prouder and self-conceited than one of a good Extraction; and will much sooner than another endeavour to Domineer over her Husband.

4. Be not too Hasty, for a thing of this Importance, must be long and prudently considered of, before a final Conclusion can be made.

5. Follow the Advice of Understanding Friends. For (as we hinted before) to be Wise and in Love, was not given to the Gods themselves.

6. Chuse no Country Wench; for she'll want a whole Years Learning before she'll know how to dress her self, and Two Years to learn to make a Curstie.

7. If you Marry arm your self with Patience. For he that hath the Yoke of Marriage upon his Shoulders, must patiently suffer and indure all the disquiets and troubles that that Estate is Subject to.

If these things be observed by you they will much assist you in your choice, but not preserve you from being a Slave; because the Gentlewoman whom you have chosen, hath before this time had one or other ill condition, which she knew how to hide and dissemble, that you never so much as thought of, or expected from her. But however she may treat you; don't you dissemble in your Wooing of her; for Dissimulation deceives its own Master.

Cornelius Agrippa knew this in his Days, when he said Men must have and keep their Wives ev'n as it chanceth; if they be (says he) Merry Humoured, if they be Foolish, if they be Unmannerly, if they be Proud, if they be Sluttrish,

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if they be Ugly, if they be Dishonest, or whatsoever Vice she is guilty of ; that will be perceived after the Wedding, but never before.

Mr. Wem, Having given you these few Directions for the Choice of a Wife, we'll next present you with

A Form of Courtship according to the newest Mode of Wooing.

YOU must be sure to carry a piece of *Crape* in your Pocket, to wipe the Dust from your Shoes before you approach her, and to have your *Comb* ready to adjust your Wig.

If you sit, be sure place your self where you may look in the Glass, and be very dilligent in giving the Genteel turn to the Curles of your Perruque, or the Ribbons of your Cravat-string, and seem not to take much notice of your Mistress.

Admire your own Dress, your own Person and Parts ; for to tell her she's Pretty, is to make her Proud, and so stand off the longer.

If you don't sit, and indeed Motion is more natural for a Lover, so it be but Gracelul, you must be continually upon the Trip, often visiting the Glass, asking your Mistress how she likes this Ribbon, that Cut of the Sleeve, this Stocking, that Cravat, and which she thinks becomes you best. This will give her occasion to praise your Shape, your Legg, your Face, or some, or all the parts about you ; then strike in, and tell her, they are all at her Service, that you are wondrously Smitten with her, and so the Suit is over.— VVe wish you good Success, which you can't fail of, if you observe these Directions.

Mr. Wem,

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Mr. Wem, This form of Courtship, being according to the Newest Mode of Wooing; it was Read to our whole Society for their Approbation, and our Remarks upon it were these following, viz.

A pretty method (said Philaret) to win a Fair Lady! And yet this method (replied Fido) shall win more Fair Ladies than Sense and Reason. Right (pursu'd N —) it is thy call an airy modish Beau. An accomplish'd Gentleman (added VVest) learned in Dress and Mien. They bate the shining Lover, (said Field) except in a Play, or Romance. They will have (added Rose) this anyway, as thy call it, more Natural; because (assum'd Fido) more Senseless; which is (continu'd West) doing Enchants without any regard to it, or miming quite another thing. I know not (said Specter) but we are equal with them there too. Right (concluded Fell) for a noisy Coquet shall gain a Train of Admirers, with her ugly Face, when a modest Charming sensible Lady shall scarce have enough to keep her from leading Apes in Hell. — To which Cranjora agreed.

After Debating concerning this Form of Courtship, &c. in a full Assembly, the Question was put by Fido, Whether it was't too Light and Lopsish, to direct Wem in his intended Amour? 4 Yea's, and 5 Noe's.

Upon this, A graver Form of Courtship was drawn up; and (after some few Debates) was agreed to by the whole Society.

This Graver Form was divided into Five SECTIONS.

SECT. 1

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SECT. I.—How young Batchelors shou'd behave themselves in the Business of Love, so as to purchase the Favours and Affections of their Mistresses.

Whosoever undertakes the Task of Love, and is resolv'd manfully to fight under Cupid's Banner, so as to return Triumphant with the Spoils of Hearts and Souls of pillag'd, Virgins, must first study to please, and to frame, and accommodate himself to the Inclinations and Affections of them, and so comply with the Beck of his Mistress, as that all his Senses must be Vassals devoted to her Service; Nay, his very Soul must be her Slave and Lacquey: He must not be so constant to himself, but if occasion shall serve, must change himself into a thousand Shapes.

These are the Duties and Offices of Lovers; And indeed, what greater Happiness can there be, than for two Souls thus to be Govern'd by one Will?

'Tis certain Lovers adapt their studies, thoughts, and endeavours, to the Fancies and Humours of their Mistresses; if the Lover be so sheepish and bashful, that he is ashamed to speak, yet let him not fear to write; And, if he be wise, before he transact any such thing with a Woman, let him be sure that he do not offend in it. All Women desire to be ask'd and entreated, though they resolve to deny the Favour. Now in trying whether he shall have a repulse or not, let him do it either by Word or Letter so modestly and warily, and withal so doubtfully, that she may have room and scope (if she please) to pretend and dissemble that

that she understands nothing of Love in the case; and so by this means, if there be any danger, he may excuse himself, and say he did it for some other end; namely, for the enjoyment of that Correspondence and Familiarity, which ought to be cherish'd amongst Friends; But he must not affirm it so Religiously, but that afterward he may deny it, if what he does be not receiv'd as a Pledge, and Testimony of his Kindness.

SECT. II.—For those that are too Rash, and Bold, at the first Adventure, do usually, by their abrupt blundering into the Coy Presence of their Mistresses, make their Requests ineffectual, in regard their Impudence very much disobliges, who pretend Love without the ceremony and Preface of their officious Civility.

It is more Convenient therefore rather by Signs and Proofs, than by Words and Letters, to signify their Passion.

One Sign attended with respect and awful Fear, is a more certain Token of Affection, than Curiosity of Eloquence in a Flood of Words. Besides, the Eyes are the truest Nuncio's, which will faithfully perform an Embassy from the Heart; for these will kindle a Flame in the Breast of her that is so much ador'd; for the vivive Rays, being darted into her eyes, never rest till they arrive to her Heart, where mingling themselves with the Blood and Spirit, do at length infect them, which being a little warm and assimilated to the Agent, receive the impression of the desired Image.

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So that, we safely affirm, [*That the Eyes oftentimes are the Authors and Dispensers of Love*] especially; if they retain a Natural, Majestick sweetness, or Lastly, have such piercing glances, which dive and enter into the very Re-cesses of the Soul.

And thus you see how by this way, a Lover may twinkle out his Inclinations and Desires, and discover the Grumblings of his Gizzard to his dear Lady. But now, if these Betrayers of Love are not artificially manag'd, they will be apt to blab, by an unseasonable Goggle, the Disorders and Perturbations of an in-amour'd Soul, to those from whom we would have them conceal'd; Cupid will be likely enough to peep out of these crystal Windows.

Les a Prudent Lover therefore (as time and place shall require) eye up his Looks, and not suffer them to straggle and rove unseasonably; What though a Prospect of her Beauties, be a Refreshment to his Soul, yet let him divert his Pigs-eyes from the Luxury of that Look; which may in the least proclaim the Hankerings of Love.

But is it not more Prudent to do all things openly, and in the eyes of the World? Is it not better to Dill in open View, and to Toy it in publick, where there is witnesses of your Friskings, than to smack it in the dark, and to be jumbling in hugger mugger behind the door? For the secretness and Publickness of these actions, will take away the suspicion of all Love, seeing it is not regarded whether they are seen or not.

Besides, by denying nothing but by publick

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lick professing of all, the *Folly Lover* hath the Liberty to *Bow and Complement*; to meet and chat with her without the least suspicion; whereas these Priviledges are deny'd to *Privateers in Love*.

It hath been observ'd, That where there hath not been glowing the least spark of Love, there hath broken out the whole Element of that Passion; which was only kindled by a bare Report. A common Report hath tickled so much the Fancy of some Women, that they have been smitten by *Hear-say*. Fame plays the part of an Amorous Courtier, whose Rhetorick is more prevalent than the melting Expressions of the most Passionate Lover; and she hath been more prosperous in *Wooring*, and hath kindled more Love, than their *Personal Addresses*.

SECT. III.—But how may Lovers always keep the Love and Favour of their Mistress? Certainly by the same means they first obtain'd it, namely, 1. By *Pleasing them*. 2. By being *Obsequious to them*. And, 3. By offering no occasion of offence.

'Tis hard to advise in this case, in regard those that are troubled with the *Simplex*, and are not very Judicious, do fall into a thousand Errors; which, although they seem Light, and Trivial perhaps to others, yet do much exasperate and vex the Women. Those Men are most obnoxious to them, who are possess'd with greater *Ravings of Love*, than others; who, as often as they meet their *Adored-Be*, do break out into such Extremities of Grief and Sorrow, as that they are always expressing it with

with the odd Solemnities of wringing hands, and shaking Noddles.

Oh my Angel! Oh my Angel! Said a young Lover, (a friend of ours) that was going to hang himself upon seeing his Mistress frown.

Others, unjustly Jealous, are so severe against those they suspect, that they will not allow their Ladies so much as to speak, and look or leer upon them: By which Madness and Folly they do not only incense the Women, but make them twitter after those, whom before they minded not.

ECT. IV.— *Let our Lover therefore have a care that he do not Revile and Disparage his Rival.*

We would not have our Lover to deal in Stratagems, nor so degenerously to Triumph over his Defeated Rival; if he would Glory in the Frustration of his Councils, and in the overthrow of his Designs, let him endeavour to do it, by the Offices of Love, and Achievements of Valour; by Obsequious insinuations, and by worth and merits; by the contempt of those Follies, and dissingenuous Methods, which Imprudent men fall into, and do frequently use.

Some Lovers blab that inconsiderately out, which oftentimes proves Prejudicial to them, as those *Ridiculous Blockheads*, who are always saying, [*I could never find the Woman yet that Lov'd me.*] Many to render their Rivals Odious, do usually draw them in such a Character, viz. *That Fellow is the Happiest Fool in the World for though he is not endow'd with the Charms of Beauty, nor with the Gravity of Prudence, nor Resolutions of Valour, nor Enrich'd or Adorn'd with any other Excellency, yet all the Women in the Country gad af-*

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ter him ; and are at Cuff and Kick for the Enjoyment of him. Thus whilst they spit their Venom, and envy his good Fortune, and though he is in no wise taking, yet the Women suspect some hidden Virtue to lye Dormant in him.

SECT. V.— *But you'll say, how may the Mysteries of Love be best Conceal'd ?*

Answer. By avoiding all Occasions which may Discover them.

The First of which, is Affecting too great a Secrecie, so that Men will not Trust, Confide in, or give Credit to any Body, and hereby think so closely to lock up all things ; whereas 'tis the ready way for the disclosing of them.

For seeing every Lover desires to have the inward Sentiments of his Soul to be declar'd to his Mistress, he is therefore upon necessity forc'd to make broader signs, than if he had committed the Business to a Faithful Friend ; and those Tokens that proceed from a Lover breed greater suspicions, than those that are carry'd by a Messenger ; and because 'tis natural, curiously to pry into others Business : Wheresoever there is sprung the least Jealousie, there will not be omitted the least opportunity of Enquiry, which when once found out, you cannot imagin how pleasant 'tis to divulge and blab it. But now these Inconveniences do not happen, when the Passion is Communicated to a True Friend, who can Counsel, and Assist, and would prevent those Errors, which a Blind Lover would blunder upon.

In a VVord, all VVomen do covet to be follow'd, and (as it were) to have their Tayls tag'd with a long Train of Lovers ; altho' (like

Cupid's

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Cupids Martyrs) they are calcin'd into Ashes by *Amorous Hearts*, yet doth that Sex wish earnestly their Resurrection, that they might again expire in the midst of Flames.

There are some *VWomen*, who, if they can wheedle Men into an Opinion [*That they are Belov'd*] will, by an unequal Division of their Favour, stir up some Emulations in the Breasts of their Servants, that they fall to scuffling for the Title to an intire Inheritance of a Smile or Kindness? *VWhen* they have lull'd them into that Perswasion, then with their ambiguous Language do they shake their Hopes, and stagger their Belief, and wound them with the pretences of Love to others; hence follow *Quarrels, Animosities, and open Murder.*

There are others that think it not sufficient to raise Tragedies among Rivals, but after the *Pu-ling Lover* hath us'd all the Arguments imaginable of Love, Fidelity and *Obsequiousness*; and after he hath been encouraged by all the signs of *Mutual Kindness*; we say, after all this, there are some who will accuse him (without any reason) of Indifferency, and Coldness in the Offices of Love; invent new Jealousies and Suspensions, and thereupon are ready to kick them out of Doors; and then the Miserable Creature is forc'd to begin afresh with new signs, and, as if just now entering upon his slavish Servitude, he hath his daily Perambulations about the Streets; and if his Mistress chance to appear in Publick, he Tantonies after her, wheresoever she Flgs, and dare not stirk so much as one Glance, to bestow or throw it any otherways. And now behold his fresh Tears, and new Face; his new Religion and his new Perjuries.

We might enlarge, but we think the matter contain'd in these Five Sections will be enough to direct Mr. Wem in his whole Amour, and if other Batchelors imitate the same Form, 'tis hop'd they will gain their Mistresses.

Now, Mr. Wem, If it be Lawful to Marry, 'tis Lawful for Batchelors to Pray for good Wives, if they find their Inclination and Concerns in the World consistent with the end of such Society.

As to the Form of PRAYER, they may if they please, use the following, (being what we formerly Publish'd in the Athenian ORACLE) to wit, Pray for

One whose Piety and Vertue has measured the Chains of Providence, and accordingly makes a due estimate of all Occurrences—
 Whose Soul is too great to be crush'd under the weight of adverse Storms, and yet at the same time of a soft, easie, affable Temper—
 Who is a Stranger to Disguise, yet not so free and open as to give grounds for Contempt. One to whom Nature has been liberal in good Features and proportions of Body, but yet with a fairer Mind; Witty without Abuses, Modest without Weakness, Jealous of nothing but the decrease of her Kindness to you: Generous, yet not Profuse. One whose Prudence can secure you from any inspection into her Family-Accounts, and divert the Curse of trifling into Poverty. A good Housewife that can appear as great in the World with One Hundred Pounds a year, as her Neighbours with Two. One who believes her Person should be a Figure, and her Portion a Cypher, which add'd to her, advances the Summ, but alone signifies nothing.

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' thing ; rather the Heir of her own Deserts,
 ' than barely the Offspring of Vertuous Parents.
 ' — Oue that without the Trial of her
 ' Vertue, can out of a Principle of Generosity, be
 ' just to your Bed. — Whose Vertue, Wit and
 ' Modesty can rather be imitated than equal'd
 ' by her Neighbours. —

And if his Devotion grows cold in *Prose*, let
 him Pray in *Verse* for one that has —

Beauty enough to raise a Frozen Love
Yet not so great as shou'd our Wonder move :
Fair, without Scorn ; and Witty, without Pride ;
(A Plais too often to that Sex deny'd :)
Chaste as DIANA, when her Rapes design'd ;
And where she Loves, as billing Turtles kind :
Molest, but not Reserv'd ; tho' Free, nor Vain ;
Her Garb becoming, neither Gay nor Plain ;
Quiet, tho' Bold ; Religious, not precise ;
With more Devotion in her Heart than Eyes,
And when she doth her Kind Affection place,
Makes Love, not Money, Umpire in the Case.

In short, You must Pray for One whose
 Carriage exceeds this Character, and at-
 tains to that of the Apostle, 1 Pet. Chap. 3. or
 that of the Wisest of Men, Prov. 31. from Verse
 10. to the end.

Thus, Mr. Wem, have we sent you a *Form*
 of *Courtship*, according to the newest method of
 wooing, with the Debates of our Society upon
 it; with a *Graver Form* (if the other appear too
 light) to which we all agreed ; and that nothing
 might be wanting on our part to make your
 Amour prosperous, we have added — *The*
Bachelors Prayer for a Wife — We commit the
 whole to your Charitable Censure. *Arbitr.*

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LETTER XXXVI.

The young Virgins send to the Athenian-Society to be instructed in the Mysteries and Art of Love.

Gentlemen,

LOVE is so universal a Monarch, and his Catholick Majesty hath so large an Empire throughout the World, that there are scarce any but are subject to his dominion, and have felt the effects of his Tyrannick Power; so that shou'd not the *Virgins* (as well as the *Batchelors*) be wounded by his Dart, fetter'd in his Chains, and melted in his Flames, we shou'd be a wonder to the Age. But yet the Resisters of his Charms are not so *Prodigious*, as the yielders to them are miserable and unhappy; and therefore Gentlemen as you tell us (in your *Advertisement*) you'll direct the *Batchelors* in their whole Amour; So we hope you'll be as ready to instruct the Ignorant *Virgins*, and tell us how we shou'd behave our selves during the time of *Courtship*: Unless you are thus kind, your *Form of Courtship* will make but half of the Age happy. Gentlemen, we desire this favour in a few days, for fear the *Batchelors* shou'd get the start of us; for, to be list'd a Soldier under *Cupid's Banner* and not to understand his *Marrial Discipline*, is to be expos'd to the greatest danger, whereas a *Prudent Deportment* in the Camp of *Venus* may secure from Perils, and crown our *Passion* with much happiness, for either through the Wiles and stratagems of the subtle Lover, or the simplicity and

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and Innocence of the *Cretulous Mistress* either through the close Siege of the *storming Man*, or the too easy surrender of the *yeilding Woman*, or through other miscarriages of both Parties, it mostly comes to pass that we hear of nothing but *Infelicity in the affairs of Love*, *improsperous Addresses*, *Neglects and Slights*, *Ship-wrack'd Fames and Reputation*, or (at best) of unhappy Matches; whereas a *Prudent Behaviour* in all matters that attend Amours, and a discreet management of that *Passion* in all its Intreagues, will prevent mischiefs, and yeild those pleasures that ever attend happy Wedlock. *Gentlemen*, for our own shares, (and we speak it as the sense of all the *Virgins in England*) we had rather be coy and shy, than basely to yeild to the slovenly Importunities of stupid Idiots, who are fitter to be entertain'd with the Circle of an *Halter* than caress'd with the Clip of a kind Embrace; but at the same time we are *Flesh and Blood* as well as you, and provided we cou'd marry so as to be made happy, we dare say there's not one of us all but wou'd be coupled the next minute: And who so fit as *Athens* to advise us; for you have ever been a *Champion to the Ladies*; and we hope you'll now give us direction for our conduct during the time of *Courtship*.

Gentlemen, when you have perform'd this present Request, we hope you'll next send us a *Map of the Kingdom of Love*; In hopes whereof, We Subscribe our Selves,

Your Humble Servants,

The Young Virgins of England.

LETTER XXXVII.

Directing the Unmarried Ladies how they shou'd behave themselves during the time of Courtship—The Virgins Prayer for a Husband.—with modest Rules to the Bride and Bridegroom with Respect to due Benevolence, or the seasonable use of the Marriage-Bed.

Young Virgins,

WE readily own the Athenians have always bin Friends to the Fair Sex, but we are Sorry to find, seeing we answer'd all the Love Questions that you ever sent us, you are yet to seek in the Affair of Love; however as we have sent the Batchelors a Form of Courtship, that we may shew our selves as ready to serve the Ladies, we will here lay down some Rules to demean your selves by, during the time you are Mistresses, and the Objects of Love, and Courtship; as,

(1.) How you should Answer, and stand affected to a sincere Lover.

(2.) How to Counterwork the Wiles and Stratagems of meer Pretenders.

(3.) We'll shew whether you should Dissemble the whole matter or in some sort acknowledg it; or,

(4.) VWhether you shou'd altogether avoid and shun Addresses.

I. Now

I. Now the First thing a Lady is to be taught, who is Besieg'd by Lovers, is to know a true Servant from the formal Disguises, or Counterfeits Formalities of Hypocritical Pretenders; and indeed to give a true Characteristick Note, nay, probable Conjectures of a feigned Kindness; and to distinguish it from a real Affection, is a thing not very Feasible; for so great is the Subtlety and Craft of Dissembling VVooers, that they personate Grief, and (with Crocodile Tears) act a Sorrow, when they are big with Jest, and pregnant with Scoffs and Laughter. How will these Officious Ghosts (like gaily Apparitions) watch her steps, and observe her motion; and in the Church, and Theater, nay, at every corner, at once both infect and affright her with the horror of their Presence? How will they DUN for Love by the importunate style of Courting Letters! And wheedle out a Kindness by the winning and perswasive Rhetoric of obliging Presents! What Passionate Whinings! and silent Dialogues weav'd by the Amorous Entercourse of mutual Glances! How will they Dart and convey their Sentiments by an expressive Twinkle, and discover their thoughts by the silent Speech of a languishing Eye! What Insinuations into the favour of her chief Attendants, that they may corrupt, and bribe them into a close confederacy? Who must occasionally discover how cruelly they are scorch'd in the insupportable Flames of burning Love; how that they value neither Life, nor Fortune, but are ready to offer up both as a Sacrifice for the Favour and Mercy but of one Smile. If she willingly listens to such

Discourse as this, and the language seems not a little pleasing, then there is no difficulty, but what is already conquer'd, then false Keys and Opiates, and Ladders of Ropes, are immediately produc'd, all things are represented Facile and Easy, and appear with so good a Face and Aspect, that to consummate all, there's nothing wanting but her bare Consent. Which if she denies, and is resolv'd to stand out against the *Siege*, then they more vigorously attack her, reinforce their persuasions, and raise such important Batteries, as will force and compel that *Inexorable Fort of her Self* to surrender.

Some, when they have despair'd of Victory, have turn'd the sweetness of their soft Courtship, into the harshness and bitterness of *threatning Language*, and have pointed their Panegyricks with the sting of Satyrs. Others charm them with the *Magick of Spells and Philters*; and by an entangling Potion, have depriv'd them of that Liberty that Nature gave them.

These are the subtle Artifices that Suitors make use of to circumvent their Mistresses: And how can those *Innocent Professors of Honesty and Simplicity* avoid so many Snares in Ambuscado for them? And therefore what wonder if an harmless Virgin be entrap'd by *Cupid*, when she perceives her self to have been so long ador'd by so Passionate a young Gallant, who scruples at no Dangers to purchase her Favour?

III. But that she may not miscarry in her *Amours*, nor become a Prey to the most subtle Passion; let her be sure to observe this general Rule, viz.

Not

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Not too easily believe (more than is meet) that
she is Belov'd.

In all Offices therefore of Civility and Dialogues of Love, let her beware of thinking, That any man admires her, because he discourses volubly of the Passion; And if he be immodest that talks with her, let a Blush discover her dislike of his Language: If he speaks Obscurely, and Artificially of Love, then let her pretend not to understand him; and when she hath turn'd his expressions to another sense, by an Ingenious Sagacity, let her decline the Subject: But if the thing be so plain, that she cannot dissemble, let her divert it with a Jest, and Interpret all things candidly; for by this means she will purchase the Reputation of Wisdom and Discretion, and will not so easily be impos'd upon and deceiv'd. However let young Ladies always Remember; [*That Men make greater Professions of Love than Women.*]

But it further may be demanded, What? Must a young Lady make no returns of Kindness? Will not a Spark glowing in the Breast of her Lover kindle a Flame in her Bosom? Must she eccho back no Sighs, and make no reflexion of Amorous Groans? When her Lover advances, must she then retreat? What? not one Cheering Look? Not one amorous glance of a Sheep's Eye? No Comfort and Refreshment from obliging Dimple? No Courteous Pressure of Treading Toe? Or private Invitation of Mystick Twitch?

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Now by way of Reply to this, we say, If she smile on any, let him enjoy that Sunshine of her Face, to whom she intends to resign up her Dear Self, and to Honour with the Espousals of her whole Person; so that, if sometimes she recreates him with the Pleasure of a Glance, or gratifies him with the Blessing of a dropt Glove, or caress him with other loosely scatter'd expressions of Kindness, we censure not her Civility; but if she be steering and gamesome, and too prodigal of her private Treads and Twinckles; of her secret squeezes and Twitches, and other Love-Tokens, when no Marriage Noose is e'er intended; Her wanton Forwardness creates a suspicion of *Unlawful Desires*, and consequently eclipses the Lustre of her Fame.

But however, let her be so Prudent in the displays of her Civilities, and in giving signs of her Favour, as to take away even the least glimpse of *dishonest hopes*.

IV. Wherefore another Caution to be observ'd by these *Objects of Courtship*, is,

Not to have too great a Conceit of their Handsomeness.

'Tis an Infirmary to some of the Sex, to ascribe too much unto it; who, because they are attended with throngs of Admirers; and are honour'd with the Ceremonies of bare-heads and Bended Knees, are Ambitious of a whole Legion of Suits; and by this means oftentimes take occasion to hop over, and transgress the Bounds of Modesty, and degenerate into Impudence.

Let

Let not a Mistress be so Light and vain, as to draw the Eyes of all men after her. But let her be so sweet in her *Conversation*, so vertuous in her *Actions*, that every Beholder may be her Votary; and then all filthy Desires, and Smuttry Flames will die and vanish. Whosoever is blest with the Love of such a Person, let him sit down satisfied with the least HINT of her Favour; and value the happiness of one smile above all the World.

V. But perhaps it may be said, That this Doctrine of Love is somewhat severe; in regard it prescribes such Lessons of Coyness, which so confines the Speech, Look, and Gesture, of young Ladies, as that it not only takes away all hope from their Lovers, but even drives them to the very Brink of Despair. Men desire not those things that are impossible to be obtain'd: And though some Females puff'd up with the conceit of their Imaginary Beauty, in the first encounters of Love, are Satyrical in their Expressions, yet a little familiar Converse with the sweets of that Passion, will soften their Rigours, and dissolve their Expressions into Kinder Language.

We wou'd not have Mistresses take away all Hope: But only frustrate dishonest Expectations, which a true Gentleman will never cherish. For if Beauty, and Modesty, Candour and Piety, and a numerous cluster of other Perfections, were the Incentives of his Passion, and the only *Magnificus* that drew him

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him after her, then it must needs follow, that his Affections are vertuous.

VI. Mens humours differ according to the variety of Female Tempers: Some, when they observe a comely seriousness, either in a Ladies Motion, or Conversation, have such a veneration for her Person, as that they dare not offer up an obsequious Amour.

Others, to avoid the Snares of Tricks, and Fallacies, do affect those Ladies most, who in the very glance of the Eye, in every word and Action, are so transparent, as that their most *inward Conceptions* are Plain and Legible.

Others fancy those most Excellent, whom they find most difficult, and glory in the surrender of that Fort, which to others hath been impregnable.

These Persons too much confiding in their own Wisdom, and supposing they cannot be deceiv'd, or circumvented, do oftentimes doat on those Virgins, who by their subtle Wit, conceal a thousand Snares under an indifferent Aspect.

Lastly, There are others, so curious, who think none worthy of their Love, unless compos'd of *Beauty and Eloquence*; Civility and Prudence; and have in them a general Muster, or whole Rendezvous of all Perfections. Tho' Ladies may be too nice in their choice, yet their good Friends the *Athenians* wou'd by no means have 'em deceiv'd in their Humble Servants; and therefore to guard against all the *Misfortunes of Love*. We'll conclude this Letter with the following Directions.

I. Never

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I. *Never of your selves to Go a wooing*, but with Patience expect who will come for you; this Rule must be first observed, and regard taken of him that cometh, then 'tis the time to consider, principally—— Whether he loveth you for your Money, or for your Beauty.—— Inquire whether he have a good method, or way, for the maintaining of a Family. For if he have not that to build upon, the whole Foundation will tumble.—— Search also whether he be of an honest, rather than great Extraction. For *Verue is the greatest Gentility*.—— Inquire also whether he be a frequenter of Taverns; especially of such as are of an ill repute.

*To be a Lover of such Houses,
Makes him to think of other Spouses.*—— Hudibras

Again, See he be not covetous of Honour, for then he hath several other Vices.—— Hate a Gamester like the Plague; for they are Consumers of all; Nay, their very Gain is Loss.—— Abhor a Person of no imploy, or one given to Idleness; for they are fit for nothing.—— If you marry, shew all Honour, Respect, and Love to your Husband. Endeavour not to Lord it over him; because Dominion both by Heaven and Nature, is given unto him.—— In observing these Rules, you will have the expectation of a happy Match.

Now Ladies, when you find your Inclinations strong upon you to a married Life, you may (as we tell you in our *Athenian Oracle*) use the following Form, if you ben't better furnish'd—

From

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' From a Prophane Libertine, from one Affected-
 ' ly Pious, from a Profuse Almoner, from an Un-
 ' charitable Wretch, from a Wavering Religioſo;
 ' and an Injudicious Zealot—— **Deliber me !**
 ' From one of a Starcht Gravity, or of Ridiculous
 ' Levity ; from an Ambitious Statesman, from a
 ' Restleſs Projector, from one that loves any thing
 ' beſides me, but what is very Juſt and Honourable
 ' —— **Deliber me !** From an Extacy'd Poer,
 ' from a Modern Wit, from a Baſe Coward and a
 ' Raſh Fool, from a Pad and a Pauper—— **Del-**
 ' **ber me ;** From a Venus Darling, from a Bac-
 ' chus Proſelite, from a Travelling Half, from a
 ' Domestick Animal ; from all Maſculine Plagues
 ' not yet recounted —— **Deliber me ! But——**

' Give me one whoſe Love has more of Judgment
 ' than Paſſion, who is Maſter of himſelf, or at leaſt
 ' an Indefatigable Schollar in ſuch a Study, who
 ' has an equal Flame, a Parallel Inclination, a
 ' Temper and Soul ſo like mine, that as two Tallies
 ' we may appear more Perfect by Union.—— Give me
 ' one of as Genteel an Education as a little expence of
 ' time will permit, with an indifferent Fortune, ra-
 ' ther independent of the ſervile Fate of Pallaces, and
 ' yet one whoſe Retirement is not ſo much from the
 ' Publick as into himſelf: One (if poſſible) above
 ' Flattery and Affronts, and yet as careful in preven-
 ' ting the Injury as able to repair it: One, the Beauty
 ' of whoſe Mind exceeds that of his Face, yet not De-
 ' formed ſo as to be diſtinguiſhable from others even
 ' unto a Ridicule.—Give me one that has learnt to
 ' live much in a little time, one that is no great Fa-
 ' miliar in Converſe with the World, nor no little one
 ' with himſelf: One (if Two ſuch Happineſſes may
 ' be granted at one time to our Sex) who with theſe
 ' uncommon endowments of Mind may (naturally)
 ' have

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' have a Sweet, Mild, Easie Disposition, or at least
' one who by his Practice and frequent Habit has made
' himself so before he is made mine; but as the Ma-
' ster-perfection and chiefeſt Draught, let him be
' truly Virtuous and Pious; that is to ſay, Let me
' be truly Happy in my Choice.

We ſhall next proceed to ſay ſomething of
the Rites attending your Nuptials.

' It was a Cuſtom (ſays a late Author)
' that thoſe Fingers of the Wife ſhou'd be a-
' dorned with Gold Rings, which were next
' to the little Fingers of the left hand,
' whence 'tis believed they are called *Ring-*
' *Fingers*, that it might be a perpetual Monu-
' ment before their Eyes of great love to
' their Husbands; for from thoſe Fingers (as
' ſome Authors affirm) ſome particular
' Nerves extend themſelves to the Heart. It
' was a cuſtom that Water and Fire ſhou'd
' be carried before the Bride, and that ſhe
' ſhou'd touch them both, that it might be
' evident that the Wife was chiefly for the
' ſake of propagation of Iſſue: For as heat
' and moiſture (which excel in thoſe Ele-
' ments) are the cauſes of Generation; So
' the union of Man and Woman is chiefly
' introduc'd for the ſake of propagation of Iſſue.

' Brides are wont to be careful, leaſt they
' ſhou'd touch their Husbands Threshold with
' their Feet, but they enter, being carried
' over, that they may ſignifie that they loſe
' their ſolicited Virginity, not voluntarily, but
' in a manner by compulſion.

' 'Tis expedient (if our Eſtates will permit)
' that our Marriages be ſplendid, ne-
' ſhou'd we deprive them of this part of
' praiſe.

' Tis

'Tis most certain, that Neighbours and
 Kindred were invited to Marriages, both
 in the former, and our Age; that all, to
 whom either the honour or pleasure of the
 Nuptials shou'd extend, might rejoice with
 them. Solon (one of the seven wise men)
 instituted, that when a Wife is joined to
 her Husband, *she shoud eat a Quince*, that
 he might in a manner signifie, that the
 sweet voice and pleasant Speech of the
 Wife shou'd be approved by the Husband.
 A Bridegroom when he enters the Bridal-
 Bed, to compleat the Marriage Rites, the
 Brides Face is hidden under a Veil, and
 the Bridegroom embraces her in the dark,
Venus being the Bride-Maid; and having
 laid himself in his Brides Lap, expects a
 pleasant sleep; which we conjecture to be
 appointed, least her *Virgin-like Modesty*
 shou'd more obstinately resist his lawful
 Embraces than is meet.—And now 'twill
 be proper in the next place to give some
 Rules to the Bride and Bridegroom with respect to
 due Benevolence, and the seasonable use of the
 Marriage-Bed.

And here that the young and unexpe-
 rienc'd Couple might not mistake or trans-
 gress in this nice point, we'll recommend 'em
 to the Directions of the Learned Italian, who
 tells 'em that because the union of Man and
 Wife was chiefly ordain'd and ought to be
 esteem'd for the sake of Children, they
 must use conjugal embraces chiefly with the
 hope of propagating Issue; we sufficiently
 understand and perceive what manner of
 creature there is in most Beasts, which for
 this

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‘ this reason hath appointed them certain
‘ Laws of Congress, that the mortal kinds
‘ of living Creatures might in a manner be
‘ rend’red immortal by a perpetual successi-
‘ on ; wherein they may be Examples to us
‘ to whom a more free and noble desire is
‘ given) that we shou’d not mutually em-
‘ brace for the sake of Pleasure ; even Beasts,
‘ never when great with Young, but always
‘ for the sake of Generation, they exhibite
‘ their venereal Appetites ; but if Women
‘ shall pass these Limits, even at least let
‘ them govern themselves so, that they may
‘ be accounted modest. And they shou’d so e-
‘ vidence their Nuptial Honour and Modesty,
‘ that in their Congress decency may accompa-
‘ ny their embraces, least by too much ardor
‘ and immodesty, they be both defective in
‘ their Honour, and also less acceptable to
‘ their Husbands. A Wife ought at no time
‘ to be deficient in her duty, and altho’ her
‘ Body cannot be beheld, yet she shou’d
‘ preserve a Modesty in all places, that she
‘ may deservedly seem Chaste to her Hus-
‘ band, even in the dark : Wherefore
‘ very excellently *Commodus Caesar*, when his
‘ Wife endeavoured to perswade him to use
‘ unusual and disallowed Pleasures with her,
‘ answered, *How much it is fit to obey other*
‘ *Women in these things, let them look to it ;*
‘ *a Wife certainly is a Name of Honour, not of*
‘ *Pleasure.* Wherefore *Cato* the Censor e-
‘ jected *Manilius* out of the Senate, because he
‘ kissed his Wife in the presence of his Daughter.
‘ *Marriage is honourable in all, and the Bed*
‘ *undefiled.* Heb. 13. 4. and the great care both

of

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of Husband and Wife shou'd be to be chaste in marriage, to abhor all wanton Speeches and unfit Incentives of Lust, and to be sober, seasonable, and regular in the use of the Marriage-Bed.

Ladies, You shou'd beware, lest you make that Ordinance which is the Remedy of impure Affections, to be the Nurse and Exciter of them — you must not think that your Relation doth Legitimate every folly which your Husband can perpetrate, or that inordinate or Immoderate Pleasures can ever agree with the Bed undefil'd, *A Man may be a Wicked Drunkard with his own Drink, and a wretched Beast in his own Marriage Bed.* We might here bring in Divines of late, Fathers of Old, yea Philosophers themselves agreeing in their Censures of these Extravagances, and telling us that the Pleasures of Marriage shou'd be Serious, Circumspect, and mixt with Severity, and that an intemperate Person in Wedlock differs little from an Adulterer.

There are Two very necessary Queries yet behind which the young Couple may be too modest to propose.

(1.) Which are the fittest Seasons of Enjoyment, and how frequently do they make Returns?

(2.) How far may our Imagination and Desires be unbriol'd upon such Occasions?

As to the former of these, there's no Universal Rule can possibly be prescrib'd; for some Constitutions may run a greater Length than others. *Riverius* tells you the Night for Health and the Morn for Pleasure: But Nature her self must appoint the Seasons, where such satisfactions, if they ben't abus'd, are made Lawful by Marriage. Age and Dyet make

Na.

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Nature run either High or Low. But this we propose, that for the sake of Health, and upon a certain Knowledge of the Vigor or Constitution, there be certain Seasons fix'd for these allowable Freedoms, for unless Nature has sufficient time to ripen your Vigor and Inclination, you must expect the Off spring to be Weak, and Spiritless, and short liv'd.

As for the latter Difficulty, there's without doubt a very lively Degree of Inclination and Desire allow'd, which must give the very Life and Spirit to the Embrio, as indeed a cold Inclination and Disaffection will give certain Death. The Sacred Writings seem to hint as much as this comes to, *Be thou Ravished with her Love*. However, after all, the excess of Inclination and the Agony of Desire may make a Man commit Adultery with his own Wife; and as to the necessary Restraints to be fix'd here take the following advice.

First, Consider the Temper and Constitution of your Bodies, and in what instances you are most inclined to do your Natural Actions in an Unlawful manner, and resolve upon such means as may prevent that.

Again, Consider what Instances of these Natural Actions, tho' Lawful, yet tempt you to do them, rather for the pleasant sensation, than in Obedience to the Command of God.

The Path of Virtue, if narrow any where, it is in this Respect.

The right ordering of the Intention makes the Act acceptable, which otherwise would be sinful; if we Eat because God Commands us to preserve our Lives by all Lawful means, and that we may keep our Bodies fit to do the work of God, we Eat to please God, and the Act is ac-

acceptable; but if we do the same thing with intent only to please our Palats, we serve our selves and sin.

By the sensation in all Natural Acts, the Soul is to distinguish concerning the health of the Body, and of the fitness of the means then used to preserve it, and where the Body is in Health and fit means used to preserve that health, the use of them will be pleasant, and cause very delectable sensations, and the Mortifying these Sensations must one way or other prejudice the Health and consequently cannot be the intent of the Holy Ghost.

Yet a *Christian*, when Two things equally Healthful are present, will chuse the less pleasant of the Two, to testify the *pureness of his Intention*; for as we take it, the intencion of pleasing our selves in our Natural Acts, is the proper Object of Mortification.

This *due Benevolence* is a matter of very nice *Speculation*, and the Rule might indeed be strain'd a great deal too high for the Practice; but the World may expect full satisfaction in all these, and many other Difficulties, in our *Secret Practice*, which is preparing for the Pres's,

Perhaps, Ladies, you'll frown upon these Directions, and think 'em more proper for the men; but we are of another opinion, for as *Modesty* is the distinguishing Character of the *Fair Sex*, none are so fit to teach it as Women, both in a Single and Married State.

Thus, Ladies, we have directed you the best we can, as to your *Carriage to the Batchelors during the time of Courtship, &c.* And (that you might want nothing wherein we could serve you) have added — *The Virgins Prayer for a Husband* —

If

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If you Accept our Endeavours herein we'll
send you ~~A~~ *Map* of the Kingdom of Love
(with Directions how you shou'd Travel to it)
In the mean time believe us to be

Your most Obsequious Humble Servants,

The Athenians.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

The Maids Petition to the Athenian Society, to provide 'em with Husbands.

Gentlemen,

W^E confess you have Treated our Sex
with all the Civility and the Softness
we desire ; and, if to ask New Favours, would
make any suitable return, we shall soon come
pretty even with you.

You have given us all the Directions we can want
how to mannage our selves when the fond Lovers are
pursuing, (and Embracing) us ; but the Mystery of
it lies in luring 'em to the Chase. To be very free,
you know, Sirs, behind the Curttain, we are some
of us pretty much up in Years, and find, to our
Sorrow, that our Charms are less fatal then they
were ; and certainly if any thing under Heaven
may deserve the Names of Charity and of Merit,
'twou'd be your gene'ous Assistance to a number
of *Overgrown and Dispairing Maids.*

These Wars, *Gentlemen,* we are sadly affraid,
have made great Odds in the Tale of Noses be-
tween the Two Sexes, and alas shou'd we lan-
guish out our Lives thus unregarded and over-
look'd

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look'd, where wou'd the satisfaction of it be? *The Work of Generation wou'd be left undant*, and we shou'd dye like Cyphers, without the Addition of substantial Characters to make us significant.

We have 'tis, true began to practice all the little Arts that Women can invent, we have made many new Editions of our Faces, which you that are acquainted with Books, must know to be very expensive *where there is no Sale*; we have now and then made some Artless Lovers begin to languish and Dye a little for *Paint and Patchers*, but Alas! The Passion has lasted no longer than the Cause.


And now Sirs, under this last Extremity we apply t'ye to provide us with ——— Nay, but we shou'd blush to tell you; However, you Understand us, that's enough.

We are your Expecting Petitioners,

The Virgins of England.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

The Athenians Answer to the Despairing Maids———*The Copy of an Act to provide 'em with Husbands.*——

With the Names and Characters of some Batchelors, that wou'd make
 *Excellent Husbands.*

REally Ladies there's none of our Society undispos'd, so that there's nothing to expect from that Quarter, and we are afraid you must

A Pacquet from Athens. 241

must e'en languish on to the end of the Chapter, unless some Provision cou'd be settled by *Act of Parliament*, and who knows (Ladies) what time may produce, for it may justly astonish us to consider how Illustrious and Careful so great and wise a State as that of *Athens* was, to promote the *Marriage of the poorest Virgin among them*; that of *Aristogiton's* Daughter may serve for an instance, who being a poor Girl, in a mean *Island*, and living under great Poverty, was by the order of the Council brought into *Athens*, and there Married at the Publick Expence.

Martin Hemskirk on his Death-bed bequeathed all his Wealth to be distributed into equal Dowries, or Portions, wherewith to Marry a certain number of Maids of *Hemskirk* his Birth-place; yearly on this condition, that the *New-Married Couple with all the Wedding-Guests shou'd Dance on his Grave.*————

In pity to your Sex this Man was sent,
That you might Love, and yet be Innocent:
For sure no Crime with you we can commit,
Or if we shou'd ——— your Form excuses it.
For, who, that gathers fairest Flowers, believes
A Snake lies hid beneath the Fragrant Leaves?

However, we wou'd, if we cou'd, provide you with *Husbands*, for we think 'tis hard, that only those that have Money are sought in *Marriage*.

Another great Promoter of Weddings was *Lycurgus*, who Established Law which in some cases Forbid giving of Dowries with Maidens in *Marriage* (or if they were bestowed that they should ne'er be return'd) to the end that every Maid shou'd labour to endow her self with Vertue, for
Love

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Love whereof, and not for Riches, they shou'd be demanded in Marriage, The same Reason mov'd *Themistocles*, when Two Men required his Daughter in Marriage, to prefer the Honest man before the Wealthy, saying, *That he had rather have a Man to his Son in Law with ut Goods, than Goods without a Man.* But this is an Age wherein if Women are Crooked, Ill Natur'd, or meer Succubus's, they are meer Angels till the Fortunes paid, and then such Devils again, that the next News we hear is, that his Grace, or Sir Charles &c. has his Misses to attend him, (*Thanks to his Ladies Fortune*) wherever he goes.

We do not find the *Patriarchs* chaffering for Portions: *Isaac* that was so great an Heir (as that his Father out of his own House did raise *Three Hundred and Eighteen Men* born in his Service) was at the charge of sending for a Wife without a Portion; and *Jacob* with Fourteen Years Service purchased his: As the World increased in Money, so it did in this Sin, and both united to hinder the Ordinance of God, turning the Command of Increasing and Multiplying Men, into increase and multiply Money, of which we may say, as it was in another case, tho' much to the same purpose, in the Beginning it was not so.

There are some now Living in these Kingdoms, that remember when Money was the least part considered in Marriage, when that Sum would have been thought a Fortune for a Lord, that is now despised by a Merchant; yet then there were few dyed without Posterity, and as few dyed for want, or that which is worse, lived like Beasts of Prey, on the Labours of others.

Lycur-

A Pacquet from Athens. (*I)

Lycureus, among his Laws to the Spartans, enjoined this for one, That they who lived *unmarried and Childless*, should be Debar'd from all Sports, and forced to go Naked in the Winter about the Market place; and in the Spartan Laws there were the same Punishments for bad Husbands, as for them that were none, both being thought equally mischievous to the Common Wealth, and neither to be suffered.

Solon made a Law, That there should be no Jointers, nor Dowry, and that Wives should bring their Husbands but Three Gowns, with some other Trifles of small Value; forbidding Portions, which he looked upon as Buying of Husbands; and so making Merchandize of marriage, as of other Trades, contrary to the Law of Nature, and first design of the Institution, which was for the Increase of Children: Hence was he wont to say, That Men and Women should Marry for Issue, Pleasure and Love, but in no case for Money.

The Romans were so careful in this matter, that they made Laws vouchsafing divers Immunities and Privileges to such as had many Children, as we may see by that particular Law, *Fulia*, or *Papia*, which obliged all Men to take Wives, and none to be excepted.

And not only they, but a worse People, the Persians, had in former times a Custom to Honour Men once a Year with some Grandity from their King, who had a Child that Year by his Wife, respecting him as a Man that had gained an esteem in the Service of his Country.

By the Laws of *Lycurgus*, Men that would not marry, were to be Deem'd Infamous, and to have no Respect paid to them; Consonant to which is that passage related by *Plutarch* of *Dercilidas*,
(K) who

(*2) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

who coming into Prison, where there was a Young Man, who gave him no Respect, nor even stirring from his Place; and being asked why he shew'd him no Reverence, seeing that he was a Man of Honour? Made the following Reply, Because he was not the Father of a Son, who might do hereafter as much for him.

We'll come nearer Home, and find at this Day in some parts of Germany, a Custom (formerly more Universal) Once a Year, at a General meeting in the City, or Town, to present Gifis, and to give Publick Applause with loud Acclamations to such as were married, and had Children that Year; thus Ecchoing out their Praises,— These are they that Replenish the World.

As to Widem-hood, 'twas Forbidden by the Romans, to have any allowance in the Common Wealib, in case they were not superannuated.

The Nostrans in the East, have so vast a Veneration of Marriage, that as soon as the married Couple has a Male-Child, the Father loses his Name, and is called by that of his Eldest Son; as supposing the Fathers name Isaac, and the Son to be called Joseph, he is no more named Isaac, but Abba Joseph,

We have heard of a Custom amongst those worst of Men, the Irish, which may teach us Charity, and that is, Before their Daughters are Thirteen Years of Age, they go about among all their Friends and Acquaintance, taking the young Girl with them, to shew that she is capable of marriage. This is accounted sufficient intimation to their Friends to understand their Design, and therefore they need do no more, but are immediately Answer'd with what they can spare, which is commonly in Cash, for they have little money.

This

A Pacquet from Athens. (*3)

This we have heard is a frequent practice amongst them at this Day, and so General, that a poor Man, who may not be Master of six Cows himself, will commonly get Twenty for his Daughters, and make no Provision for his Sons; by which means the Daughters seldom stay till Fifteen, and the Young Men marry the earlier to get themselves a Stock of Cattel, which they are sure of with a Wife.

We find in several parts of the VWorld, as in Thrace and Assyria, that they were so possessed with an Opinion of the advantage of marriage, as occasion'd their making Laws for its Propagation.

And here (that no Maids might be left unmarried, either for want of Beauty, Money, or Vertue) we shall Add,

A Brief Copy of an ACT to Prohibit Maids with Husbands, which is as follows, viz.

THat a Statute might be made, Obliging all Men, from One and Twenty Years of Age, to Marry, or in Default; to pay One Eighth part Annually of their Yearly Income, if they be Men of real Estates; or One Eighth Part of the interest of their Personal Estates, if it amount to One Hundred Pound per Annum of Real; or to Four Hundred Personal, as it shall be valued by Men appointed for that Affair, And the Act to be that none of the Male Sex above Thirty shou'd be Unmarried

(K 2) under,

(*4) A Pacquet from Athens.

under the Penalty of 2000 l. and all the forementioned Penalties, and the same to be paid by all single Women, who have their Fortunes in their Hands, after that they arrive to the Age of Eighteen; and the same to be paid by all Widowers and Widows; who have no Children, the Widowers not to pay after Sixty Years of Age, nor the Widows after Fifty, and all these Payments to continue as long as they are Unmarried.—— And because that Young Men are often kept from Marriage through Default of their Fathers, that the same Mu't shall be laid on the Fathers Estate, as if it were the Sons.—— This Money so rais'd, to be dispos'd in every City and Country as they shall see fit, for Portions to Young Maids, who are under Forty Years of Age, and Care taken that it be expended every Year, so as no Bank to be kept; and that no Portion be ever given to any, who have been Debauched. With such other Rules as may be prescribed.

This method wou'd provide Men enough in Twenty Years time; but then the mischief of it wou'd be, that by that time you'd lie at least Six Feet under Ground: Yet it must be acknowledged that these

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*5)*

these Kingdoms in their most Happy Daies never saw a Law, which made that immediate Provision for the meanest Soul in it, as this will do; for 'twill set the Captive free; whereas many are now born, who have reason to continue the Lamentation they found out at their first Entrance into the the World: Our *Greatest Charity* for the Poor, is at most but to keep them so; but this will be Cloathing them with *Wedding Garments*, and every Corner of the Land will rejoice with *Nuptial Songs*; and undoubtedly if it be a *Vertuous Act* to relieve the Poor, this must be greater to provide for them for the present, and to prevent it in their Posterity.

— We're sensible that some may be apt to raise Objections against this *Proposal*; which to save the Trouble, both of naming and answering them, we think, this Reply may serve for all, That there can be no particular Injury done in this matter, which can stand in the least Competition with the Consideration of such a *Publick Good*, as both Reforming and Peopling of a Kingdom will necessarily amount to.

Thus (Ladies) we have sent you *A short Copy of an ACT to provide ye all with Husbands*; but 'tis above our Sphere to move any further in it: But if the Hints we have sent ye, is what you approve of, we advise you to carry 'em to some *able Lawyer*, and desire him to *inlarge* upon 'em, in such manner as may be fit for you to present to both Houses of Parliament.

And in the mean time we have here sent ye the *Names*, and some *short Draughts of the Characters of some Batchelors*, that (could you persuade 'em to Marry) we think wou'd make you *Excellent Husbands*; and we shall first Recommend —

(K 3)

Mr. John

(*6) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Mr. John Wade in the County of Meath —
He is short set, rather Low than Tall, but
of such a size that cannot be termed either —
His Carriage and Gesture is Free and Natural —
His Hair is of that lovely Brown which most
sets off, and best agrees with the Fairest
Complexion — His Forehead is High,
Round and Majestick, and his Eyes Quick and
Piercing. —

There needs no Jewel to Enrich his Ear,
For they are, Fairer then the Gem they bear:
His Cheeks are neither White nor Red, but such
As less of either were too little, more too much.

In a Word, Wade is a most Accomplish'd Bar-
achelor and (which doubtless will recommend
him to Wives enough) is possessor of a good E-
state.

Ladies, If you don't like Mr. Wade (for tho'
he is Rich, he is pretty Old) we would next Re-
commend Mr. Carleton of Hull —

His Mouth is little and those Pearls within
Sometimes appear, altho' but seldom seen.

His Mouth is exactly proportion'd, and
he has full Lips (which is exceeding Graceful)
of such a Red that CORAL compar'd with it
looks pale.

These Coral Lips, like Twins of Cupids Mother
Still Kiss, because in Love with one another.

These

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*7)*

These parting, discover *Two Quicksets of Polish'd Ivory*, set in exact order, enclosing a *Tongue* composed of so much Harmony, that it's own sound is only able to declare its perfection.

Ladies, Another Batchelor we wou'd Recommend to your Chole is Mr. Norton of Fleetstreet. His *Chin* is short and Dimpled. — His *Features* flourish in an Oval Form — His *Eyes* sparkle like any thing.

*As for his Feet, his Legs, his Back, his Thighs,
And all those parts conceal'd from Mortal Eyes,
The Painters Pencil cannot make a Draught
Of things unseen, nor dares he Paint a Thought:
'Tis neither Art, nor Nature can amend them
We shou'd but Wrong them, if we shou'd Commend them.*

Ladies, We need not bid you be kind to young Mr. Benjamin Harris, for he is very Handsom, and always Neatly Attir'd —

*He hath a Hand whose Delicacy's such
Like Virgin-Wax it melts with every Touch;
His Pyramid Nails are tip for their Defence,
With Gems as Spotless as their Innocence;
And all do Wonder at those Parts are bidden
Which sure are Best, because they are Forbidden.*

The Inhabitant of this well built Fabrick is a *Soul* that far excels it (*like a fair Intelligence in a Glorious Planet*) it informs and directs each Organ to the exact performance of their proper Functions, (and which Crowns the rest) Ben. Harris is endu'd with an *Even Temper*, *Nice Speculation*, and is a great Friend to the Muses.

(*8) *A. Pacquet from Athens.*

Or Ladies, If you don't like Mr. *Harris*, we have much to say in behalf of Mr. *Keys* of *Katharin-Hall* in *Cambridge*: He has a *Tilt* so pregnant that few Men can boast an Equal—— An *Apprehension* so ready, that the *Speakers* meaning is understood before he can proceed to a Period He — is blest'd with a Retentive *Memory* and Happy *Fancy*, and is a first-rate Poet. Yet tho' he is Master of these *Admirable Qualities*, he is not in the least puff'd up with them——

*He Goes, Looks, Speaks, and does all things beside,
As far from Affectation as from Pride——*

None of his Actions carry any Symptom of *Vanity*; but are so Nobly Free in his whole Conversation that he is Admir'd of all.——

There is also Mr. *Thorncomb*, Tobaccoist, wou'd make a most Bate Husband——

*What shall we say? Nor this, nor that is best,
But all is better than can be express'd;
And all Perfection is so given to all,
His Paris, that none is best, but each is all.*

But of all his Matchless Qualities, we admire at none so much as his great Skill in *Musick*—— His *Voice* is order'd with so much *Art*, that it excells all that we ever heard, and Charms us beyond what we are able to utter,——

*His Speech is Soft and Gentle, and his Breath
Perfumes the Air, and makes a Heaven on Earth.*

When

*A Placquet from Athens. (*9)*

When *Thorncomb* lays his hand to the Lute, or charms with his melodious Tongue, the Musick he makes is superlatively rare, and beyond comparison—— There are three Virgins in love with him at this time; but two are *Red hair'd*, and he loves nothing but a brown Woman——

Had we room we wou'd proceed to a larger *Catalogue of Batchelors*, &c. However as soon as these we have nam'd are marry'd, we purpose to make further discoveries of this kind, and recommend others; For, Ladies, That you may be all provided with Good Husbands, shall be the daily Desires of

Your Friends

The Athenians.

LETTER XL.

The Batchelors Petition for a Catalogue of young Ladies, that are Free and Undispos'd.

Gentlemen,

WE can't but acknowledge our selves very much oblig'd t'ye, you seem to be made on purpose for the service of mankind, and don't only dive into the depths of Learning and Speculation, but can at pleasure unbend your thoughts, and let 'em run upon
(K 5) the

(*10) A Pacquet from Athens.

the easier Subjects of Love and Wedlock. On these *Topics* we confess you have perform'd like your selves. As for what you've advanc'd upon the Shoulders of *Plato*, we like it well enough in the *Idea*; but as for the *Practice* of it, our Talent don't lie that way. We, are for *more sensible satisfactions*, that lie within the compass of our present composition and with reference to these you've made our way as open as we wou'd wish; you've drawn up the very Form of *Courtship*, so that let our Understandings run as low as they can, if our memories do but stick by us, we can't possibly miss; and really tho' we han't spent *four Years* at the *University*, and don't know how to make *Addresses* in Form, yet for all that, we may have as strong Inclinations, you know, and as great necessity for marriage, as other men, in regard the *Degree* of a *Bachelor* is almost as costly in a *civil Respect*, as it is at either *Oxford* or *Cambridge*.

However Gentlemen, (and we suppose you are sensible of it,) there's as much cheating and tricking in Marriage as at *Luck in a Bag*; and therefore you'd do well to make a wise Provision, to *Unmarry* those that have had the unhappiness to make a wrong choice: Notwithstanding, *Sirs*, 'tis the best way to be sure, for there's but small Transport in running one's Neck in a Halter, purely upon the hopes that if the Noose shou'd slide, some body may come by and cut it.

We therefore make in our humble Request that you'd finish your Design, and recommend such a *catalogue* of young Ladies as your Society

A Pacquet from Athens. (P^{II})

Society approve, and leave us to the rest; we'll be sure to file the Game home, were we but once directed in the choice. The correspondence you have had with Ingenious Ladies has put it in your Power to oblige us in this Particular. Let us have their Names, and some short Draughts of their Characters, and so much as you know of their Circumstances mayn't be amiss. We are

Gentlemen, your very

much Oblig'd, &c.

LETTER XLI.

The Athenians recommend to the choice of Batchelors a number of young Ladies that are Uningag'd, with a distinct view of their several Characters.

S I R S,

WE have read your Petition in a full session of our Society, and in regard 'twas a nice Point, and without President, we resolv'd to put it to the Vote whether we shou'd answer your Request; and Gentlemen, for your satisfaction, 'twas carry'd in the Affirmative; but upon these conditions, that you'd make no ill use of our freedom in this matter; that you treat the Ladies with all the respect due to their Merits,

(*12) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

also; and Lastly, Let the Issue be what it will, that we be indemnifi'd: Upon these Limitations, to be kept sacred as the *Essential Laws* of Vertue, We'll proceed to Particulars.

And the first Person we shall recommend to your choice is,

Mrs. *Johnson* of *Kensington*. And here we are proud that we cannot flatter; Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both Sexes, but *Beauty and Wit* is confin'd to a more narrow compass, 'tis only in the Female Sex, 'tis not shar'd by many; and its iupream perfection is in Mrs. *Johnson*, who has borrow'd the Note of the Nightingale, and her numbers are as sweet, as the Voice of that is Musfical.

The Prize of *Beauty and Wit*, was disputed only 'till she was seen, but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their claims; there is no competition but for the *second place*; where-ever she goes, there are no Eyes for other Beauties; she only is present, and the rest of her Sex are but the unregarded parts that fill her Triumph; where are Eyes more attractive than thole of this Lady? Where's a *Virgin* so chaste in her Thoughts, so careful of her Words, so pious in her Actions, so delicate in her Shape, or so lofty in her Mein? Her Air is charming, sweet, and her Smiles of more delightful shine than *April* Suns: In a word, her Person is a Paradise, and her Soul a Cherubim within, to Guard it.

Her early Dawn gave wonder and surprise,
And little Deaths were levell'd from her Eyes.
With

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*13)*

*With conscious Transport all intent we hung,
And catch'd the Graces melting on her Tongue.
Her Virgin Pen Seraphick Love employs;
She scorns gross Passion, with its wanton Joys :
Big with important Sense, her ev'ry Line
Speaks her a Norris, or an old Divine.*

*In Fields of Science she the Conquest won;
When yet her Age had scarce the Bloom begun.
Devotion swells her ev'ry Pulse; and Prayer
On ardent Wings beats up to Heav'n in Air*

The next *Virgin* we'll endeavour to characterize is, *Madam Astel* (the young Gentlewoman that corresponded with Mr. Norris.) To do justice to the merits of this pious Maid, is a Task of more weight than our time will allow, or indeed our Abilities : For to draw her to the Life, one must write like her ; that is, *with all the Softness of Her Sex, and all the Fire of Ours.* All will own that in *Madam Astel* the curious hand of Nature draws Perfection ; when a Virgin, like her, appears, all are inspir'd with wonder and delight : Her Conversation (*by being a Tutress to young Ladies*) is General, but never impertinent. Her Vanity (*if she has any*) gives no allay to her Wit, and is no more than must justly spring from *conscious Vertue.* She never insinuates her merit (*as is seen by her Letters to Mr. Norris*) by any other means than the fine things she speaks or writes.——To Sum up all, she hath a great deal of WIT, a true and discerning Judgment, very nicely scrupulous, singular in her Notions, constant in her Friendship, Pleasant in her Conversation, sincere in her Piety : And all those

(*41) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

these are so qualifi'd and so intermix'd, that like different *Elements*, they make a most excellent composition.

*Devotion is the Empress in her Breast,
Fancy, and Wit, below, divide the rest,
Religious Heat, her soaring Muse inspires,
And Virgin Thoughts inflame the vestal Fires:
Her Vein is courtly, yet at leisure flows
Because rich Streams alone the Source bestows;
Long may the Laurels on her Temples spread,
Nor wither, 'till Eternal Crowns succeed!*

Madam Bolton of Kensington is another *Virgin* that deserves an extraordinary Husband; she's a Person naturally qualified for this great *Virgin Honour*. She does her self of living a *Maid*; for she has a good discerning Judgment, which makes her sensible of her happy choice, as the World now goes. She has a great and lofty Mind, which forbids her to exchange her *Liberty* for any trifling advantage of Honour or Riches. Her *Passions* are so moderate, *Fame* and *Glory* can't exalt her, nor unjust reproach or contempt deject her; she can see her own defects with Patience, and own 'em out of love to Truth. She considers the *Cares* of a marry'd State, or had been marry'd some Years ago. But cou'd she yet be dunn'd into Wedlock, she'd make an extraordinary Wife, for she's a *Woman of sense*, and such a one is a noble Prize, had she nothing but the *Treasure* of her Mind. *All the World is Pictur'd in a Soul,*

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*15)

Soul, and he that marries our Virgin on this Foundation, (but alas she's Wedded to a single Life) will still be finding new Pleasures in her Words or Looks.

Her Pen's resistless, as her Nature charms;
These wound and give us Death, as that disarms:
With gentle sway Reason unsully'd Reigns
O'er all the Little Worlds her Fancy feigns.
Her Verse, tho' num'rous, flows in easy strains;
Lofty as Hills, yet humble as the Plains.
When she Laments, we weep, and mourn, and die;
And Labour in th' Extreame of Sympathy.
Her Mind's unblemish'd as the Bless'd above;
Not conscious of the Stains of Wanton Love.
She's not severe, tho' Vertuous, Learn'd, and young;
And Science pours in Plenty from her Tongue.

A Fourth Virgin our Society would recommend to the deserving Bachelor is, Madam Stacy (Sister to the Parson of that name. She hath Wit and Discretion not only above her own Sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values it self so much upon it; she was truly born a Poet; not made, not formed by Industry, and (which mightily recommends her to a man that follows the Calling of an Author) her Muse is never subject to the Curse of Bringing forth with Pain; for she always writes with the greatest Ease in the World. — To conclude her Character, she's of a generous

(*16) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

nerous and open Temper, an easy and free
Conversation; and she's Mistress of the Art
of obliging.

*Her Temper is Harmonious, as the Spheres;
Corious her Wit, yet sparkling as the Stars;
Her Fancy's Flights, like her own Eye-Lids, wound;
Which Judgment only like her own, can bound.
Large is her Genius, as her Gen'rous Mind;
But less to Action than to Thought inclin'd.
A few choice BOOKS engage her sacred Hours,
From whence she culls with care the springing
(Flowers;
Spotless her Vertues, and her Faults are faint;
A Finish'd Woman, and an equal Saint.*

Shou'd we step from London to the Isle of
Wight, we shou'd scarce meet with a Virgin
there, but what would make an excellent
Wife.

And because *Real Piety* ought to take
place of other Charms; The first *Virgin* we
shall recommend here, is, *Mrs. Ann Maxfield*;
we might say much of her Obedience, *Humili-
ty* and great *Charity*; but we say all this in
telling the Bachelor; that not only *Newport*,
but the *Isle of Wight*, is blest for the sake of
that pious *Virgin*.

For good humour and *Wit*, we recommend *Mrs.
Ady Wavil*; the best Bachelor in *Newport* might
be in an extacy to see her, but we think
her the fittest Wife for some *Disconsolate Wid-
ow*. ————— for she's ever so new and diver-
ting, 'tis impossible to be Sad in her company.

Mrs.

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*17)*

Mrs. Ann Gill deserves an Excellent Husband, *her Air and Person is very charming*; and whoever marries her, will have a discreet House-keeper, as is evidently seen in the prudent management of her Fathers Family.

Mrs. Grace Cheek will also make an extraordinary Wife. She's Beautiful and Young, a most accomplish'd *Shop keeper*; and her Prudence gives so many Proofs of her capacity for *Domestick Government*, that the Heart of a Husband might safely trust in her; and 'tis our opinion that the *Iste of Wights* has none that exceeds her for *Wit and Beauty*, except it be Mrs. Mary Bowtell, whose agreeable Person and Temper has lately made a young Gentleman exceeding happy.

We shall next give the Reader a Prospect of *Madam Sands*. Her Aspect is compos'd of mirth and modesty,—— She has *Sweetness and Enterprize* in her Air, which plead and anticipate in her Favour,—— Her *Wit* and Vertues are writ legibly in her Face; and this short-hand will give you a juster Idea of her Worth, than the Circumlocution of words; her *Eyes* bespeak her the Wonder and Envy of her Sex, only with less Rhetorick than her Tongue.

Not purple Violets in the early Spring
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring.
The Orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral Pate, vies with the Rosie morn.
Cupid has took a Surfeit from her Eyes;
When e'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries;
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Her EFFIGIES and her Character are the same

(18*) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

same——— She is all that she Looks, and 'twou'd drain any Wit but her own to raise the Piece to a Level with her desert; but the World having prevented us in her Character, we shan't blemish the colour with an unmasterly hand.

If any *Dean* or *Prebend* shou'd want an ingenious Wife, we wou'd propose to him *Madam Tipper*, who is a *Philosopher*, a *Poet*, and a *True Widow*.

If any *Batchelor* enquire for a *Beautiful Wife*, we wou'd send him to *Madam Tempest*.

And for *Polite Discourse* *Madam Sanders* bears the Bell from all the *Virgins* in *Europe*.

Were any *Fellow* in *Oxford* or *Cambridge* inclin'd to marry, we wou'd advise him to *Madam Hollis*, for she is a nice *Philosopher*, and is in the hard and knotty Arguments of *Metaphysical Learning*, a most nervous and subtle *Disputant*.

If we wou'd give more Instances of *Accomplish'd Virgins*, to these we might add *Mrs. Davis* in *Dublin*, *Mrs. Fleming* in *Scotland*, *Mrs. Waller* in *London*, *Mrs. Hutchins* in *Andover*: We might also Characterize *Mrs. Richards* in *Holbourn*, we have trac'd her Life from the Cradle to her 30th Year, and find it one continu'd Act of *Piety*. So that we can assure those *Batchelors* that wou'd marry an *Angel*, that if ever there was on Earth a perfect *Virgin*, 'tis *Mrs. Richards*. We wou'd also recommend (to a special Friend) the Learned *Hibbert* for her skill in the Languages and love to the Scriptures.

That *Batchelor* that wou'd ne'er repent of his

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*A Pacquet from Athens. (*19)*

his Match, must court the Divine *Myrilla*,
that Master-piece of *Wit* and *Virtue*.

And he that wou'd marry an *Angel* in *Flesh*
and *Blood*, must court that Rich and Beautiful
Virgin, *Madam Guillam* of *Manchester* —

*A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,
Was ne'er conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought.
Such pleasing Looks in midst of Spring adorn
The flowry Fields : So smiles the beauteous Morn.
So mild her Eyes, so beautiful and bright,
That lowelier Eyes did ne'er salute the Light
With such a gentle Look, and such an Air,
So lovely, so exceeding sweet and fair,
To us the Heavenly Messengers appear. }
Whilst that bright Soul that Heaven has plac'd within
Makes ev'ry Charm with double Lustre shine.*

We have here nam'd but few of those
Excellent Virgins whose inward and outward
Perfections deserve so much from the young
Batchelor ; and tho' they're all of 'em croud-
ed with Suitors (and so don't want our *Re-*
commendation) yet if *Athens* shou'd have any
hand in their happy *Marriage*, they won't be
angry with these Characters ; for we are well
assur'd 'tis what they deserve, and nothing but
their great *modesty* will ever deny it. However,
we have endeavour'd to do all the *Justice*
in our power to the good Nature and *Ver-*
tue of the Ladies we propose ; and were we
unknow'd, we don't know where, within the
compass of the Sex, to make a better choice
for our selves ; (but alas ! some of us have
been fatally mistaken.) If their *Circumstances*,
don't please you, we can't help that, and we
hope

(*20) *A Pacquett from Ahens.*

hope you've higher motives to marry than because the *Assesment* lies hard upon Batchelors.

So soon as these we have nam'd are gone off, we promise to *renew the List*, and fill up the Number.

A T H E N S.

L E T T E R. XLII.

*A poor man, unhappily yok'd, petitions
ATHENS for some Legal Way of
Unmarrying both himself and others in
the same condition—*

To the Athenians.

Gentlemen,

THe generous Inclination you express for the Publick Good, and for the Happiness of Mankind, has drawn upon you this *Address*; which, 'tis true, may have much difficulty and trouble attending it; yet shou'd you succeed, (and you shall have the best wishes of the greater Part of her Majesties loving Subjects) you'll secure to your Selves an *undoubted Immortality*, and shall live in the memories of men so long as they shall keep their Feet upon this Earth.

You have now sat some years at the very *Office of Intelligence*, and it cannot have escap'd your

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*21)*

your Notice, how great their Unhappiness must be that are unequally Yoked. Marriage, 'tis well known, has a World of satisfaction attending it, where all things hit, as to Religion and Honesty, Inclination, Humour, &c.

When Soul's mix, 'tis a Happiness:
But not compleat, till Bodies too Combine;
And closely, as our Minds, together Join.

But where there's a constant Discord in all these, where neither Religion nor Honesty can be found, where in the Room of Inclination and good Humour on both sides, there's nothing but a mutual Disaffection. 'Tis certainly the greatest Misery of Humane Life.

Love's Nauseous Cure! Thou Cloy'st, whom thou
(Should'st please;
And when thou Cur'st, then thou art the Disease:
Worn Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies:
Marriage is but the Pleasure of the Day;
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

So soon as Aversion and Disaffection get footing in the Breasts of the Married Couple, what mischiefs will not follow? Their Quiet and their Peace are gone, and how effectually is Religion banish'd such a Family, where Love and a mutual Complacency are destroyed by Imprudence and ill Humour; and when matters go at this rate with them, they'll be very apt, especially where their Constitutions are any thing warm and Sanguinary, to insinuate themselves into others, at the loss both of their Chastity and their Con-

(*22) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Conscience, in order to meet with those grosser
Satisfactions which they might have enjoy'd very
innocently at home, had all things gone well.
From this very Thought you cannot but see,
how spreading the Infection must be, where
it lies unlookt to, and is suffer'd to go on with-
out Security and Restraints.

One Family where the Obligations of Mar-
riage are thus broke thro' and neglected, may
very easily endanger the Vertue and the Peace
of many more. *Conjugal Infidelity has certainly
more Natural, Civil, and Religious Mischiefs attend-
ing it, than can easily be reckon'd up*; nor to menti-
on the Distempers and the Weaknesses that are
it's natural Off-spring, and which make so ma-
ny Thousands, (we wou'd gladly substract from
the number if we cou'd) go about, like so many
Walking Graves, and which turn 'em at last into
their Tombs with as much Infamy as their
Sin deserv'd.

Is not the *Violation of the Marriage Bed* too ap-
parent in that Wonderful Variety of Children
you may meet with in the same Family, this
Girl is as Beautiful and Fair as the Courtesan in
Herace, that had a *Vultus nimium Lubricus Aspici*,
the other is a Dowdy all over, as Tawny and
Unpleasant as any Spaniard: Here you may see
one *Plump, big Shoulder'd, with a Belly of exact-
ly the same size of a Duck Skippers*; there's another
*Slender-waisted, Tall, and Taper as the Monu-
ment*; one is *Sanguine*, another *Pale*, and Spi-
ritless: *Here's a Dwarf, and there's a Giant*; this
is ill Natur'd and surly, that is nothing but
good Humour and Complaisance: So one might
really imagine that *half Europe had Clubb'd to
furnish out one Family*; by this means the legitimate
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*A Pacquet from Athens. (*23)*

Offspring are depriv'd of Inheritance by Interlopers. 'Tis true, that several places in the East and in *Affrick* have made Provision for satisfaction in such a Case, in regard they make the Heirship of Families *run down on the Mothers side*; so that if the Nativity be once allow'd, there's no further enquiry made about the *genuine Father*. But what Charm can all this Sophistry furnish out to satisfy the Husband, if he at the same time be privy to the Unlawful Freedoms of his Wife.

These Disorders in Families have very often occasion'd the **Death**, or at least a Life that's altogether as Unhappy, sometime of the one, and sometime of the other Party.

*Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the First,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was Curst :
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd ;
But your great Lord the Devil taught you PRIDE ;
He too an Angel, till he durst Rebel ;
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell :
Ah Trai'tress ! Ah Ingrate ! Ah Faithless Mind !
Ah Sex invenied first to Damn Mankind !—Dryden.*

Lipidus, we are well assur'd, Dy'd out of pure Vexation at the Incontinency of his Wife, and 'twere well if he were the only Martyr of that kind.

Have we not known some Families go to ruine in our own Days, meerly by the Luxuriant Extravagance of a Husband or a Wife ? Can't we remember the **Dutchess of Norfolk**, that within the compass of Three Years, to maintain her own Gallantries, run the Duke 30000 *l.* in Debt,

(*24) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Debt above his Income, to pay which, he was oblig'd to sell his Life in 2400 l. per Annum.

*If Fitneſs is of mutual Love the Mother,
A ſitter Match than this was never known,
Nor can be eaſier (we ſuppoſe) be ſhown;
So fit, as fit for Nought but for each other.*

We might eaſily be particular upon a like inſtance, where a M ——— had hir'd off his whole Eſtate to his VV ——— re, to the Tune of 30000 l. and upon the Deceate of his Wife was forc'd out of pure Neceſſity to Marry his M ——— that he might not ſtarve; what ſhall we ſay to the preſent Inſtance of the good Lady H ——— wou'd it not be a very ſenſible Happineſs to her ſelf and her Children to be Divorced, and not to be ty'd by a marriage, where the very Eſſence and Ends of it are already deſtr oy'd,

Since the ACT of Parliament for making void the marriage between the Duke and Dutcheſs of Norfolk, *Suſanna Conyers* was found in the A& of Adultery, and the Wife of *John Cunliff* has run aſtray, and ſome Women are grown ſo ſhameleſs, that there have bin 50 Elopements ſince laſt Midſummer.

At *Dunmow* (a Town in *Effex*) there is a ſtrange Cuſtom anciently ſettled in it, which is upon theſe Conditions, viz. By a Monastery. held there it was ordaind, That if any Man would come and Kneel on Two Stones, yet to be ſeen at the Church Door, before the Convent, and Solemnly take an Oath, That he never made any Nuptial Transgreſſion ſince his Marriage, or never once wiſh'd himſelf Unmarried; he might peremptorily Demand a *Fliſch of Bacon*

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*25)*

as his Right, which wou'd be freely given him
—And by an *Old Book* they keep to show, it
there stands upon Record, that one *Richard*
Wright of *Badsworth* in *Norfolk*, *Stephen Samuel*
of *Little Easton* in *Essex*; and *Thomas Lee* of
Coxhal, in the afore named County, took the
said Oath, and had their *Fitch* of *Bacon* with
great Applause of their being extraordinary
Husbands, that they could keep their Wives in
good Humour so long, (for they had been Mar-
ried 20 Years.) But as these Three Gentlemen
were the first that Swore they never Repented their
Marriage, so I fear they will be the last. For as
Flatman says,

Th: Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain,
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quag-mire complain:
But wellfare poor Pugg; for he plays with his Clog.
And tho' he wou'd be rid on't rather then his Life,
Tit he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man does his Wife, &c.

And perhaps this was the Reason *Aslin* gave
his Wife the Title of *SHE-CLOG*. To be sure
those Persons that are now *Suing out a Divorce*,
have Repented till their Hearts Ake; and there
is Daily so many *Unhappy Matches*, (for Persons
often Marry for Money, and how can a Blef-
sing attend such Marriages) that cou'd all those
Men and Women that are unhappily noos'd, be
Unmayried at their Pleasure, how wou'd our
Churches be crowded, and the Clergy reward-
ed for Dispatch.

'Twill signifie very little to the present pur-
pose to mention any more of these horrid In-
stances they've been too frequent since the
Days of *Charles the II.* who made *England*
to sin. *Regis ad Exemplum totius Comporiur Orbis.*

(K*.**)

'Twou'd

(*26) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

'Twou'd be no very difficult matter to prove that the very *Essence of Marriage-Union* consists in *Mutual Consent*, and were it not for some Political Reasons, 'twou'd be something hard to show why any more should be required.

Now if the *Marriage Union* is made up of *Mutual Consent*, I know no Reason why a *Mutual Consent* mayn't loose it again, in regard, there's no doubt to be made but that *Eadem Methodo nitur in Analasi quæ fuit in Genesi*. However 'tis not so reasonable that a *Mutual Disaffection* should dissolve the Marriage, where no sufficient Crime can be alledged by either Party, nor would I plead for a Dissolution upon the bare Aversion of the one Party, unless such Allegations can be made as carry their own Reason and Evidence along with them.

'Tis agreed upon you know, by the best of *Cassists*, That *Fornication* dissolves the very *Essence of Marriage*. Mar. 5. 32. Now if the *Essence* of it be destroyed, why should not the civil obligation of it be so too!

Adultery, (as in the case of Mr. *Cuniff's* and Mr. *Chryers* Wife) dissolves or frustrates the end of Marriage, and reduces that civil Obligation to a Nullity; therefore *Divorce* is Lawful, and the innocent Person may Marry: And I don't Wonder that these several Persons (mention'd in the Letter) do all they can to get a Divorce; but if a Husband desires a nearer way, (for those that have bad Wives, are in haste to get rid of 'em) he may read a legal Form for sale of such a Wife to her Adulterer, alter Elopement, in *Cook's Second Institutes*, with Arguments of *Pra* and *Car* in Parliament, upon the sale brought in recovery of *D. ver*, which

*A Pacquet from Athens. (*27)*

which that Eminent Lawyer, for the extraordinaryness of the Case thought fit to Exemplifie in that Book, which may serve some Husbands, where Reconciliation cannot be had, or Divorce easily obtain'd.

'Twou'd be very happy and desirable, that upon sufficient Evidence and Conviction in such Cases, no more shou'd be required than that short Form in force among the Jews,
Be expelled from me, and free for any Body else.

Divorces, you know Sirs, according to the present Establishment are very Expensive and very Tedious, and proceed only upon the Authority of Parliament, so that if the Party injur'd have neither Interest nor Money, tho' his Case have all the Evidence that can be requir'd, yet he must out of necessity struggle forward with his Burthen, and pine away with his Unhappiness and Grief. Who would not rather incline to Celibacy, when the solemn Engagement of Marriage is so perplex'd with Conditions and Consequences? For my own part, cou'd I once regain the Liberty I have Robb'd away, that of the Poet shou'd be my Motto for Life-time,
Et mihi dulce magis Resoluta vivere Cello.

*A Life all Free and unconfin'd I'd chuse
Nor Female Smiles soon d Charm me to the Noose.*

One wou'd incline to think, Gentlemen, That the very Extremity of the Case wou'd recommend it to your Care. It seems to be an Exigency reserv'd on purpose for Athens to Relieve; and what a load of Infamy wou'd lie at your Door shou'd it be said there was once a Difficulty propos'd, where the Publick Good was concern'd, but your Society cou'd say nothing to it? It is left

(K2 * * *)

intirely

(*28) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

entirely to your management: There's no other Application can promise any Redress of the present Grievance, and may the success of this turn wholly upon the merits of the Cause.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

The Athenians propose an Infallible Method to Unmarry those that are Unhappily Yok'd, by Act of Parliament, with the Reasons that make such a Provision of absolute necessity.

SIR,

IN a full Assembly, we have Perus'd the Contents of yours; the Proceedings follow:

The Question was First put, *Whether the method of Divorces, according to the present Establishment, be really a Grievance, or No?* Six Yeas, and Three Noes.

The Second Grand Question mov'd in the Assembly was, *What is the most proper method to remove the Grievance?*

The Answer return'd, was *Nemine Contradicente*, That the Removal of the said Grievance be made the Subject matter of a Petition to be preter'd this Session of Parliament.

When the matter was carry'd thus far, 'twas signify'd to be the *Pleasure of the Society* That Dr. Fido and Mr. West draw up the said Petition; which you have here inclos'd for your own satisfaction,

ATHENS.

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*29)

The Petition to be Preferr'd this present Session of Parliament, with Respect to Divorces.

Whereas it has frequently been represented to us the *Members of the Athenian Society*, how great an Unhappiness the Subjects of this Nation do unavoidably labour under, by Reason of the Tedious and Expensive Proceedings in the *High Court of Parliament*, with reference to Divorces, We the said *Members* do humbly present the following Petition to the Consideration of both Houses.

1. 'Tis very possible, and frequently happens, that an honest man and a good Subject may have sufficient cause to divorce his Wife, upon the notorious Breach of *Matrimonial Engagements*, and yet the injur'd Party in that case mayn't have money enough, tho' his whole shou'd go for't, to get a Divorce by *Act of Parliament*, and thereupon his Liberty restor'd to marry another, as his Circumstances and Satisfaction may require. This being so great a grievance, and tending so directly to the dissatisfaction and unhappiness of the Commonalty of the Nation; that his humbly requested, this Extremity may be distinctly consider'd. Were but this great Scumming Block of charge and expence remov'd out of the way, we shou'd no longer meet with so many Murmurings and Complaints, that Satisfaction and Happiness, that Justice and Equity are to be bought and sold; and farther, we shou'd no longer be persecuted with such objections as these, which we confess are unanswerable; That he has naturally no good a Title to satisfaction and redress of Grievances; tho' he mayn't have so many Thousand Pounds to throw away upon the purchase of

(*30) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

it, as he that can spare so much. And, whether han't the Poor as good a claim to Justice as the Rich, and is not that a severe and partial Constitution that shall deprive 'em of it?

2. 'Tis very apparent that *Divorces* are frequently kept depending a long time, witness the Instances of the *Lord Ross*, and the *Duke of Norfolk*. And that very often the Parliament han't an opportunity to dispatch matters of so private concernment; nay, further, there mayn't be a Session of Parliament in a long time after several such desperate cases that require a speedy dispatch, may be ripe for Tryal, all which appear to be great Irregularities. We therefore humbly offer these Particulars to the consideration of both Houses, in order to be Redress'd and Amended, in regard the damages that may follow upon them may be so considerable: And we don't doubt if it be but once the Pleasure of both Houses to consider these matters over, there may some new Ways and Means be found out, that may give abundant Satisfaction to all Her Majesties loving Subjects.

3. In regard 'tis agreed on all hands that a *Divorce* is due upon the account of *Adultery* or *Fornication*. We make it our humble Request, That upon sufficient Evidence of the Crime, before the Magistrate, and upon the consent of the Party injur'd, the obligation of their Marriage be declared void, and not farther binding either of 'em, but that they be left at freedom to marry again, as Occasions may require.

4. In regard it seems plain and evident that the Essence of Marriage-Union is made up by the Mutual Consent of the Parties concern'd, we make it therefore our Humble Request, That a Mutual Consent upon sufficient Allegations, may Unie the Marriage Union, seeing 'tis hard to determine for what purposes such Persons should be bound together in a Civil, that are already loos'd

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*31)

in a Religious sense. These several Instances well consider'd and redress'd (so far as the Reasons they go upon will bear) would secure the Affection and the Loyalty of the Subject, and we shou'd hear no more complainings that those Laws that are a Defence for an Ox and an Ass, do overlook the security of our best Enjoyments, and leave the Rights and Interests of the Marriag'd in common.

Notwithstanding, we submit our Sentiments of this matter, to the Prudent Determination of both Houses.

Athens.

The Athenians have here tack'd to the Petition for Divorces, a Form of Unmarrying, &c. which they Humbly request may be consider'd and establish'd by Law.

It is the judgment of our Society that the Church proceed to Censures, according to the known Rules in such Cases.

It can't be late that one or both of such Parties shou'd be entertain'd in the Bosom of the Church, especially if their Wickedness and their Crimes do directly destroy the great Essentials of Christianity, and if the Evidence be good and positive. Farther, it appears necessary, for the sake of Order, and with respect to the solemnity of the thing, that there be a Form of Unmarriage agreed upon, to solemnize ev'ry such Divorce: And that the readiness of our Society may appear to promote this important Affair, we have agreed upon the following Form, which with all Reverence and Humility, we submit to the Judgment of the upper House of Convocation.

The Priest shall require the Mans Answer to the Questions that Follow:

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Woman shall be no longer thy Wedded Wife, that the Marriage Covenant shall be dissolv'd, and that she shall live no longer with thee in all those Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Matrimony? Will thou remove from her all Conjugal Affection, forsake her, and keep from her, so long as you both shall live? The Man must Answer, I will.

In the next place the Priest shall ask the Woman.

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Man shall be no longer thy Wedded Husband, that the Marriage Covenant

(*32) A Pacquet from Athens.

nant shall be dissolved, and that he shall live no longer with thee in all these Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Matrimony? Wilt thou remove from him all Conjugal Affection, forsake him and keep from him so long as you both shall Live? The Woman must Answer, I will. The Man shall then repeat after the Priest the Form following.

I N. Divorce thee N. from being my Wedded Wife, and do hereby declare that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish, till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign of, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Truth.

Then shall the Woman repeat after the Priest.

I N. Divorce thee N. from being my Wedded Husband, and do hereby declare, that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish, till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Truth.

The Man shall then put a broken Ring upon the Fourth Finger of the Womans Left hand, and lay after the Priest.

With this Broken Ring I thee Divorce, with my Body I will worship thee no more, nor shalt thou have any share in my Worldly Goods, according to the Act made in the 3d Year of the Reign of, &c.

Husband.

Take this Ring, the Married Voke,
Take your Plighted Faith again;
I take mine and hug the stroke
That divides me from my Pain.

Wife.

Hail that Uncontrolling Hour,
That Dear Minute when I found
No Constraint to my Native Power,
But what a Virgins Honours bound.

3d Both
together.

Let's both be pleas'd, I readily agree
To Recommence the Joys of Liberty,

LET.

A Pacquet from Athens. (*33)

LETTER XLIV.

Containing a Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of LOVE.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IN our Answer to the *Virgins* Letter, we there promised (as 'twas their Request) to send them ——— a Map of the Kingdom of Love — and seeing our design is to direct the *Bachelors* and *Virgin* in their whole Amour (that Lovers may have a *Universal Directory*, we'll here insert a Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love.

The English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love, is situated very near to the Kingdom of *Galantry*, and it is a very pleasant Country, and certainly all those that Travel thither, will find much satisfaction, provided they are well read in the MAP, and understand it so perfectly, that they are not in danger of mistaking their way; which is a common misfortune that happens to rash and ill-advised Travellers.

And altho' there are some hard and rugged Paths in the way to this Kingdom, which the most Skilfull Travellers cannot avoid in this Journey, yet they have frighted no Body from going thither, but Persons of all sorts, Ages and Complexions, have and will still venture, and sing, as they set out, *That there is no Pleasure in this World without some Pain, and Joy does often succeed the place of Grief*: And so these Happy People go on Comforting themselves in despite of all Discouragement, Lawful or Unlawful.

We Love these willing Travellers so well, that we cannot forbear adding some Directions to those comfortable hopes that spur them on to this dangerous Journey. And in as few words as may be, we'll here set down a Faithfull and True Guide from our Excellent MAP of the Ways, which all must religiously observe, that will travel into this Kingdom of Love, and prosper there.

Upon the Frontiers of this Kingdom of Love, you will

(*34) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

will find the great Plain of *Indifferency*; which is a Plain fair to the Eye, and very delightfull; where is ordinarily kept a Fair for all sorts of Merchants, but Merchants, who trade with nothing but Barrells of Pease, and whipt Cream.

Having gone over this Plain, you will arrive at the Wood of *Fair Assemblies*, which is a very pleasant Grove, where there is almost always to be heard a Pleasant Consort of Voices, and Lutes, or at least 24 Violins, and very often Balls and Plays are to be seen there.

A little way from that Pleasant Wood, you will light upon an Inn stoll from the High-way, it is call'd *Kind Looks*; where you will Bait awhile, and you will there Drink of a small sort of Wine, which has much Sweetness in the Taste, but it is of a Nature to heat more than you would imagine by the Colour.

From *Kind Looks* you will be lead to *Inquietude*, a little Village, where there are no Beds, but what are Abominable Urinase. And the People of that place, as well as Strangers are forced to Lye only on hard Boards, and Raggons, which are only made of Thorns.

From *Inquietude* you will come to *Reflection*. a very Pleasant Village, which contains all the Second Editions of *Reason*, and commonly presents *Common Fairer* than at First.

From *Reflection* you pass on to *Viper*, a Village Fair enough, but where none stays to Lodge. There are none but Coins to sit on there; and not a Bed to lye on.

From *Viper* you go on to *Sighs*, which is a little place, where there is nothing Remarkable, unless it be some Wind-mills, which are mov'd by Winds and Vapours that arise from a Neighbouring Mountain call'd a Wounded Heart.

From *Sighs* you will find your self upon a great and Famous Town call'd *Cares upon Complacency*; where there is a Citadel, Town, and University: The Captain of the Castle, that Guards that City, never Sleeps soundly, but lies down always as in Fear of Surprise, or as if he had some great Enterprize in hand. He has a Train of Numerous hired Spies, which advertise him every Minute of all that pass by, what kind of Weather it is, and what it is a Clock.

The City is filled with Merchants of Sweet Lemmons, Portugal Oranges, Marmalade, Italian Sweet-meats, Franchipan, and Marshalls Gloves, Essences of all sorts, and

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*35)

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The University is graced with Admirable Professors who are all pass'd Doctors in Courtships, Verses, Ends of Plays, Songs a-la-Mode, Fine Language, Pleasant Romances, and Tales of all sorts: And it is said, That these rare Birds n't have been long breaking their Brains to find out the most refined Railery, but they have found it a harder Task than they imagined it. For to this Day they have Bit their Nails to the quick about it, and yet cannot accomplish their Design.

From this Great and Famous City you will go to a Village call'd Love Declar'd: which is a little place, and all that Live in it are so Hoarse, you can scarce hear a Word they say, they speak so very Low: And when they earnestly Desire to be understood, they are forced to content themselves with treading on the Toe, or else with griing the hand of those Persons they Address themselves to. And truly one wou'd take those People to be very Virtuous, for they have always their Faces spread with the Blush of an Honest Bashfulness.

From Love Declar'd, you will arrive at Protestation, a place where the Inhabitants seem very Devout; they have always their Hands Joyned and their Eyes fixed on Heaven, striking their Hands very often upon their Breasts, Swearing horrid Oaths to Confirm what they Protest: Yet none but Fools believe them.

From Protestation you arrive at Confidence, a little Private Village leated in a bottom, an Unbeaten Path. Those who inhabit there, Coule's themselves perpetually one to another, and yet are never the Honester for all that.

From Confidence you will find a Village in the midst of a Wood, which is called Attempting. The People of that little place have the Repute of good Fencers, and yet they scarce understand one stroke of the Sword. They are also Reputed to be Good Wrestlers, and it is said, That the Inhabitants of Guinnescorenin did Learn of them to give the Sault du Breion, so Famous amongst the French. There was heretofore in this same place a Castle call'd Resist-ance, but it was Destroyed by the Wars, and of its Ruins there is now made a little Fort which is call'd Soon yielded.

From Attempting you come with some Labour and Trouble to Enjoyment; which is look'd upon as the Capital City in that Province, and it is Perfectly Delightful at first sight, and very Remarkable for its Beautiful Gardens,

(*36) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

dens, which are Adorned with many agreeable Labyrinths, where People go in Couples to lose themselves.

From Enjoyment you are led by a Way Hedged in with Roses to Satiety. The Journey is great, and the way something Long, though Pleasant: but it Leads you to an Alabaster Porch, where you will see nothing upon the Roses, but Thorns. Provision is very Cheap in this Town of Satiety, but the Air of that place gives so little Appetite, that People will hardly daign to touch the Meat.

From Satiety you must come to a City that has but one Street, and that's a very long one. It is call'd Household Love: And it is there where every Body is called by their own Names, for from all Antiquity there has not been in this Town of Household Love any Quality or Sir-name given to any Person, and by an Article of the Custom of this Place, are Abolished for Ever the Titles of my Dear, and Best-Beloved.

From Household Love you may with great Facility, Look over all the Kingdom of Love. Our Whole Society Went thither One Day, where we survey'd all things that pass in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers and Fountains, and in what ever other place was Remote or Obscure; 'twas from Thence that We saw the Charming IRENE in the Palace of True Pleasure, as also the Ingenious ORINDA, Lamenting the Loss of her Lover.

From Household Love you will find your self just over against New Inclination, which is close by the Inn call'd Kind Looks, in the Wood of Fair Assemblies. So it seems there is but one Circuit made in all the Region of Love.

And at this Point of the Circle, Our Dear Travellers, We will take our Leave (as Lovers do) just where We Found you, and we Fear never the Wiser, no more than they; Yet We must tell you before We go, that there are some in the World Who say, That the Capital City in the Kingdom of Love is the Heart, and We Believe it; but that is a great way about: For it is Seated upon a Mountain whose Top is much above the Clouds.

And there is no Possibility of going there, either in a Coach or on Horse-Back. No Mule nor any other Way can carry you thither; you must Walk it, and Bare-Foot too, although the Way is very Rough and Thorny.

Therefore, (Gentlemen and Ladies) Consider well before you take your Journey, all that have a mind to Travel towards Our English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love, that

Dulcia non merui, qui non gustavit amara.

Tours, ATHENS.

A Pacquet from Athens. 219

I shall next Insert, THE AMOROUS QUARRELS between the *Athenian Society*, and several Ingenious Ladies, Upon the *Disputable Points relating to Love and Wedlock.*

These AMOROUS QUARRELS first began on the Subject of LOVE, which we directed to the Lady Godfrey, in the following Letter.

LETTER I.

Against Falling in LOVE.

In a Letter to the Lady Godfrey.

Madam!

WE were in earnest, and are so still, and have too much reason to be so, and desire nothing but *a clear Stage, and no Quarter.* We shall begin our Attack on that which is the very Foundation of all your Sexes Pride, and the Dotage and Folly of our own, and that's LOVE; *which we undertake to prove, none but a Fool can e'er be guilty of.* We know you'll ask presently, whether we never knew a *Wise Man* in that Condition? We grant many that are esteem'd wise, may have had a shaking or two on't, or have at least thought fit to pretend something like it, to hold their Necks o' one side, and look like Fools, that they might not be out of the Fashion, as our Granfires wore

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Ruffs,

Ruffs, our Grannys Farthingales, and your selves now, such Aerial Monumental Topknots; which tho' you all acknowledge little less ridiculous, than a Cap with a Bell at the Top of it, yet if the *Seven Wise Mistresses* should rise agen, they'd rather never be kiss'd, than be one Barly-Corn short of the Fashion. But you'll say, they don't all dissemble; for if *Wise Men* han't been really in Love, why do they Marry? A shrewd Argument. And whoever did so, that was well in his Wits, ? 'Tis true, that Men of the greatest Sense may sometimes overstrain their Heads with thinking, and get a little *delirious*, and in that *Fir*, Nature falls upon them like a Coward, when they are *down*, and pops 'em into *Matrimony*, ; and when once their Horns are fast in the *Brake*, let 'em get out agen how they can. That this is true, you your self must grant: But pray be so ingenuous as to resolve us one Question, and that is, -- Whether you ever knew any of those celebrated *Wisdoms*, who did not play the Fool egregiously in some one great instance of their Life, and in this we're lure as much as any other. You have heard, we suppose, of one of their Sagacities, who when he had marry'd his *Maid*, frankly own'd, that there was no reason below the Girdle, and he never gave a more *Righteous Judgment*. And perhaps 'tis necessary that those Great Men shou'd have some such *remarkable Blemish* that *others* may *know* them, and they *know* themselves to be but *Men*; as the Spots in the Sun and Moon, are enough to keep any but Sots from worshipping 'em; and as the old *Romans*, notwithstanding their

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their long Beards, convinced the *Gauls* at last, that they were not Gods, because they were capable of passion as well as themselves. Suppose then, at worst, that a *wise Man* should have been in Love, 'tis as a *Fool*, not a *wise Man*: He for a time parts with his *Wisdom*, puts off his *Politic*, and appears in his *Personal Capacity*; unless you'll rather say, that, as the Gods are fabled to have done, he *disguises* himself to descend among Mortals. This we still affirm, 'tis no part of his *Wisdom*; he's drawn into't by a meer *Trick* and *Fallacy* of Nature; 'tis what he would, if he could, *avoid*, like *sleeping*, or other less handsome Actions. 'Tis certain, no *wise Man* wou'd ever be in Love, if he knew how to help it, because it makes him look so like a *Fool*, that the *two Sasia's* are hardly *less distinguishable*. For must not any *Man* in his right Senses, (which be sure is no Lover) must he *not own* that upon a fair and equal Ballance, the Inconveniencies of that Passion infinitely outweigh that *scratching* sort of a Pleasure, which some say is to be found in't. Wou'd any *wise Man*, we'd fain know, bring a thousand Mischiefs upon himself, which he might keep clear of, to make *another's* Misfortunes his *own*, as if he had not already sufficient to torment him? But he that's not in Love is *half an Angel*, to the Wretch, who is condemn'd to row in that Ship of *Fools*, chain'd to some other Fellow-Slave, to have and to hold with a Vengeance, like those poor Creatures, whom the Tyrant fastned to *Dead Carcasses*, that they might *stink* and *rot* together. The Story of *Pandora's Box*, is doubtless mistold by the Poets: 'Twas the *Dressing Box*, which Nature presented

to all your Sex, containing, as we hope to prove, we know not how many hundred Kinds of Poysons, Mischiefs and Miseries, intrusted all in your Hands, to punish and plague Mankind. We'd fain know to what piece of Midwifry a Man must have recourse, to find all the Diseases of your *Bodies* only (since those of your *Minds* are granted innumerable) with which, if a Man has the hard Fate not to be *choakt* or *poyson'd* the first Night, as a certain King they talk of used to serve his Wives, yet how many a tedious Moon, and Year, and Age, must he languish with some frightful Hag *rustling* by his side, unless he take a Dose of Opium to break the Charm, and give him his *Habeas Corpus* to an easier, and more comfortable Bed in the Dust? 'Tis one of the least and most tollerable Inconveniencies of that whimsical Passion, that it turns the Brains of all it seizes, and makes 'em so ridiculous, that 'tis impossible to pity 'em, without laughing at 'em.

And the worst of it is, that this Madness is infectious too, and better come near any other Venemous Creature than a Lover: — For not only his Bite, or his *Sight*, is mortal, but 'tis almost equally dangerous to *hear* him. His *Sighs* kill as certainly as the *Breath* of a *Serpent*, and infuse the *same* Poison into others, which he himself is so full of, that it runs over. To speak truth, he's not only a publick Nuisance, but a common Enemy, and deserves as well to be expell'd a regular Commonwealth, as the Poets from *Plato's*, or as that *Tragedian*, who put a whole City into a Fever, by reciting a Famous Tragedy. All wise Law-givers have taken a peculiar Care to punish those ve-

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very severely, who have been Corrupters of Minners, and by their bad Examples, debauch'd the Commonwealth, and infected it with Riot and Lewdness,. But nothing effeminates a Man more than this sickly Passion, nay; it makes him despise or hate all who are healthier and wiser, and will have it a mark of Dullness and Nonsense, not to play the Fool; and is as angry with those who do not, as the *Sybarite*, with the poor honest Fellow, who was hard at work; which so highly displeased him, that he was like to have beaten him, because it made him sweat to look upon him. The subject is so copious, that we find 'tis easier to say too much than enough upon't; we shall therefore add no more, but one just Remark, that 'tis easie to observe what an useful and innocent Passion we ought to esteem it, when we find nothing more common than for the *Ravisher*, the *Incestuous*, the *Adulterer*, and sometimes the *Murderer*, to plead *Love*, to excuse them, which therefore shou'd seem not only a Pretence for the blackest *Villanies*, but even the *Cause* of them.

Philaret.

LETTER II.

A Defence of LOVE.

By Madam Cobstep.

ALL Men must Love, and this Gentlemen you grant, and that Nature it self obliges 'em to do so, which if true, it must be *Good* and *Rational*, and the contrary *unnatural*, than which nothing more can be desir'd to the prejudice of your opinion; nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of Love, than that 'tis necessary in our present State of Life. When we come to be Angels 'tis another matter, but what's that to those that make the objection? Would not a Man desire to *Eat* and *Sleep* when he has occasion; and if he shou'd quarrel with Nature for obliging him to it, wou'd he not thereby highly bring in Question both his *Piety* and *Wisdom*, it being no less then taking it ill, that he's made a *Man*, not a *Stone*, or a *Tree* (tho even they *Love* too, in their way) or a senseless Lump of Earth, when she was at Liberty into what mould she'd cast his yet *undetermin'd matter*? What is there stronger, more certain, or more unaccountable and wonderful, than Sympathy and Instinct? But had the Loadstone that *Reason* we boast of, 'twou'd surely make better use on't then to find fault with Nature for making it so dearly Love the

Lion

Iron. But there's more than this in't. there's something highly rational in the very *Essence* of *Virtuous Love*, abstracted from that muddy *sense* we have been so long talking of, tho' the objection makes it all nothing else, as if the *Athenian Society* had no Notion of any purer Love, and yet it concludes against Love in General, which is by no means a fair way of arguing. If there be no reason *below* the *Girdle*, sure there's some above it, or else we are in a worse condition than those which some esteem their *Fellow-Reasoners*, and *Fellow-Lovers* too, if they Love promiscuously, and make it all a matter of *sense* only. But that there's something more refin'd in *Love*, is evident to any, who will but be at the pains to reflect on the *cause* and *manner* of it, and nothing is more certain, than that the *Mind* of *Man* perceives it is not, nor can be in its self compleatly happy. It therefore looks *abroad*, coasts about, and surveys the whole Creation, as the first *Man* did in *Innocence*, to seek for something like it, and suitable to it, till it meets at last with some *imbody'd Soul*, and that it Loves; for were it the *Body* only, 'twould Love a *Carcass* as well as an *Animal*, at least *one Person* as well as another; the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or those who are very near 'em, have no choice in these matters: It finds, 'tis true, no *perfect Satisfaction* in what it Loves, even when it possesses it; and what's the reason, but because the *Body* lags behind, comes between, and obstructs its happiness; no other weakness then is to be found in all sensible pleasures. But the reasonableness of *Love* reaches further: The sympathy of *Sex*

is rational, and we are conscious of it, and can reflect upon it; there's not only, as has been said, something of *choice*, but even of delicacy in't; whereas there's none in any *Magnet*, either *Dead* or *Living*, a subject indeed fit to be wrote upon by none but a *Transported Lover*.

However, nothing can be weaker than the remaining objections, which your Angry Society produces against that best of Passions, the direct contrary to most of what you assert being evidently true. You call it a *Lazy Distemper*, when tis the most *Active Principle* in the World; You'd perswade us, that no *Wise man* is, or *wou'd* be in *Love*, whence it follows by the rule of contraries, that either *barred*, or at least, a stoical *Apathy*, *wou'd* better become him, which needs no confutation. So far is *Love* from being an argument of *Folly*, that we defy him to instance in a *Fool* that ever was in *Love*. Tho' o't'other side, you know the story of the *Als* in the *Turkish-Spye*, and we leave you to apply it. And as this *Aversion* to *Love* is no great *sign* of *Wit*, so 'tis no better of *Civility* and *Humanity*. For which reason, when we find a person who really has all those qualifications, fall foul on that well-natur'd Passion, we may well believe one of these two things, either that 'tis only a *Copy* of his *Countenance*, only as a *Trial* of Skill and ostentation of his *Wit*, to show how much he can say for an *ill cause*, or else that his mind is *sower'd* by having been himself *unfortunate* in his Amours, in which case he's a prejudic'd Person, and an improper Judge, and as little regard is to be given to his *Ravings*, as he has for Truth or Justice. But let such as these say what they will, the World will be

still

still apt to believe their Senses, and when they have so often seen such as have been neither Liberal, nor Courtly, nor Industrious, nor it may be so much as neat or cleanly before they have fallen in *Love*, immediately after reform'd as it were by a Miracle, and become quite other Men; and when their difference from themselves has been and often is so Remarkable, and the Change so much for the Better, and they become both Generous, and Liberal, and Courtly, and Diligent, who can hinder himself from concluding that it must be a Noble Principle, and very Beneficial to Mankind, which causes such an Advantageous Alteration? But above all the slanders you cast upon Love, none appears more unjust or improbable than your charging it with effeminating Mens minds; when 'tis Notorious that it does the contrary, and that sometimes to a Fault; and that even a *timorous Heart* will not refuse to fight, when his *Mistress* is near him.

As for the *Athenians Civil Farewell*, wherein they throw all those Mischiefs upon Love, whereof 'tis either the innocent, or but pretended occasion, they can't but be satisfy'd themselves it is a very unfair way of *Arguing*, since if that wou'd hold good, we'd fain know how you cou'd Answer an objection much of the same nature brought against *Religion* it self, the pretence of which all must own, has been the occasion of much Mischief in the World. But the same answer will serve to both: 'Tis not *Religion*, nor is it *Love*, that really occasion these fatal disorders, but the *Pretence*, the Abuse, the *Vizard* of 'em both, nor will it ever be other-

wise

wife, but that *Villains* will *Prophane* and *Scandalize* one of these, as well as the *other*.

But after all, what would the *Athenians* gain, should we grant that Love were really such a Bugbear as they represented it, or how come Women more than Men to be concern'd in't? O--- you tell us in the Beginning, 'tis this which is the Foundation of all the Sexes Pride, as well as of the *Dotage* and *Folly* of *Mans*. But was there never a *Beau* of your Acquaintance who grew Proud and vain with being *Belov'd*, nay, with the very *Fancy* and *Dream* on't, having so good an opinion of the *Beauty* and *Good humour* of his own *Wig* and *Cravat*, that he thinks 'tis impossible any Lady in the World should resist him? Such Monsters as these you know have been found, out of *Africa*, and 'tis not at all fair, to lay the weight of a Folly that ought to be divided between both Sexes, on *one* only, and that the *weaker* too, especially when so great a part of Men have their own *good word*, that if the Ladies should not take pity on 'em, and let 'em now and then make Love to them, or at least to their *Fan*, or *Picture*, they would infallibly fall in Love with their own *dear-selves*, and like *Narcissus*, stare so long on their own *shadows*, till they pin'd themselves to Death.

A. Godfrey.

LET. III.

LETTER III.

Against Womens Pride and Vanity.

By the Athenians.

A Vast Sea to Launch into, and not more wide then 'tis *unfathomable*: They are indeed but *one*, tho distinguished by different Names, or at least have a mutual *Intercourse* and flow into each other. But for more *exactness*, We'll discourse of them *distinctly*, and describe the dangerous *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Shelves*, that are every where scatter'd round 'em, that tho you are resolv'd to *sink* your selves, others at least may *beware* of 'em.

And first, your *Pride*, which you know was your *Fall*, as well as that of your dear *Confident*, whom you *perswaded* to it. 'Tis hard to say, where you show it most, in your *Conversation* with *us*, or with your *selves*, or with *one another*.

While you have *Eyes*, you will have *Pride* you have sufficient in your selves to feed that and your *vanity*, tho no other living Eye shou'd ever see you. Is it for your *Husbands*, or so much as your *Lovers*, or for the sake of the rest of the World, that's all this *Patching* and *Painting*, and *Curling* and *Dressing* and *Fooling*? No, We must clear you from all these; 'Tis as much for your own dear *selves* you do it, as for all the rest together. We fancy the *Pearcock* spreads his *fine Train* to oblige the *Spectators*, but 'tis

it's a great mistake, for he does it often enough and *stares* on himself, and admires his *glaring Train*, when he knows not he has any *Witnesses* to admire him.

This wou'd you do, if in a *room* by your selves, and you were sure neither to *receive* or *make* any *visits*; you'd yet *ruffle* and *strut*, and look back on your *Train*, and mend your *Curles*, and make *Court* to your own *amiable selves*, for a whole day together.

However, as to your *outside*, you have often times somewhat that may at least give a pretence to your *Vanity*; but what have you to say, for your *Minds*? What show or shadow of Reason, for being *Proud* of what is so perfectly *Contemprible*, and there's so little *hopes*, or it may be *possibility*, of their ever amending? You are even *Proud* of your own *Pride*, when you can find nothing else; and you thus make a sort of an *infinite Process* in *Vice* and *Folly*. Your Sex reconciles a thousand *Contradictions*, which is it self the *greatest*, your *Minds* are *weak*, and yet *stubborn*, *hoose*, and *dissolv'd*, and open to such *pleasing Sophistry* as you are sure will *ruin* you, and yet at the same time *impregnable* against the utmost efforts of *sober Reason*; mighty full of your selves, and yet as notoriously *empty* as those *shapes* of *Men*, who so much admire you. We shall find you a *Glass*, e'er we've left ye, better than Mrs. Behn's, and much truer; and which, if you'd look upon't half as often as on your own, there would be some hopes you might a little rectify these *mental Deformities*; but we are perswaded you are much more inclin'd to *break* it, for you never yet *endur'd* one that *told* you your *Faults*, any more than a *Gown* that shows

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shows your *ill shapes*, you dearly Love to be *bolster'd*, and he or none must have your *Heart*, that *flatters* and *abuses* you.

But we're slipt from your *Pride* to your *Vaniy*, which seems to respect *others*, while the former is often *terminated* on your selves; Tho' 'twill be as difficult to separate one from t'other, as you from either, and therefore we must now consider 'em *promiscuously*, and take that which comes uppermost.

And if ever either of 'em shou'd themselves, 'tis in your pretences to *equality* with your *Lord* and *Sovereign*; that *Nobler Creature*, whom you were made to *serve* and *obey*; a sort of an *Appendix* you are to Mankind, a *Crutch* to his *Mortal Nature*, made (one wou'd be tempted to think) on *Provision* of the *Fall* (had not you your selves been the *Principal Actors* in it) without which one can scarce imagine there had been any *need* of you. However, *made* you were, for *another*, and yet have the *vanity* to flatter your selves, that *he* was rather *form'd* for you, and that all Mankind are to bow down and *Worship* ye. O! How hard it goes to pay a little pretended *bodily Obedience*, but if it once comes to the *mind*, you'll no more yield any *Superiority*, then a begging *Spaniard* to a *Nobleman* of any other *Nation*. There you are perfect *Levellers*, as fit to *rule* as any, and as much *right* to't, tho' you may as well say your *Bodies* are as *strong*, and can undergo as much *Fatigue* as ours.

How many poor *Husbands* do you make *weary* of their *Lives*, by the *Pride*, the *Uneasiness*, and the *vanity* of your *Tempers*, and what *Bunches* of 'em have *strung* themselves on this occasion?

And no wonder, if you seldom miss *trying*
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your skill with them, after you have clos'd 'em at the safe *Lock of Matrimony*, when you are generally so well practis'd in *Domineering* before you are Marry'd. Your *Lovers* are your *Slaves*, from the very first sight, and you rule 'em more absolutely when once chain'd to your *Bed*, then the *Algereens* theirs, when fasten'd to their *Gally-Benches*. Your concern is not so much, what subjects you have, as how many; nor how they live, as how they serve; nor how you come by 'em, as how you may preserve 'em. You have the *Vanity* to believe all that these say of you, all the gross *Flatteries* wherewith they load you, with which Tyrants are generally pleas'd, because they think greater things of themselves, than they can hear from others. How many *perjuries* are you *Guilty* of? Both all your own, and theirs too, who are so unfortunate to be enslav'd by your fatal Artifices. They must be deeply *forsworn* to please you, and protest you have ten thousand *charms* they never dreamt of, tho your *Fares* be as mean as your minds. And if these happen to be *Blasphem'd*, if any whom you are grown weary of, and have cast them off for the sake of beloved variety, happens to take the ungentle Freedom to slander you with the greatest *Truth*, what atonement presently but his Blood, and what Sacrifice less then humane, to appease your *Savage Deity*! One Rival is presently hired with smiles and hopes, and all the *Witchcraft* of your Sex, to cut the Throat of another, to gratify your *Infernal Pride*, and *Insatiable Revenge*: Whereby you have often a double Advantage; you get rid of two Lovers at once, and make

room

room for more, while one of 'em is hang'd and the other murder'd.

Nor have your own Sex much fairer *Quarter* from you than ours. No *Truth*, nor *Justice*, nor *Friendship*; you are all in *Hobbs* his State of Nature, *Independent Empires* of your selves, and at profess'd *Wars* with all the World. Your very *Cloaths*, your *Gowns*, much more your *Faces* are *Rivals*: You'd scarce one of ye, give another an *Inch* of *prebeminence*, tho' 'twas upon the *Edge* of a *precepice*, and to save both your *Lives*; so much less *wit* have you then the two *poor Goats*, who meeting upon a *narrow Bridge*, and finding it impossible to *pass* by one another, or to *return* without *falling* into the *River*, one of 'em very *politickly* and *humbly* laid himself down, and the other *went over* him, by which both got safely whither they intended. And did they not act far more like *rational Creatures*, than the two *Good Wives* of *Paris* t'other day, who met in a *narrow street*, and complimented till *Night*, getting both *Dinner* and *Supper* in their *Leathern-Tabernacle*; rather then either of 'em wou'd lessen the *Grandeur* of their *Family* by going backward, and leaving the other in *possession*.

You shew us how little *Beauty* is to be really valu'd, by the low *esteem* you have of it in any but your selves. Some *Fault* you are sure to find in the most *Regular Face*, and then, none but *all the World* knows it,

'Yes, truly, she's a pretty sort of a Woman enough, for what there is of her, for a little Apple Childish Face. Or else, on my word a proper Dame, and abundant shape she has to recommend her, she'd make a good hand-
'some

'some Man enough, that's the Truth on't. Or
 'the contrary, were she not a thought too slender:
 'der: A little d'ye call't, (*crys another Erynnis*)
 'why she's a MEER SPIDER, a perfect IN-
 'SECT, two Pyramids set together. Or she
 'has a good Complexion: Nay, set down indiffe-
 'rent, 't has a notable Eye of the WALL in't;
 'either DOUGH-BAK'D, or the OVEN O-
 'VER-HEATED. Or — For her FINE EYES,
 'all the World ADMIRE her, yes, they have
 'a Languishing cast with 'em, she's a little
 'CIRCUMSPECT, and has the advantage, that
 'she can throw one of 'em on her LOVER, and
 'the other on her HUSBAND, at the same
 'time, without altering her POSTURE, and
 'look equally amorously on both. Well, but
 'han't Madam A — a very graceful presence?
 'Yes, and a fine ROLLING-PIN FACE. She's
 'tall, as a BELL-ROPE, Lovely WHITE
 'TEETH, and a mouth like an O YES! CU-
 'RIOUS HAIR, with an Eye of GOLD in't.
 'Round Plump SNOWY HANDS, and you see
 'she's not a little PROUD of SHOWING 'em.
 'Charming EYE-BROWS, why you may see
 'the LEAD SHINE upon 'em. A GOOD
 'FORTUNE, Those always come SHORT on
 'the telling, or weigh less after Marriage. Of
 'an UNSPOTTED REPUTATION, — Pret-
 'ty well since she broke off with my Lord R...
 'or after HANDSOME G — had left her...
 'or where she's not WELL KNOWN; --or--
 'Nay, we ought to hope the best still; -- Ma-
 'ny have been ABUSED, and we live in a MA-
 'LICIOUS WORLD. She TALKS WELL,
 'but affected: Very good HUMOUR'D, but
 FOOLISH

A Pacquet from Athens. 235

'FOOLISH; a great deal of WIT, and ILL
'NATURE.

The plain Meaning of all which is just thus,
if you wou'd but speak out.

I'm so PROUD, that I hate any shou'd be
'thought a FINER WOMAN than my self,
'or so much as equal with me. I'm the pret-
'tiest, littlest, softest, roundest, plumpest, pro-
'perest, gracefulest Creature that I ever set
'my Eyes on. Have the most Vertue, Beauty,
'Wit and Reputation. The finest EYES, the
'best Presence, the prettiest Ways, the loveli-
'est Hair, the evenest Teeth, the most ensnar-
'ing FINGERS, the most surprizing Foot, the
'best Shaped: --- The most charming Elbow,
'and Tip of an Ear, of any in *CHRISTIENDOM*.

— Well, *Madam*, You are, we see, so ravish'd
with Admiration of your self, that 'tis pitty
now to disturb you, or wake you out of such a
pleasing *Dream*; and therefore, at present, *there*
we'll leave you —

ATHENS —

LETTER IV.

*A Defence of Womens
Pride and Vanity.*

By Madam Cary.

*In a Letter to Madam Godfrey, the Lady
who first engag'd her in these Amorous
Quarrells.*

Madam,

I Doubt you have chosen but a bad second, in a very good Cause, however I cannot deny to contribute the little I am able, when our common Interest is concern'd; leaving it to your Discretion, either to give these rude Thoughts, the Honour of a place among better Company, or totally to suppress them.

As touching the *Accusation* of our seemingly angry *Antagonists*, who chargeth all our Sex with *Pride and Vanity*, we may bear it with the less Concernment, because almost in the *Prelude* thereof, they fairly own, what I take to be very much to our *Advantage*; namely, that it is not for the sake of their Sex, that we take so much pains in *Dressing* and *Adorning* our selves, but meerly and only for the *Decency* of the thing in its own *Nature*: I hope they will not forbid us to reverence our selves, or to consider that we are *humane Creatures*. If we were to be

be buried, they would permit us to make use of some *Ornaments*, which yet surely they will not also attribute unto *Vanity*, seeing we shall have none but *Worms* to admire us in the *Sepulchre*.

Let us therefore make the best use of this one piece of *Ingenuity*, which has, it seems, *undisignedly* drops from them. Let us record it against we have *occasion* for it: These Gentlemen plainly assert in the midst of all their passion, That it is not for the sake of our *Lovers* that we take so much pains with our selves; nay, as it they had not been yet kind enough, they again add, that they themselves will clear us from this *Imputation*.

But I do not conceive that we need all that which they so bountifully grant us; for let us suppose that we did really express something more of *Solitude* in our *Dress*, when we expected the *Visits* of a *Person*, for whom we had a *vertuous Friendship*. I cannot see any thing *criminal* in such a *Behaviour*, or that looks like *Pride* or *Vanity*; nay, rather the contrary, for nothing savours more of *Pride*, than to *affront* or *slight* a *Person*, who doth not merit it, and who bears us any *respect*, and waits upon us, in order to express the same.

Now nothing in my Opinion, can be a greater *Affront* to a *Person* of *Condition*, than when we are forewarn'd of their *Visits*, to be surpriz'd in a *Dress* not suitable to receive them: -- Or, sometimes to repay the *Honour* of such a *Visit* in the same *undecent Manner*.

Moreover, it is evident, that many Persons express as much *Pride* and *Vanity* in a *morose* and *undecent Dress* and *Deportment*, as any others can in the most *fashionable Dress*, and the most *costly Ornaments*.

Was,

Was not the *Cynical Philosopher*; *Diogenes*, guilty of more unexcusable *Pride*, than the *Famous Alexander the Great*, who came to make him a *Visit*, for which the *brutish Fellow* could find no handsomer way of requital, than by bickling him *stand out of his Sun-shine*? We are not to regard what any Person wears, but in what manner he doth it. The most resplendent Monarch in the Universe could not be more proud of his stately Palace, than that same *Tatterdemalion* was of his *sinking Tub*; nor the most Beautiful and most Magnificent Youth in all Greece, of his *Rich and Splendid Robes*, than he of his *Squalid Rags*, which would *Nauseate* to behold them.

These things being agreed to, as I suppose none will deny them, I proceed yet further in the *Defence of our Sex*; as to the *Articles* now under *Debate*, which I may fairly do, or at least *silence* our *Accusers*, by a just *Recrimination*. If we are *vain*, are they otherwise? If we are *proud*, are they *bumble*? Let us make an equal *Estimation* of things, and the contrary will be indubitable. We have, we do not deny, some outward *Embellishments*, which are not proper to Men, and perhaps we use more than they do, and were we somewhat more pleased with them, a little good *Nature* would not chuse to impute it to a *Vice*, when at the utmost it can be no more than a *Weakness*: But we desire either our present *Antagonists*, or any other of our *pretended Enemies*, to give us Information, if ever they have seen a Lady, altho' *drest* to the greatest *Advantage*, who had so much *Complaisance* for her self, and so little for another, as when a *Gentleman*, a *Stranger*, was in the Room, who came to make her a *formal*

Visit,

Visit, to employ a great part of her time, in *admiring* her self in the *Glass*, without any regard to the *Company*, or to common *Civility*? And after they have reply'd to this Query, we shall desire 'em as *Ingeniously* to satisfy us in two or three more: How many of their *own Sex* they know, who will not *employ* themselves in the same manner, tho' their *Mistress* her self were in *Company*? And whether this be as *civil*, as we know it is a *fashionable* way of *entertaining Ladies*? And lastly, if this be not a *clearer Demonstration* of their own *Sexes* insufferable *Vanity*, than any which they can *affix* upon *ours*.

If you furthermore *accuse* us, for *asserting Dominion* over your *Sex*; and being restless for the *Superiority*, at least an *Equality* with them: For my part I know no *sensible Woman*, who desires either.

It is enough for us to share the *Government* of a *Family* with you; for which *Nature* design'd us, and for which you ought to *thank* us, and which we may justly *expect*. Some *Inequality* we *concede* between us, but the nearest to *Equality* of any *Degree* that you can assign. Our *Governours* you were constituted, but not our *Tyrants*; we were given you as *Wives*, not *Slaves*; and there can be no greater *Indication* of *Vanity*, than to pretend to an absolute *Authority*, where you have no *Right* to any but what is *limited* and *legal*.

But above all things, I stand amazed, that the *Athenians* should charge on our *Sexes* *Pride*, those *Tragical Events*, which are too often occasion'd by the same *vice* in their own. Can we prevent our *Lovers Quarrels*, which the Law
it

it self cannot? Or can we favour *all*, or may not the most virtuous, Modest, and Discreet *Lady* living, be sometimes the *innocent occasion* of such Misfortunes, or when the furious *Rivals* are engag'd, would he have us (like the *Sabine Wives*) run between, to part 'em?

And on this *Head* I must further add, That if Men were but so Peaceable and Quiet, of such Soft, such Tender and Compassionate Dispositions, as we generally speaking, must be own'd to be; or lastly, of such Forgiving, Pardoning Tempers, it is certain, there would not be so much *War* and *Bloodshed*, such *Piracy* by *Sea*, and *Ravage* by *Land*; so many great and small Robbers and Murtherers, as now oppress and distract *Mankind*, and make you more Dangerous and more Savage than the fiercest Beasts towards one another.

Thus *Madam*, I have, as well as my mean Abilities would permit, answer'd the Athenian's Letter, and remain,

Your Humble Servant,

A. Cary.

LET.

LETTER V.

The Athenians Letter to Madam Godfrey, the first Challenger, and Lady Engaged in these Amorous Quarrels.

NAY, Madam Godfrey, this is not *fair Play*, and we must needs complain of you for making War in an *unlawful manner*, not only bringing more *Seconds* than we can well deal with, when we were to meet *single hand*, but attacking us in our own *Quarters*, before we had put our selves in a *Posture of Defence*; whereas we expected you'd have been all purely on the *Defensive*, as became your *Sexes Modesty*.

Nay, and learned Ladies too, for we find your Friend (Madam Cary) has a touch of *Lain*, and yet worse, so very *Grave* she is, that we're afraid she won't let us *Laugh* without making her *Angry*; but if she be, we must e'en take it *patiently*, a sort of *self denyal* with which our poor suffering *Sex* is but too well *acquainted*, when we have any *concern* with *yours*. And we have this comfort, if we are so *fortunate* as to *Disarm* this notable *Champion*, who we see is detach'd from your *main Body*, like a sort of *forlorne hope* to try our *strength* at the *beginning*, we shall have the fairer probability of *prevailing* with greater ease, over the rest of your *Disarmed Army*. Pray stand you *aside* a while, and let Madam Cary and the *Athenians* alone together, for our next *Letter* shall be,

LET. VI. *Against*

LETTER VI.

*Against Womens Inconstancy.**In a Letter to Madam Cary.*

SO various you are, that it can't satisfy you to change *Servants, Humours, Lovers, Fashions, Complexions, Eyes, Teeth, and Hair*; nay, your *Religion* (if one knew what 'twas) but you must sometimes take a *Fegary* to change even *Sexes* too, and really transform your selves into *ours*, on purpose to disgrace it. For we have several Modern *Instances*, which satisfy us, the Story of *Tiresias* was more than *Fable*. See but to what a *Condition* your *Levir* exposes both your selves and us. We can never be sure of ye, you are the *Morals* of *Proteus*, and how sadly wou'd it scare any poor *Husband* (as who knows whose *Case* it may be next) to go to Bed with a *smooth, soft Wife*, and when he turns about the next Morning, shou'd find her perfectly alter'd, a huge *He-Face* and *brawny Shoulders*, ten times worse than the *Bear-fac'd Lady*.

What is there to which you are ever true and constant, so much as *Fortune* her self, is equal to your own *Inconstancy*; for if you ever happen to remain five long *Minutes* in the same *Mind*, 'tis purely out of *Crossness*, and for the sake of dear *Variety*. You will, you will not, you doat you scorn, you hate, you love by turns, and all

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in a quarter of an hour. Those who compare you to the Moon, are hardly so near the Truth as she is to the Earth, for she changes but once a Month, and we know when to expect it; but your Circle is much shorter, and all the Flamsteeds in the World cou'd never give us your exact Theory. One great Benefit however this is to Mankind, that you can scarce be resolv'd even in Mischiefs: at least variety pleases there too, and you are in search of another, before you've finish'd the former. 'Tis said, our Nation is richer in Humour than any in Europe, and tho' the Stage has larg Supplies from it, yet it can never be exhausted. If it be so, Ben. Johnson stands fairest for Treasurer, tho' he need not have gone farther than any one of his Merry Wives of Windsor to have employ'd him all his Life: He needed but have shown one Face in one Play to have had sufficient Variety. The Vulgar are apt to stare at strange Customs and Habits, and shou'd there happen to meet in the Exchange but one Person of every several Dress in the World, twou'd be thought a very odd Medley. There's this and more in Women, they are all Rainbow in their Minds, whatever colour their Faces; or rather it's a Scandal on that more beautiful and stable Meteor to be compar'd with them, for that remains fix'd as long as the Sun and Clouds that make it: Nay, tho' the Rain is but successive, and new drops are still a falling, that unites it self with 'em all; and is still immovable, nor does it so much as shift its Colours; but the blue, and red, and green, and yellow, and that lovely mixture of 'em all, which we can scarce describe, remain in the same Order when it begins to faint and wither, as they did

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when

when it first appear'd or shin'd in its greatest Glory. But what's all this to Women? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all shift, and alteration; have the perpetual motion in their Minds as well as Heads, and think it as ridiculous to stay long in the same Opinion, as in the same Lover.

And there indeed is the Cream of your Constancy; for you are as Remarkable for your stillness in Love, as you are in Vertue. Forsaken Lovers, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the malicious, the unfortunate, and the undeserving. So that we durst not think so unworthily of your Sex, as that you'd suffer a Person of Merit to languish, or that any of you could prove false to him, or forsake him, had we not almost as many Instances of it as we have of such Lovers, who after all perhaps ought to be made Examples, because by their own they infect others with the same Folly. She that has not a new Amour to appear in once a Month, is as Melancholy as a poor Girl at a Country Wake, that's taken out to Dance without a new Wastcoat. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of dying for Love; if it were, what would you have to Answer for? And how many Graves would you tread on of your own making; And how many Lovers Ghosts would haunt you, and upbraid you with your Infidelity, and their Ruine? And yet after all, why should you not be constant? Is't because you have no Notion of it, or think there's no Pleasure in't? Do but try it, and you'll soon understand it, and own how much you have been mistaken. If Constancy and Fidelity are in themselves very Noble and Charming Vertues, why should they not

not become a Woman; And how far wou'd they out-weigh the Satisfaction you receive in the empty Vanity of seeing every day a new Adorer? Who is there that can read the stories of Ancient Friendships, tho' some of 'em perhaps Fabulous, without *Motions of Admiration and Love*?

Of inviolable Faith of Women to their *Lovers*, Ladies to their *Husbands*, and the like; which you hardly believe all *Romances*; and why, if they are worthy *Admiration*, why not too of your *Imitation*, unless because *Constancy* is render'd almost impossible t'ye, by the *Laziness* of your *Tempers*, and by a contrary *Habit*? For when you do once get into the *Humour*, you have all of you *Resolution* enough to make *Ephesian Matrons*. I shou'd Discourse too a little with you concerning your *Constancy* to your own Sex in your most *Sacred Professions* of *Friendship*. But you have one *Convenience* more than we, and that is, that you are all upon the *Square*; *Cheat* that *Cheat can*, is your *Motto*, and there's no *Deceit* or *Infidelity* ever lost amongst you.

Athens.

LETTER VII.

A Defence of Womens Inconstancy.By Madam Cary.

I'M sensibly touch'd with Commiseration for these poor Gentlemen, who have receiv'd a Wound from one of those Proteus's they speak of, who having thrown her *Granado* into their Hearts, it has in the breaking much damnified their Brains; sure nothing less cou'd excuse this great perturbation that obstructs their Discerning Faculties, else why might not they as well as others acknowledge *all things must obey this Fatal Law of Change*? Not to mention more remote Instances, I'll go no farther than *your selves*, who've no doubt chang'd from *Infancy* to *Youth*, and 'tis to be hop'd have chang'd your *Ignorance* to a little understanding, and 't may be, a *Hobby-Horse* for a *Mistress*, your *Innocence* for some experienc'd Evil, your *Money* for many changeable *Trifles*? Nay, to shew you how impossible 'tis to avoid change, consider but your *Respiration*, you'll find every puff of Breath you send out changes *Atoms* with what we receive: And now I hope I've said enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change to you, which will be much for your ease, do but change from ——— to wise Men, and then I'll engage the *Inconstancy* of Women will never trouble you.

A. Cary.

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LETTER VIII.

*That in a Dishonourable Amour,
the Woman's most to Blame.*

In a Letter to Madam Shute.

By the Athenians.

THAT you were the first *Tempters* of Mankind, we think you won't deny, and 'twou'd be to as little purpose to pretend that you han't follow'd that *Trade* ever since. But supposing that now and then it shou'd be otherwise, yet 'tis certain, if you, do never yield, none wou'd ever tempt you, which it may be they begin often in *Jest*, when you catch 'em at their word, and yield in earnest.

However we doubt not to prove, that whoever begins such an *Intrigue*, the women are always most in fault in the managing it, for they have the *Restraints* of Modesty, and Shame, and Nature; or if they shake off these, a strong by-als of Interest and Custom: They run much the greater hazard in their Person and Reputation. They know all this, they have heard a thousand times, that those Oaths on which they force our Sex in those matters, are reckon'd but things of course, and no more Obligatory than their own vows of *Eternal Friendship*. They see their Neighbours ruin'd every day, it may be their Kindred, their Sisters, their Friends or their near Acquain-

tance : Yet they'll on in the same Road, 'tis Green and Pleasant, they have agreeable company in't, and it humours their *Vanities*, they are admir'd and prais'd and kneel'd and sung to, and treasur'd and caress'd, and for this they part with two Worlds, and think they have a good bargain.

Nay, how can they deny but they tempt their *Tempters*? For how frequently does it so fall out? And yet they expect to be pay'd for what they are ruin'd for. What is't they *Dress and Dance*, and *Patch and Paint*, and *Sing and Sigh*, and *Gle*, and lay all the *Love-Nets* with which they are furnish'd either by *Art or Nature*, what's all this ado for, but to *Pleaze*, and why wou'd they *Pleaze* but to be ruin'd? They dress themselves irresistibly, and then complain that they can't resist others : They trifle in the *Flame* till they burn their *silken wings*, and then bugg unpity'd about the Room, or creep into some *chink* or *corner*, and are starv'd to *Death*.

The Man has generally none to govern him, to advise him better; but you have a *Father*, a *Friend*, a *Guardian*, or it may be a *Husband*. But we ask your pardon, since on better thoughts the odds rather lies there on your side; the very apprehension of restraint is sufficient, to make any true woman break her Neck to get loose, and she'll ten times rather chuse to fall, then to accept of any such *Friendly hands* to support her.

Again, how equal soever they may be in the *Crime*, it's certain that custom makes a wide difference in the *Disgrace* and *Disreputation*. It ruins the *Women*, but which of you likes the *Men* ever the worse? We wish we need not say, you often like him the better. However, a Slip of youth covers all, but it stands you in stead

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to set your Foot firm ; for if you fall, Farewel for ever!

And is there not some reason, that the greater weight of *Shame* shou'd be cast on the *Women*, since there's so much depends on her *Fidelity* and *Honesty*: The *Estate*, if she's false, is carry'd into another *Blood*, and the true heirs irrecoverably injur'd. Besides the *Disgrace* that lights on the *Husband*, his *Honour* not being in his own keeping, but inclos'd in as slender a *veil* as *Francion* allots, to something that requires equal care to preserve it.

Athens.

LETTER IX.

Madam Shutes Answer to the foregoing Letter ; Proving, That in a Dishonourable Amour, the Man is more to Blame than the Woman.

NOW, cou'd you prove this indeed, 'twou'd be a great piece of Service to your Sex, and be a Means of giving ye what you cou'd none of ye e'er pretend to, that is, the *Reputation* of a little good *Nature* and *Modesty*: But that the Charge is notoriously *False* and *Unjust*, and the meer Effect of *Malice* and *Revenge*, is evident to any Person, that has but a *Dram* of *Sense*. — And indeed one wou'd admire how 'tis possible for Man to be guilty of such, more

than *Diabolical Villany*, as to use all their *Wit* and *Industry* to *Court*, *Flatter*, nay, even *Force* a *Woman* to *Ruin*, and then turn all the *Obloquy* and *Shame* of the *Action* upon her, and pretend they'd ne'er Attempted, had they not been sure of Success. — That there's some of our *Sex* too *Credulous* and *Weak*, we will not deny; that their good *Nature* does sometimes betray 'em to *Intrigues*, that are not *Justifiable*, we also grant; but that they are most to blame on these *Occasions*, you can never make any *unprejudiced Person* believe: Which Party is it, pray, makes the first *Onset*? 'Tis not the *custom* of our *Sex*, howe'er *Inferiour* to yours, to become your *Petitioners*. Is it not *you Men* that are always at pains of *Courtship*: And, it in a *Criminal Amour*, how many *Sighs*, *Vows*, and *Slavish Submissions*, must a *Man* be guilty of, before he can obtain the least *Favour*? You say our *Sex* has the *Restraints* of *Modesty* and *Reputation*, &c. which yours want: Really we're oblig'd to ye, that you'll grant us so much, tho' I'm pretty well satisfy'd you'd rather we were without those *Restraints*, that you might have the *Pleasure* of *Damning* your Selves, and *Ruining* us at an easier *Rate*. But I say, how much *Time*, *Watching*, *Presenting*, *Bribing* of *Servants*, *Caresing* of *Friends*, *eternal Waiting*, *constant unwearyed Importunities* must a *Man* be at the *Expence* of, before he makes a *Complete Conquest*.

Whereas if we were so naturally inclin'd to *Lewdness*, we shou'd be glad to accept the first *Offer*, or at least, not *refuse* too long, lest our eager *Spark* shou'd retire, without letting us have the *Pleasure* of *Surrendring*. —

But the *Truth* is, which you all know, tho' you'll

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you'll be hang'd before you'll confels it; Women are naturally more Cold and Chaste than Men, tho' shou'd we grant our Passions equal, 'twou'd but more Enhance the Esteem of our *Virtue*, since 'tis more difficult for those Persons to be honest, that have violent Inclinations to the contrary, than 'tis for them that have not such Desires: But we will not pretend to more vertue than we really have, and therefore freely own our selves not so *Amorous* as you: And consequently, were there any such thing as a *Virtuous Man*, he could not have too large *Commendations*.

You say you've not so many Friends to advise with as we: But pray, whose *fault* is that? What hinders your having *Good Counsel*, beside your own Pride and Vanity, which makes you scorn to hear it? And what you say of us in this Case, may with good reason be return'd upon you, shou'd any Friend be so kind to admonish you, the very Apprehension of such a Restraint wou'd be sufficient to make any Man Chuse, and more eagerly pursue his *Destruction*. And that way at least he would justifie his pretending to be *Absolute Master* of himself, by shewing that he dares be Damn'd, in spite of all Warning, either from *Friends* or *Enemies*.

As for your other Argument, that however *Equal* in the *Crime*, the *Womans* Disgrace is greatest, it's easily answer'd, to your own *Eternal Confusion*, - 'Tis true, we are more taken Notice of, and Reproach'd; but why? Is it not because the almost Universal Debauchery of your *Sex*, keeps People from minding it? When if a Woman be guilty of *Swearing*, *Drinking*, or the other vice you charge us with, its pre-

cently carry'd from one to another, like a piece of strange incredible News, till at last it becomes a Town-Talk. But you say we like you the better for *Slips of Youth*, as you call your Worst Crimes: — Did any Woman ever tell ye so? We often Marry Men, that are, or have been *Virgins*, and how is it possible to help it? For if we resolv'd to Marry none but those of Vertue and Honesty, 'twould be the same thing as to vow perpetual virginity; since among the vast number of your Sex, 'twould be impossible to find enough to keep 100 of the Women in *England* out of a *Nunnery*: Your last Argument has the most reason, tho' I'm too weary of the Subject to talk any more on't, only thus much I shall observe: — That it's no Argument of Womens being the Worse, or the Weaker Sex; that Heaven, which cannot err, has Intrusted her with the Estate, Honour and Quiet of the Family.

M. Sbute.

LET.

LETTER X.

Against Old Maids.

In a Letter to the Lady Price.

By the Athenians.

BUT I wish we were sure of being out of their Reach before we begun with them, for they have terrible Fangs; and if they get us within 'em, we must be forc'd to compound for one Eye and Ear, to save the others.

Nay, 'tis dangerous venturing so much as within sight of 'em, for *Anacreon's Description*, even of a *Beauty*, agrees to 'em in some Sense, tho' widely different from that wherein he intended it.

They are all Weapon, and they dart,

Like Porcupines from every part;—

But the greatest fear of all is, lest like some other sort of *Serpents*, they shou'd *dart themselves*, 'twine about the unwary *Traveller*, and *Sting* him to *Death*.

For ah! who can their Strength express,

Arm'd when they themselves Undress,

Cap-a-pe with ——— Ugliness?

As charming a Sight doubtless as *Don-Quixot* in his *short shirt*, and full as invincible. Fate it self holds not faster than one of these *Loving Furies*,

The

The Story of the *Gorgons*, I'm apt to believe was nothing else but three *old Maids*, who liv'd together so long till they frighted Mankind almost into Marble, whenever their loathsome Faces, and snaky Hairs peep'd thro' the Case-ment.

And yet one wou'd wonder how so despicable a Creature cou'd be so terrible: Is there any thing in Nature so mean so useless, so contemptible? — An old Moth is worth a Regiment of 'em: But I ask their pardon, for on better Thoughts, I believe they set up all the *Match-Brokers* and *Fortune-Tellers* in *Christendom*, and are *constant* and *liberal Benefactors* to those two *noble Societies*. As credulous they are, as he must be, who will believe the thousandth part of the *Stories* they tell of their *youthful Amours*: When they might have been Marry'd, they'd have you know (and lick their Lips at the luscious Imagination) so long since, and so often, in such and such a King's Reign, to that *Darson*, and this *Lawyer*, and t'other pretty *Gentleman*. Thus wou'd they talk over *another Age*; and if any thing could make 'em young again, besides what they dream of every Night, certainly this Discourse wou'd do it. Thus far however you may venture to believe 'em, that they have had many fair *Proffers* in their time, since they themselves made 'em.

But one good Quality they have; they are not Envious, any more than an elder Sister, when the younger is marry'd before her: Nor Malicious, any otherwise than an *African Lady* to one who refuses her: Nor *Talkative*, *Ten-Fulling-Mills* may make a shift at least to keep pace with one of their *Modest Clacks*, if not to

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silence 'em, and make 'em as dumb as a Parakeet.

Add to this Gravity of their Beards, the Decency of their Mustachios; the Pleasant Downy, charming Mossy Substance, that usually adorns their Lips and Chins, and qualifies 'em so admirably well for the Honour of being the Countess of Trifaldi's Waiting Gentlewomen.

Had they all as many Hands as Brierens, and every one arm'd with as many Tweezers, there wou'd be full Employment for 'em all, in eradicating this Malicious Excrement; which if it grew a little closer, they might perhaps make a vertue of Necessity, and find some ingenious Contrivance, to matt it into a sort of a velvet Mask, and hide it self as well as their Faces.

An old Maid in a Commonwealth is much such; another Impliment as an Eunuch in a Seraglio; full out as Jealous and Spiteful as he, and much for the same Reason.

'Tis not easie to know for what self she was design'd (since it looks harsh to grant that Nature made any thing in vain) unless to be a Sister in an Hospital, having spent so much of her own Life among Issues and Plaisters. Sure, there's a sort of Sympathy between a Sore Leg and this Lump of Diseases. Whilst her Gummy Eyes overflow her Spectacles, poor Ursula weeps whether she will or no, and has the good Fortune to be reckon'd Compassionate, when she's only Infirm, and her Eyes are troubled with a Diabetes.

How rank this sort of Creatures are, and what an odd sort of Perfume they wear about 'em, one wou'd guess 'em all of the Race of the Jews, by that, as well as by their Complexion.

And

And yet as *vain* still, as *arrant*, *Women*, in spite of the Song, even at the same time they're *Birds of ill Omen*; as *Proud*, *Prying*, *Conceited*, *Curious*, *Mischievous*, *Liquorish*, *Confident*, *Impertinent*, *Lazy*, *Noisie*, *Empty*, *Senceless*, *Ridiculous* *Creatures*, as their Mothers were at Sixteen.

An old Spider loves young Flies, and now poor Souls, they are forc'd to *poach* for *Lovers*; sometimes we see they truss up a *foolish Apprentice*; at others a poor needy Tradesman, away with 'em into their Holes, and immediately devour 'em.

They say there's somewhere in Foreign Countrys a subtle Beast, that comes by Night to their village-Houses, and exactly counterfeits a *Womans Voice*, making piteful Moan for Admittance, or crying out for Help, as some of our *Trappers*; whom if the fond Credulity of the Inhabitants can once be prevail'd upon to admit, they pay dear for their good *Nature*, one of the Company at least being sure to make their new Guest a *Supper*.

But these *She-Cannibals*, these *Flesh-Crows*, these *Man-Catchers*, these *Old Maids*, are even with him for Scandalizing their Sex, and do more than counterfeit the *Hyana*.

Athens.

LET

LETTER XI.

A Defence of Old Maids.

By the Lady Price.

Nothing is more obvious than Recrimination in all these Cases, and the *Old Bachelor* Sir T. would be an excellent Match for your *Old Maids*.

But not to insist always on that Method of *Defense*, which besides cannot immediately affect you, Sir T. who would be reckon'd a *young Widower*, I rather ask leave to insist on some of the *Conveniencies* and *Excellencies* of *Old Maids*, whom your uncivil *Sex* so much despises.

Ungrateful Men, that you are, tho' you cannot remember your Infancy, do not you believe you were once Children? — Yes and must be so agen, if you live much longer, and in both those Circumstances, if you consider'd the indispensable Use of a careful *Old Maid*, you would have Gratitude, or at least more Wit, than thus to rail against 'em.

How many wakeful Nights, and weary Days have the poor Souls worn out in young *Master's Service*, who now so little regards 'em? How many Garters have they broke in rocking him? What terrible Colds, and Rheums, and Aches, in taking him up, and walking up and down the Room with him in cold Frosty Nights, to quiet him. Nay, how much precious Juice have

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have the poor Creatures, wrung out of their own Gums, to mix with his Pap, when feeding him, that it might not burn him, --- and all, all for ever forgotten? Where's Gratitude, where's Honour, or Sympathy, or Generosity? Meer Names and Shadows, and Romantic Tales, like those which these poor forsaken *Dry Nurses* were wont to tell their Children to quiet 'em.

Well, comfort your selves, *Poor Hearts*, tho by this time they are got to their Breeches, and can put 'em up and down, without your help, you'll see 'em agen sooner then you imagin. They run fast; their Race will soon be over, and they'll come agen, and be a second time under your Jurisdiction, sooner than you or they are aware.

Do but live honestly, and without fretting; and when they come to be *Old Men*, you'll find but little difference in your own Ages, since you first nurs'd 'em.

This they must come to agen, and one would expect they should be more civil for that reason, as the Fellow once was to the Devil himself, whom he would not hear abused, because he did not know whose Hands he might fall into.

The same Watching, the same Tucking up, the same Warm Cloaths, and Flannel, and Candles they used to have when they were young; It may be too you must come into Bed to his *old Worship*, as you did to his *young Worship*, to cherish him, and keep him warm, and rub him for the *Sciatica*, and you may do it without any Scandal or Danger; alas! the harmless Creature, 't has no more Hurt in't than a *Chrysom Infant*.

It may be 'twill Smirk a little, now and den, and

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and be waggish, and chirrup, but that's all, and you know there's no hurt in't.

It used to pake mightily when 'twas Young; a good Sign, and a thriving Child I warn't it; Why just so it spits now for all the World, and Mistress Nurse will be more put to't to keep it dry, and must be changing its Bib four or five times in four and twenty Hours.

Sometimes it wants to rise to ----- and then Nurse must be call'd, and many a sore tug must she have with him; for now the Child grows heavy, and you would not think how much Care is requir'd to keep it Sweet.

Besides, 'tis as forward, poor thing, as if it had got the Gripes, or was cutting its Eye-Teeth again; Nurse, -- why Nurse, where are ye (if she's gone for a moment about the most Necessary Occasions) then away flies the Bed-staff, some two or three inches after her, and a Cough comes in the room on't, that just strangles him, and holds him for half an hour.

A little Syrup, good Nurse--- Eke, Eke, I'm just gone, Eke!-- So, let me up in Bed; wipe away here from my Beard this;-- Ah, dear Nurse, that ever I should come---

O! Your Servant good Sir Athens, how d'ye like your Picture? Yet this You must be in a few Years, or Nothing; and then an Old Maid must be such a Contemprible Creature; and if you'd not be your self, despised and neglected when you're Old, your best way will be to treat 'em civilly before you need 'em.

H. Price.

LET.

LETTER XII.

Against Fondness in Women.

By the Athenians.

AMong the other Discourses, We've formerly maintain'd with your *Nimble-Tongued Ladyship*, you know We blam'd your Sexes *Forwardness* and *Fondness*; and we think we justly blam'd 'em, which We now intend to prove, and that we may please you, we'll do it very *Methodically*, first the matter of Fact it self, and then the mischief and Folly and Inconvenience of it, to your *sexes* as well as *others*.

And that you are *Fond*, that your whole Sex is *fond* and *forward*, and have been coming above these 5000 years, and *stealing* back to your *Ribb* again, sure you your *sexes* will scarce deny. We have no more Instances of it; then there have been *Individuals* of your *teizing Sex* since the *Creation*.

We have said enough on't we suppose already, and have satisfy'd you as to *old Women* and *old Maids*, which let me tell you make up a great part of your Corporation, being preserv'd amongst you, as the *Egyptians* do their *Grandmothers*, dry'd and sapless; for We know not how many Generations. Now if even these make a shift to keep a *Colts Tooth*, when they have hardly had more then Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp at Tibbury*, what a fine set may we believe

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believe are in yours, that are as wild as the wind, and all your youth and blood about ye? Even they are ready to over-run poor Mankind, and then sure you must be like to run in to 'em. You must own your selves fond, or cruel, for you are always in *extreams*; the latter you dare not, lest we shou'd take you at your word, and therefore we may take the Liberty to conclude the former. Is it not fondness with a Witness to leave your Parents, to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to straddle over Garden-walls, and fly in the Air like Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush through Darkness, and wade through Moats, and almost run through Fire as well as Water? And what is all this for? Is it not for Man, that Charming Creature, Man, whom when you're in an ill humour, you'll not afford a good word, and d'ye do all this, think ye, without some little kind of Inclination, some sort of kindly call from Nature, like that of the Land-Crabbs, who most amorously crawl over Churches and Houses, or whatever else happens to stand in their way, that they mayn't fail the Affignation made 'em, with those of their own Species, who come from Sea, We know not how many Leagues to meet 'em?

What an infinite of Paper d'ye spoil in a Year? How many *Heydleberg-Tuns* full of Ink, do you Squander away, in answering *Billet-doux* and Love-Letters; -- or rather in sending 'em, and *challenging* all Mankind to do the worst they can at your Persons and Reputations?

But you need not write, you can speak enough, and you have many ways to do it: Your Eyes, your Hands, your every Motion, sufficiently ex-

press

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press, how unwilling you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

And tho' our poor *Persecuted Sex* shou'd endeavour to keep out of sight, how many different subtle Ways have you to ensnare us?

Sometimes you get a *same Man*, as the *Fowler* does a *Duck*, or the *Master* of the *Elephants* one of the same *Species*, to decoy us from our Native Freedom, into your fatal *Noose*. Sometimes a *He*, tho' oftner a *She-Friend*, because you can serve 'em agen in the same manner. We have heard of many, who have meerly bin talkt into your *Snares*, and of some few that have bin *beaten*, and fairly *Cudgell'd* into an *Amour*.

And these, and a thousand ways have you more, as various as your *Hearts* and *Dispositions*, to obtain and secure your Lovers, tho' you know you have already over-rul'd us in a very great Point, as to those Matters: -- You make us the *Aggressors*, that you may have the Honour, and the Pleasure, to see us at your *Feet*, and hug your selves at the Excellency of your own *Disimulation*. What *Hypocrisie*, after all, when you love a Man more than even your *Sloth*, or *Ease*, or *Vanity*, to hold off still, and pretend you are not as willing as he? No, you are made of more *refin'd Mould*: Another sort of *Flesh* and *Blood* you'd have us think, from what we are compos'd of. Hence the *eternal Teizings*, the *Tus-offs*, the *Feiches*, the *Doubles*, wherewith your poor Dog in a String, that does not know you, must be a long while tormented: -- And yet 'tis all Fondneis still, tho' in another Shape, as they say, the *Tune-seen Ladies bite hardest*, when they are most furiously

riously pleased. 'Tis to keep us from discovering the Cheat as long as you can; for after a while you know 'tis too late:-- for when you once have obtain'd what you desire, you are ten thousand times *fonder* and *madder* than ever. And we'll remember you of the Mischiefs that follow this *Burdock Temper*: In the first place, you know, that we know your Sex in general; and that if you don't *dissemble* very artificially, you miss what you aim at, your *Forwardness* being so odious, that you lose us before you have us. Nothing can be imagin'd more nauseous than your perpetual *Siege*, and childish *Kindness*. Were you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you'd tire us with cramming us thus every day. Have you any occasion to make your selves cheaper than you are already, or more *disagreeable*? Guess but by your selves, whether such a Temper can please, and if its possible, cure your selves of it; for you'd scarce take it well your selves to be kiss'd to Death.

Do you know any thing in the World so *tiresome* and *impertinent* as a downright *doting Lover*, even while there's yet some relish in him, and before he's a Husband? He haunts ye like your *Shadow*, and will hardly give you room to breathe, especially if you let him have the least Encouragement; for then there's no enduring him. He'll follow ye to the Garden, to your Chamber, when you are a visiting: Hound him off never so frequently and earnestly, the importunate Cur will still be a *hanger on*, lye upon your *Petticoats*, lick your *Hands*,-- ay, your *Lips* too if he can come 'at 'em, with as much *Savour* and as good a *Grace*, as the *Ass* did his Master's.

If

If you wou'd scarce be pleased with this, you shou'd take Care to avoid a resembling Practise. Beware of a hoiting foolish Behaviour; beent ambitious of Conquests; if you get one that's worth the keeping, show your *Discretion* in retaining him, and above all things, neither tire him, nor kill him with *Kindness*.

For if you resolve to persist in these Extravagancies, and on one side Insult and Triumph over your *Adorers*, while on the other Extream you so vilibly doat upon 'em, that you are ready to suck their *Eyes* out; you ought to take Heed that you don't at last tire our *Patient*, and make us perfectly desperate, the Consequence whereof might be worse than you can imagine; for do but consider what a Condition you'd be in, shou'd you once provoke us to turn all *He-Amazons*, and set up a *Common* wealth of our own Sex, with Exclusion of yours.

AT HENS

LETTER XIII.

In Answer to Letter XII.

By the Lady Price.

'T IS a very hard Task to please such as are resolv'd to find fault before hand, and to deal with our poor Sex, as the *Knavish Fellow* thought to have done with the Oracle, who

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who wou'd prove 'twas in an *Error*, whether it Answer'd that the *Sparrow* were *Alive* or *Dead*.

If we show the least modest *Kindness* or *Inclination*, you presently rail at us for imprudent or loose *Creatures*; if we keep you at a greater distance, and justly take warning by the *Perfidiousness* of your *Sex*, and the *Misfortunes* of our own; then we are *Proud* and *Insulding*, and abuse that *Power* and that *Beauty*, that *Nature* has given us. However, since 'tis safer erring on the right hand, and it will oblige you too so extremely, it's pity but you should be pleas'd, and kept as far off as you desire, by all those whom you are so terribly afraid of.

But in the mean while, I beseech you let's have no more complaints of the *variableness* of *Women*, when you are so much more *Camelions* your selves, that the *Colour* of your *Mind* changes every moment: Sometimes you are for *Simlicity* and an *Ingenuous* open temper, and rail at us all for *Hypocrites*; but before you have drawn in that railing breath again, you are as *angry* because we don't dissemble, and wou'd perswade us that nothing can please you, but what you think meer *Cheat* and *Falseness*. The thing in short is this, that if after a thousand *Oaths* and *Protestations* and *Adorations*, and *vows* of inviolable *Love* and *Service*, we have no more wit than to believe you, and it may be at last give you hopes only to be rid of you, not being *Ignorant* of your *Generous Temper*, and well knowing that to be the readiest way, then immediately we are all that you call us, and twenty favours more then you ever receiv'd, must be Boasted of to the next vain *Fellow* that has *Patience* to hear you, and *Faith* to believe you, or it

it may be to the next poor *Credulous* Creature, that you're designing to *ruine*.

But is this so very *Generous* as you'd fain be thought, so like those Men of *honour* for which you'd be so much valur'd, first to *undo*, and then to *upbraid*; to *tempt* first, and then to *reproach* and *torment* those with whom you've prevail'd?

If our *Sex* were really so *easy* as you pretend, how came you to take so much *pains* to *win* 'em? What makes you so often talk so frightfully of *Ropes*, and *Dangers*, and *Poisons*, and *Precipices*? Which tho' it's true, we are now so well Acquainted with, that we take 'em only as words of *course*, and no more to be heeded than tho' *Oaths*, with which you *Garnish* your *Courtship*, yet 'tis not impossible, that it may be true, since it has been so formerly; There have been those of your *Sagacities*, who have thought fit to *hang* or *beat* their *Brains* out, to show the height of their passion, and the sincerity of their *Love*: And was there over much *Kindness*, think you, in such cases as these, or wa't the *Fondness* of their *Mistresses*, that brought 'em to such an *Exit*?

But be all this *true* or *false* before *Marriage*, let us then be fond or otherwise, I'd fain know Sir, why you are so angry with us, for *Loving* too well afterwards; which I confess, I thought was no *Crime*, or at least one that might easily be *pardon'd*; unless it be, because you are afraid you shall want an *excuse* to *use* us ill, if we shou'd continue thus *doating* on you. But even that too may be cur'd, for I dare promise for my self, and most that I know, that we are not incorrigible, if you complain of us, we'll try whether we can amend; all things are easie

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to a *willing mind*, and especially to those who are encourag'd by *your edifying* Examples. But then if you veer about again, as we doubt not but you suddenly will, and complain of our *Coldness*, our *Infidelity*, and our unkindness: Remember you are to blame, and we are forc'd to turn your own Weapons upon you and—to love you less, to preserve your delight.

Rachel Price.

LETTER XIV.

*That there is no such thing as LOVE
after Marriage.*

By the Athenians.

Even this *Fool's Paradise* quickly withers, and that *Tinsel* sort of *Happiness* which a Man finds in *Love*, soon wears off. After Marriage, your *Sex* thinks it not worth the while to *Dissemble* any longer; you have caught the *Fish*, and the *Net* is laid by: You have entrapt your *Prey*, and now the *Panther's Face* is shown, which before you so carefully conceal'd.

You say your selves that *Fools* cannot *Love* and if not before *Marriage*, much less after it, so there's *three quarters* of the *World* struck off,

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and how many, think ye, will there be of *your Sex* included? Certainly not the smallest number.

Nor can a *wise Man* love a *Fool*, for that's *unnatural*: There is nothing agreeable between them, they don't *Tally*. 'Tis true, he may be a little tickled and pleased before *Marriage*: The *Beauty* hides the *Folly*; he was prepossess'd and hoodwink'd; now the truth is, *Matrimony* often do's Men that *kindness*, it gets 'em their eyes again, tho' 'tis something a sharp *Remedy*.

Nay, suppose two *wise persons* should by a *Miracle* meet between one pair of *Sheets*, by the Parson's leave, I know not but these would be more *incapable* of *Loving* than any of the other: *The Felicities of Marriage* (says one that's thought to have tasted deeply enough of its *Infelicities*) generally perishing in the *Conflict* arising between *Man and Wife* of equal *Spirits and Understanding*; It being impossible there should want *Contests* where each lay claim to a *Capacity* fit only to be obeyed.

But still further, to give *Matrimony* as fair play as possible, let us suppose a pair as agreeably *Match'd* as *Nature* can make 'em; neither too *wise*, the *Man* a little the advantage, but no *Statesman*; the *Woman* no *Fool*, but wise enough to know or think she has less *Wit* than her *Husband*, yet there's a sort of necessity of *Nature* for the ebb of their *Passion* after *Marriage*, (and he that loves not passionately, can't be said to love at all.) For what is *strained* to the *light*, must needs either give again, or snap in pieces, and 'tis impossible *Nature* can furnish sufficient *Spirits* to make the *Woman*. "Each happy night a *Bride* -- whatever *Songs* may be made on't the next *Morning* by some *domineering Bridegroom*: Indeed if in any thing we ought to complain of

Nature,

Nature, we might seem to do it with the greatest *Justice* for this apparent *Cheat* it puts upon us, for it works the *expectations* and *desires* to the greatest *Extravagance*, and yet afterwards gives us nothing *proportionable* to her *profuse Promises* and our own *exalted Fancies*, at least all ingenuous *Married Men* We ever met with, have frankly owned this great *Truth*, and 'tis strange if there should be such a real *Felicity* in that *Estate*, such an inestimable *Philosopher's Stone*, that none yet should ever have the good fortune to find it.

Hear your Friend *Osborn*, who doated upon you so much even in his *Gray Hairs*, when he should have been *wiser*, that he owns in his youth his *Heart* was your *Triumphant Chariot*; hear but what *Truth* and better *Experience* wrung from him on this Subject. *Those Virtues, Graces, and reciprocal Desires* (says he) *which bewitched, Affection expected (before Marriage) to meet and enjoy, Fruition and Experience will find absent, and nothing left but a painted Box, which Children and Time will empty of Delight, leaving Diseases behind, or at best incurable Antiquity.*

But yet worse, 'tis no *Miracle* for *Wan* and *Poverty* to assault the *bappy pair*, and then what becomes of all their *Love*? It's strange *Humane Nature* should have no more sagacity than to let it self be made *one great Bubble* : Never were any paired together, if *Love* brought 'em into the *Noose*, but had a strong *Fancy* that alone would *Feed* and *Cloath* 'em: They take that for their *Servstress* and their *Cook*, as the *Poet* tells us others formerly did *Religion*, and yet let's see one Instance of any that when they try'd the *experiment*, cou'd grow fat on such

airy Diet; nay, or so much as live upon't any better than the Welch-man's Horse upon an *Oar a Day*. And when once *Wan* comes in at one *Window*, out creeps *Love* infallibly at another, especially when the *Brais* begin to sprawl and stink about in every corner, yelping for the *Dug*, with scarce cloaths enough to hide their Nastiness. Ay, — now let's see who *Loves*, and if we find one Pair in all *Europe* that hold stubbornly to their first *Folly*, that have all the old *Flames* and *Daris*, when shivering with Cold and tormented with *Shame*, and grip'd through with Hunger, then we'll vote 'em, not only the *Flich* at *Dunmow*, but a Monument at their death as famous as the *Mausoleum*, and even, by my consent, every hundred Pair who live unhappily in the same circumstances, should while they live pay 'em the tribute of a single *Maravedi* every year, which I am apt to believe would amount to a *sum* almost beyond *Arithmetick* to reckon it.

To speak *Truth*, I know not how *Love* should possibly last after *Marriage*, when *Freedom* and *Liberty* are its very *Breath* and *Nature*. if we would; 'tis not likely your *Sex* should be able to continue it: You are a sullen sort of *Birds*, take never so much care of you, *crum* you never so well, yet you will hang the wing, and moult as soon as ever you're *Caged*, and one must expect no *Musick* from you ever after. *Satiety* as naturally produces *Loathing*, as *Hunger* does an eager *Appetite*, and *Novelty*, *Pleasure*. To see the same dull greasy *Face* every day, is worse then seeing the same *Play* for a *Twelvemonth* together. Nothing but *Pork* would tire a very *Flemming*. Or if our *Stomachs* should hold to the same *Dish*, yet you

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Cook it so *sluttishly* as would make one *nauseate* it in spite of a *Siege*: You use us like *Strangers* no longer, that's the *truth* o' it; now we are so well acquainted. The *brown Lof* and *cold Meat* must be esteem'd a great favour. In short, all the care you took to disguise your *Minds* and *Bodies*, all your intellectual *Topplings* and *Washes*, as well as the *Gayety* and *Judgment*, *Wit* and good *Humour* of your outward *Dress*, are perfectly *vanish'd*. We have you in your *native Homeliness*, though not *Innocent*; If you have not too contracted some additional *Countercharms*, and add *Sluttishness* to your other Accomplishments, to make you more compleatly *Odious*. For where's that *care* and *solicitous exactness*, and womanish diligence, and even affected *Neatness*, which were so remarkable in you before you had hoodwink'd us? You take no more care than to *bolster up* your *minds*, to hide those *mental Defor- mities* which would fright even a *Saiyr* from your *Bosoms*. You are no more those *gay pretty airy foolish diverting* things, you were when upon your *good b. haviour*. You give us a *Sample*, indeed, but 'tis like a *Shamy Hand* to a *Sooty Face*. You *make* too sharp for us *Plain-Dealers*, expose your best *Goods* to sale, but pack up those that are *Damag'd* in the *middle*; Give us a *Taste* of good *Wine*, but when we come to send for the whole *Piece* home, and draw it out, 'tis so *Prick'd* and *pull'd*, that there's no enduring it. Not but that you are careful enough still to look as *gay* as ever, on some extraordinary Occasions. If King *Edgar* be to make a *Visit*, *Alfreda* will be sure to on with all her *Jewels*, though it costs her *Husband's Life*: If you do *dress* at all, you are not sure so much out of the

Fashion to do it for your Husbands, 'tis either for all the *World*, or for some *favour'd Gallants*. When he approaches, you recall the old *Leer*, resume your *Virgin smiles* and prettinesses, though it may be awkwardly enough too, for want of *practice*. New *Tallow* your weather beaten vessel, repair your *Rigging*, pick your *Eye-brows*, blubb your *Lip*, and say over the *fine things* you can think on, which used to charm all your *Adorers*, and make 'em run as mad for your *Common-place Wit*, as for your *no more natural Beauty*.

And how should most *Marriages* ever thrive any better, when they are so far from being made in *Heaven*, that the *Banker* has much more to do in 'em than the *Parson*? 'Tis but a sort of *Stock Jobbing*, to make the best on't. You ask no other *Qualifications* in a man, then what *has* he, not what *is* he? And what *Estate*, what *Fortune* can he make, not what *Character*, what *Reputation* has he in the *World*. Let him make never so *Monkey* a *Figure*, and be distinguish'd by nothing but want of a *Brush* behind, and going always upon his *hind legs* he's never the worse *Bedfellow*, if he can but settle the *Substantial Acres*. A *godly Marriage* ith mean time this is like to make! And a great deal of *comfort* they'll have between 'em! Such a *Surplusage* of *Conjugal Love* and affection, that they'll scarce know what to do with't all, but be very ready, it's likely, to spare some to their *Neighbours*.

Nor even so much as *here* are ye upon the *Square*, which is still *harder*; for since you have reduc'd the whole *Affair* to meer *Bargain* and *Sale*, both Parties ought to stand upon even *Ground*. But 'tis like all other *Trades*, one *side* must be sure to be *cheated*. Your *Sex* are seldom without

without *False Dice* about ye; Your *Fortunes*, the only things that wou'd make one bear the *Incumbrance* at the end of 'em with any tolerable *Patience* and *Satisfaction*, are look'd upon by a *Magnifying-glass*, as well as your other *Perfections*; tho' indeed they may seem to have some *Right* to the same *advantage* with all the rest, because the most *Ravishing Charm* that *belongst* ye. Substantial lasting *Felicities*, and almost a *Valuable Consideration*, even for *Matrimony*; at least 'twou'd make any thing but that, go down with a great deal of *Pleasure*.

Thus Ladies, have you taught us to Discount, by letting us see the *Ready* is the *main shing* you expect from us, and why shou'd we not be as *ingenuous* with you? *Love*, if any thing, is *modest* and *silent*; 't has but a *weak Head*, and hates *noise* and *clamour*; and is it then any more likely to be found in the *House* where a *Woman* has *enter'd* before it, than *Silence* in a *Monastery*?

Who can *Love* where they do not *esteem*? And how can the *Woman* *esteem* the *Man*, whom she reckons as her *Rival* in *Government*, if not a *Tyrant*, an *Usurper* upon her *Rights* and *Liberties*, as she'll be sure to think him? Such a *Republican Spirit* has she, tho' he's the most *Just* and *Merciful Monarch* in the *World*. And on the other side, how can she expect he shou'd love one who is daily *conspiring*, against him, to wrest away his *Legal Patrimony*, and *Ancient Inheritance*? *Man* was *born* her *Sovereign*, and it looks like no very great piece of *kindness* to *exclude* or *dethrone* him. We'll not insist on those many *diseases* so incident to your *Sex*, and almost *inseparable* from them, lest we shou'd render that *horrid* and *nauseous*, which we only design to represent as it really is,

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dreadful, and unavoidable. But thus much is certain, if these are not in your own Power, they ought to be in ours, and not to Take our selves to what wou'd make our Lives as uncomfortable as yours; Especially when you can't expect Love shou'd last, when the Cement of it, and the very End of Mairimony ceases; unless you can give an Instance of any that fell in Love in an Hospital; always excepting the Famous Gondibert and his Apothecary's Daughter.

Athens.

LETTER XV.

In Answer to Letter XIV.

That 'tis possible to Love as well after Marriage as before, and the way to do it.

By Sappho.

WHen the Histories of all Nations are full of the Examples of Excellent Wives, who for their Constancy and Fidelity to their Husbands, and Conjugal Duty and Affection have justly been made Immortal, it looks like a very unnatural'd Paradox, to assert that never can be, which so often has been, and therefore may be again, and of which we have as many present living

living Instances, as there are of Marry'd Persons, that Live Happly, which I am apt to believe are many more than live otherwise, because Happiness and Content are generally silent, but Misery is querulous and noisy; and we hear every where of the Disorders which happen in any such unfortunate Families. Indeed it is observable of most of the Arguments that are brought against Marriage, or the Happiness of such a State, that not one in twenty of them have so much as the shadow of Reason, but are just such as an ingenious Person says of them, fit for Men rather to Wheedle with, than in good earnest think what they speak. And of this sort are all those which pretend to prove there is no such thing as Love after Marriage; for we will not stand to the Experience of a bad Husband in these matters.

Grant that they never had any, that something baser than Love was the motive of their Courtship, and that their Flame was so impure, that it could not long shine after it was lighted by the Torch of Hymen. Yet it is so far from Truth, that Love cannot last at all after Marriage, that I'm satisfy'd many have lov'd much better after than they did before; nay, in some Instances, have lov'd very tenderly after that Sacred Bond had unit'd 'em, though perfectly indifferent, if not averse, when both single; although instances of these last are so rare, that it is ill venturing together, unless there be at least some Affection between them. But this I affirm, as Magisterially as ever our Antagonist can the contrary, although with much more Truth and Reason, that marry'd Persons have more cause to Love better than others; and more

Advantages to do so: For they have now left all the *World* for each other, which must needs be a great *Endearment* on both sides: Their *Word*, and *Honour*, and *Oath*, are all publicly engag'd, and unless they forfeit all these, they must continue to *Love* one another, and cannot but be *Happy*. Their *Love* is both *Honourable* and *Lawful*, and now they have all they sigh'd for, and possess each others *Affections* and *Persons*, and *Fortunes* without any fear of a *Rival*. Shame on him that loves a *fine Woman* less when he has her in his *Arms*, than when he only throws *sheeps-eyes*, and makes *ugly Faces* at her. It is true, if Men form *Romantick* Notions of *Love* and *Friendship*, and find themselves deceiv'd when they come to apply 'em to *common Life*, they may be *angry* without *pity* or *regard*. He that expects more from a *Mortal* than it can give him, deserves to be *disappointed*. There's no perfect *Happiness* here, and it's *pity* there should; but yet we may make a shift to pick up a good *comfortable share* of it with good *Management*, and there are certainly *degrees* of it, and one is much more *Happy* than another, and I am still of the mind that a *Marry'd* condition is in it self the *happiest Estate* of *Life*, and will never believe but that it would always be so, did not *Leviness*, or *Imprudence*, or some uncommon *Misfortune* prevent it; and thus happy I am sure it never could be, without a good degree of *Love*. The little *Endearments* of a *marry'd Condition*, the soft *Hours*, the very *Fondnesses* and *Follies* and *Particularities*, and to others, insignificant *Fancies* and *Humours*, have yet all of 'em something *new* in 'em, and *diverting* and *obliging*.

Nay,

Nay, even the little *Matrimonial Quarrels*, the short liv'd Anger of Lovers, makes 'em but *Love better* : A little *Water* sprinkled on their *Fire*, makes it *blaze* more strongly than before, if there be not enough to *Quench* it.

Most kinds of *Pleasure* seem to be little more than the *curing* of some *Pain*. What else is that we perceive in the Gust of the most delicious *Wines*, when extream *Thirsty*? or the Taste or Smell of a well cook'd Dish, when soundly *Hungry*? And the longer we have been *Fasting*, the sharper we are kept, the more ravenously we fall to, when once we sit down to *Table*. However, none but *Gluttons* will gorge themselves; and if afterwards they complain of want of *Appetite*, Wou'd they not be laugh'd at, rather than pitied?

Yet you cannot tell, Mr. *Athens*, whether the *Answerer* of this Letter be a *Man*, or a *Woman*, a *Maid*, *Wife* or *Widow*; nor shall you ever know it, if I can help it. But whatever I am, *Zeal* for *Truth* has engag'd me in the *Controversie*, and no *Aversion* to *Marriage* has drawn these *Thoughts* from me, which you must take as they come, without any more *Accuracy* or *Regularity*, than I find in some of yours.

But to return to my Subject: Even *Absence* it self is so far from *Divorcing Lovers*, that it only more closely cements their *Affections*. Every occasional *Journey* renders the happy Pair more impatient of meeting; and when they meet again, more pleas'd with each other; encreases their *virtuous Love*, and heightens their *mutual Satisfaction*; and the longer they live together, the closer still is the *knotty'd*, the more indissoluble it grows, and yet the more *easy*. *Time and Age* file off

on by degrees any little roughness in their Temper, and polishes the Inequalities of their Humour, while they grow more acquainted with each others Excellencies and Vertues, and therefore more in love with them, and can more easily bear with those unavoidable Imperfections, those little Blemishes, which will be found in whatever is moulded of Clay, and therefore with the less difficulty may be mutually over look'd and forgiven. Tho' were there nothing but length and continuance of Acquaintance, and a long Intimacy, under the same Roof, on the same Road, and in the same Circumstances of Life; yet even from hence we often see such Friendships contracted, that nothing but Death can divide 'em. And these of necessity must be much stronger, where the Obligations are dearer, and the Intimacy closer, and the Secrecy more intire: Where Tenderness, and Interest, and Inclination, joyn their Forces; and 'tis so much the Concern of both Parties to make each other Happy.

I never said or thought that Love was more furious the longer it lasted; for I believe the quite contrary. 'Tis the more calm and rational; but 'twould be strange, if it should therefore be the less Perfect. It burns like subterranean Lamps, undisturb'd and even, and therefore must be immortal; at least, the Light can only be extinguish'd when the Lamp it self moulders: Its Death is owing not to any inward Decay, but meerly to the Weakness of the Materials.

Yet if Souls know Souls hereafter, what He-reise is it, to believe, that a virtuous Friendship, here commenc'd, shall last, nay, shall be perfected, like all other good Qualities, in another World! You'll say, it may be, I'm too grave on such

Sub.

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Subjects: But I must ask your Pardon, if I only let you and others know what I think my self. I love to follow a *Thought* as far as I can see it. And I have read, that some of the brave old *Heathens* were wont mightily to please themselves with the *Friendships* of *Elysium*, and the *Satisfaction* they expected in a more intimate Correspondence with *wise* and *good Men* in *another World*.

But well remember'd: We are yet in this; and I hope I should do my *Fellow Citizens* no *Disservice*, if I could put all *Married Persons*, or at least the very greatest part of 'em, in a way to be certainly *Happy* with each other; and the longer they *live*, to love still the better, and be more *belov'd*.

Let the *Husband*, if he desires this, neither *Doat* nor *Tyrannize*: The *Wife* neither *assume* beyond what *Nature*, and the (indulgent) *Laws* have given her, nor yet so basely *crouch*, as to render her self *sheep* and *despicable*. If they ever have any little *Differences*, let 'em no more take *air*, than *Fire* in a *Cellar*. Keep 'em even from *Serpants*, and let the *Pillow* alone decide 'em, where many a *Flint* is broken.

If both are *Passionate*, take turns to *adjourn* your *Anger*; if only one, it's the easier to agree; tho' there's this Advantage even in an *hasty Temper*, that as it soon *kindles*, 'tis never long a *burning*; it may *sputter* a little, but 'twill do no *great hurt*; while a *sour Log* that's a whole day a *lighting*, shall, it may be, be half a dozen, before 'tis *extinguish'd*.

In the last place, Learn the Art of *Memory*, and the greater Art of *Forgetfulness*, and you'll not fail of being *Happy*. That is, remember all

the

the kind things, *forget* all that's *barsh* or ungrateful that ever *past* between ye; at least never *repeat* 'em, which will be the best way to *forget* 'em: Which Advice if you carefully observe, I see no Reason to doubt but you'll live as contentedly as

Your Humble Servant,

Sappho.

LETTER XVI.

That Ugliness is most desireable in a Wife.

By the Athenians.

TIS but a *Cowardly* sort of *Vertue*, that's forc'd to wink, in order to avoid a *Beautiful Enemy*:— Nor will we so much as make use of your own *Arms* against you, that this *Beauty* that make such *Ashes* of us all, is only in the *Imagination*:— Let it be in the *Sense* too if it will, but we're resolv'd it shall never domineer over our Reason. Nay, We'll not only think it, but even look it into an *Indifference*, and the *Subtlest*, the *Loveliest*, the *veriest Woman* of ye all shall no more debauch my *Judgment*, than one of your *Predecessors* could the *Person* of that *honest Philosopher*. You may say, if you think fit, as she did, that we're *Stones*, and not *Men*, but we'll prove our Reason beyond
Con-

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Contradiction, by despising such *Irrational Creatures* as you are. Nay, never *Dress*, nor *Patch* nor *Powder*, nor *Twire*, nor *Brusle* up at us thus; for you'll all lose your Labour. Our Choice is made; and if We must have Wives, we're resolv'd a good convenient Parcel of *Ugliness* shall be their principal *Recommendation*.

And a thousand Conveniences shall We meet with by this honest *Policy*. First, We shall vex you, and mortifie your *vain Sex* a little, which will do us more Good then a Thousand Guineas more in her Portion,--- and it may be you may be the better for't too; at least, 'twill be your own faults, if you be not: For there might be some Hopes of you, if we cou'd but once make you *humble*,

But order your Matters as you please, for we'll still go on with our Story.

In the next place, we shall need no *Seraglio*, no Black or White *Eunuchs*, to keep that safe, which no Body but our selves will meddle with: Who wou'd disquiet himself for the *vain Satisfaction* of having what's left of a *Beauty*, when he may be so much more happy, with one of a *different Character*? A thousand Towers, and Locks, and Bars, and Fathers and Husbands can't preserve an *Almena*, or a *Danae*: What Eternal Catterwawling there is about one of these *Pestilent Beauties*; what purring of one side, and scratching of'r other? How often a Man may have bin Skin-pinckt, for presuming but to lead home his own *natural Wife*? With what Fear and Reverence must he Salute her? How tenderly must he touch such *China Ware*, and how slight a matter reduces it to its *Primitive Earth* again? Give us a good plain *Barthen Platter*, that will endure

endure a sound *Bang*, and while we eat in't, we're safer from *Poyson*, than if all our *Meat* were serv'd up in *Unicorns Horns*.

A *fine Woman* must be conceited, if she has any *Eyes*, and consequently be pleas'd her self, that she pleases others. Then shou'd we have a thousand *Fop - Doodles*, *Friming*, and *Corking*, and *Dressing*, and *Singing* at her, and *Corrupting* all our *Servants*, and it by *Miracle* he shou'd at last beyond our *Expectation* and his own, find her honest, he takes care to prefer her to one of the *Boxes* in the next *Lampoon*, or so publicly abuse her, that we must be forc'd to slit his *Windpipe*, or he ours, in attempting her *Vindication*.

No, since our *Honour* is by the abundant *Civility* of our *Countrey* in our *Wives keeping*, we wou'd have our *Cabinet* made as plain and as strong as possible, that none shou'd attempt to break it open, or if they did, might lose their *Labour*.

And as we shan't be troubled from others, so neither from her self. Our *Dear Joans* and we shall agree well enough together. She can't be Proud; for what has she to be Proud of, except of our *affections*? She can't be *Unnatur'd*, for she has nothing but the *Agreeableness* of her *Temper* to retain our *Hearts*. Nay, she can't be so much as *Jealous*, for she shall know we chose her before a *Beauty*, because we liked her better. She'll be content with any thing, because she's humble; and Name us *one Beauty* that ever had that *Virtue*: She'll not trouble us, or ruine us in *Expences*. Not in *Cloath*, because she shall be so superlatively *Ugly* (if our kind *Stars* wou'd but send us such *Jewels*.) that no *Finery* shall make her

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her better. Nor in *House-keeping*, because she'll not care for much *Company*; nor in *Journeys*, for the same Reason. She must Love us entirely, because none else will Love her, and that must needs make us Love her again, and how ardently shall we embrace her *Fair Soul*, thro' her *homely Body*? And how quiet and happy shall we sit at home, and pity the Miserable *Beauties*, and those who possess 'em, as *Jove* did *Semele* in the midst of *Storms* and *Thunder*; while their *Reputations* are *Blasted*, their *Content* *Banish'd*, their *Estates* *Ruin'd*, their *Hearts* *Tormented*, and in a few Years, or perhaps Hours, that which was the occasion of all this, is no more: The fatal Cause is ceas'd, but the Effects still remain. The Beauty is gone, but the Woman still Lives and Hangs on ye, and wou'd fain be a Beauty still, and when all the World is weary, you must begin, and Cringe and Court as much as ever.

Whilst our dear *Dowdy* has such a *Face*, that she defies Age, nay, Death it self to hurt it. 'Tis as invulnerable as the heel of *Achilles*, and by the looks on't, you'd think it had been dipt in the same Water. Time must have a good Stomach if he meddles with't. It must be meerly for the sake of Malice, and therefore we hope he'll let her alone as well as all the rest of Mankind: For our own use we'd have her, and what shou'd we care whether she pleases others? She'll be a Guard to our Houses, her Face will fright Thieves away, and our Children need no other *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*, to keep 'em in order. What pretty *Cubbs* they'll be, and how like their own dear *Father* and *Mother*?

Cottis

*Come hither, and draw her Sweet Picture,
Apelles,*

*With a Face like the Fire-pan, and a Nose like
the Bellows :*

*Her Body all Grid-Irⁿ (Mr. Printer ! depend
on't :)*

*Or a Worm-eaten Carrot with two sticks at
the End on't,*

*Teeth, Fair as a Sloe, by kind nature's di-
rection,*

*Tho in vain, as a Foyl to her darker Com-
plexion.*

*Her thin Lips how Pale, and her Gills how all
Rosy ?*

*But such Charms in her Breath, that each whiff
overthrows ye.*

*Such, such is our Fair one, no Uglier we'll
make her,*

*And to show We're not Jealous, he that likes her
may take her.*

Athens.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

In Answer to Letter XVI.

In Defence of Beauty.

By Anonyma.

Civility requires, Mr. Athens, that we should leave you in the unenvy'd possession of what you so much delight in, the very *Imagination* of whose Charms had snatched you away into such a *Rapture* of *Dogrel*, as neither *Witber*, nor A. himself could equal.

Let us then return to that against which you profess so utter an *Aversion*, and which all the World besides so justly admire. The *Defence* of *Beauty*, tho it needs no *Champion*.

My subject I feel is too big for me, and now only I repent my accepting your Challenge. Not that I fear any *Antagonist*, but that so weighty a cause has not a more equal strength to support it: It staggers me at once, and dazzles me, and if *Sappho*, or *Behn* her self were alive, they must undergo the same misfortune.

Yet if I must fall, it shall be Honourably; I'll wish I could do more, and will at least attempt it, and perhaps might succeed, had I but all the Beautys in the World before me, that out of 'em, like the *Painter*, I might make one *Venus*.

What art thou, thou strange *Unaccountable* *Every thing*! Or by what *Names*, or *Titles*, shall

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we salute thee ? We see thee *every where*, and yet none can define thee. Thou art the same, and yet infinitely diversify'd. *Harmony* is most like thee, and thou art the *Concord*, or rather the *Virtue* of all that's *visible*. The *Almighty Artist* has scatter'd thee through all his work: A Flower, a Blade of Grass, a Fly, a Mite possesses thee. We see thee in all shapes and dresses, we admire thee in the Picture of a Storm, or a Battle, and discover a Beauty even in *Horror*.

Light it self is thy near Relation, or rather *Lightning*, could we separate it from the fatal effects it carries with it : Thy *Darts* are all peaceful and innocent, yet we feel 'em *will* through our *Hearts*, and bless the wound that makes us *Mad with Pleasure*.

'Tis in a humane Face thy Throne's erected ;

There dost thou Triumph with a Peaceful Sway,

Thy Scepter makes the trembling World obey.

See the little Monarchs, the puny Princes and Conquerors, all the Greats, and the Immortals, and Invincibles ! How they creep and cower about thy Throne ! Yet there's one that dares meet thy Beams, and that deserves 'em : He has lately lost a Beauty would have disputed Empires even with thee: Try if thou canst make it up, tho that could scarce be done, thou'dst thou thy self descend into his Arms !

Whither, O Beauty ! Whither hast thou drawn me ?

Why

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Why, O ye Peaceful Plains are you forsaken,

For noisy Camps, and Courts, and glittering Thrones?

I'll come again — Hail all ye Happy Shades,

Where untaught Nature Beautiful and

Young,

Displays unborrow'd Charms; where thou

and I,

My Damon, Life's unenvy'd sweets may

prove,

And all the Luxury of virtuous Love.

Where we may see a thousand diverting ob-

jects, a thousand Beautys on every side, and

bewilder our Eyes in the pleasing variety, and

return to living Beautys, when they are tired

with insensible objects, I know where my Eyes

can meet their Acquaintance, and find as much

Love as they bring with 'em. Such unaffected

Gracefulness, such a manly Noble Air, such Eyes,

such very Lovely speaking Eyes; Such modesty,

such softness, such firmness such a happy mixture,

just such as I wou'd wish in him I Love. And

while he Loves, I have no more to wish.

Who can think, or talk, or write temperately,

when Beauty is the Subject? Nothing could

now be cold, that had a Spark of Life or

Motion.

The pleasure it gives is more refin'd and

more remov'd from Sense, even than that of

Musick: Brute Creatures seem in some Instances

to be mov'd by the latter, but only what has

Reason by the former: That is too Spiritual a

Pleasure for their inferiour Natures. I can't

therefore think they have Reason, because they

have

have no *Choice* in these matters: Their *Appetites* hurry 'em on for the preservation of their *Kind*, but *Beauty* never strikes 'em, and the *Herd* knows no more *Distinction* then it does *Propriety*.

And if there shou'd be any *Creatures* in *humane shape*, who had the same *Tempers* and *Inclinations*, who could remain insensible before such an object as commands *reverence* and *respect* from the greatest *Barbarians*, they ought rather to be rank'd with those *Inferior Animals*, with whom they *Sympathize*, or at least among the *Mimickry* and *Sports* of *Nature*, who may seem to have taken pleasure in making a *Figure* so like a *Man*, which yet might puzzle the *Philosophers* to describe him, or to know what *Species* they ought to rank him under.

Had *Beauty* only *Barbarians* to deal with, it would civilize 'em, had it the worst of *Men*, so they are but *Men*, it might work upon them, refine the *Oar*, smoothe the rugged & *Temper*, cultivate the most barren soil, and every day produce *New wonders*.

But then it must keep company with *Vertue*, for if once that leaves it, how soon will it *Pine* and *Languish*? 'Tis like the *Vine* without the *Elm*, the *Jessamine* without its *Supports*. It tumbles to *Earth*, and is trodden into the *Mine* by every one that passes by it.

The more difficulty there is in preserving *Beauty* unblemish'd, the more glorious are those who do so. It's possible to be done; for it has been and still is, in many instances. *Heaven* is not so envious, or malicious as *Earth*, but can give *Beauty* and *Vertue* to the same *Person*,
and

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and they agree so well together, 'tis pity they should ever be parted.

It is the envy and wicked Revenge of disappointed Wickedness, which often endeavours to sully what it cannot ruine; and the rest of *Mankind* is so *ill-natur'd*, and so very partial, that any thing of this Kind is greedily receiv'd, and easily believ'd.

Yet after all, if there are really so many ill Women in the World as some would perswade us, who pretend to be very well acquainted with 'em, 'tis easily Demonstrable, that Beauty is not the cause on't; nay, that the smaller part of those who deserve that Character are really Beautiful, because *homely Faces* make up the most of the World.

And it is still more likely, on some Accounts, that a fine Woman shou'd be Vertuous, than one who is more indifferent, because she is naturally and justly conscious of her own worth.

There is a decent Pride, which will not let her have such cheap thoughts of her self as other People.

If 'tis objected, that she values her self for it; and why shou'd she not, so she does it Soberly and Moderately? What Man is there who has more Strength, or Wealth, or Wit, or Prudence than his Neighbours, who does not find his Mind Proportionable to his Endowments, and expect a just deference from such as come behind him in any of those *Qualifications*.

Beauty 'tis true, decays, and so does every thing that's *Mortal*; but 'tis better to be happy some part of *Life*, than none at all; and the Ruins of a good *Face*, must be better than those

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those of a bad one; Nay, more agreeable in Age, than the other, when it had the *Freshest Youth* to recommend it.

Deformity strikes the mind with Horror, as Beauty with Love: 'Tis, I confess, a deep Piece of *Policy* to Marry such a Person as a Man can not Love himself, for fear any body else should Love her. Nor is he always so sure of that neither, since a misshapen body oftentimes covers a more awkward and misshapen mind. And Nature seems to cry, Beware! whenever it shows us one of those *Amick Figures*, and this they are so sensible of themselves, that they are generally either negligent, and squalid of one side, because indeed, they despair of pleasing after all their pains, or else *Spiteful* and *Malicious Enemies* to all the World, because they think they have but few Friends in it.

Nor has it been rarely found, that such Persons as these have been lost in the *lowest degrees* of the most sordid Vices, agreeable to their Nature and Inclination: Tho this must be own'd, in the last place, to prevent the Imputation of *Ill-nature* and *Injustice*, that where such as these apply themselves vigorously to the Prosecution of Vertue, they become as Famous as any, thro' a happy resolution of mind.

But yet on the other side, none can deny that Vertue looks much more Charming in a *Beautiful Dress*, than in one that's more indifferent or displeasing.

Anonyma.

LET.

LETTER XVIII.

Against Marrying a Widow.

 By the Athenians.

YOU complain, Madam, we've forgotten to whom we're writing, and often address our selves to the *Men*, without any regard to our *Antagonist*: For this we must beg your Pardon, since the love of the Truth, and concern for poor abus'd *Mankind* makes us, we find, sometimes take off our eyes from our Antagonist, before we're aware. But we hope you will forgive us since 'tis for the Publick Good, and tho' we may happen to step out of the way a little now and then, fear not but we'll return again, and fight out the Battle.

And now for the *Folly Widow*, since *Maid* and *Wife* have pretty well wearied us. And tho' you, Madam, are yet two or three *degrees* from that state of Life, yet you may in time arrive to it, and therefore you'd do well, often to Read over the *Directions* of a very sage Philosopher for the management of your *Affairs*, that you mayn't be surprized when you should come to Action. You know who says,

*Widows who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till they've made over.*

Or if they do before they *Marry*,
 The *Foxes* weigh the *Geese* they carry;
 Whence *winniſt Ladies* always chooſe
 To undertake the *heavieſt Goofe*.

Now if we did not ſometimes *take out Repriſals* againſt your Sex, and ſome of our *He-Foxes*, though *Poor and Lean*, ſnap up one of your *heavieſt Geese*, we ſhou'd never be upon the *Square* with you, though a ſad Choice a Man's in when he's brought to that *Condition*; only the fore-mention'd Gentleman's ſhort *Questions* can't eaſily be answered.

What an *Amorous* thing is *Want*,
 How *Debts* and *Morigages* *Inchant*!
 What *Graces* muſt that *Lady* have
 That can from *Execution* ſave!

But the worſt is, that oftentimes ſhe only brings the *Execution* ſooner on the poor miſtaken Husband, who catches *two Tartars* at once: For he that ventures on that terrible *Creature*, a *Widow*, muſt prepare for the worſt, and not think ſhe has been *Married*, and buried one Husband for nothing; and having once got out of the *Grate*, ſhe remembers all her *old Tricks* again, and is full as *wild* and more *cunning* than ever. And 'twould at leaſt make one cautious, if we came to a *Ditch* which another had attempted to leap, and ſtuck in the middle, how we overhaſtily ventured after him. A *Widow* is a *double Woman*, ſhe has in her all the *Poyſon* of her Sex, highly *reſtify'd*, and rendred infinitely more *Subtle* and *Mortal*. When the *Cannibal* has

as once tasted the *Blood* of one Man, though she weep never so many *Crocodiles* Tears over his *Grave*, she hardly ever leaves off till she has try'd another: Like a *Dog* that has once found the sweetness of *Sheeps-Blood*, nothing but the *Branch* can make him give it over. When we consider the Tears of the *Ephesian* *Matron*, for the Death of her Husband, we find our selves surprized with more of Wonder and Amazement, than the Soldier was when he first beheld her: Plainly we perceive certain symptoms in her, which signify not only a change of Humour, but even a perfect Metamorphosis of her Person also; and so strangely is she Alter'd that did not the continuance of her *Mourning Habit*, together with the circumstances of Time and Place, assure us to the contrary; seriously we shou'd not be perswaded, that she is the same *Woman*. She appears now to have so little of the Sorrowful Widow in her, that if we might have the liberty *Physiognomists* take, of divining by outward signs, we shou'd take her for the most Pleased and Happy Bride in the World. Her forehead seems not only smoothed, but dilated also to a more graceful largeness, and overcast with a delicate sanguine Dye. Her *Eyes* sparkling again with lustre, yet little more then half open, with their amiable whites turn'd somewhat upward, unsteady, bedewed with a Ruby Moisture, and by stealth casting certain languishing Glances, (such as are observed only in Persons Dying, and Lovers in the Extasie of Delight) upon the Soldier. Her *Lips* swelling with a delicious vermillion tincture, and gently trembling; yet still preserving the decorum and sweetness of her Mouth. Her *Cheeks* over-

flow with Blushes. Her *Head* a little declining, as when Modesty hath a secret conflict with Desire. In a word, We discern in her, a concurrence of all those signs, which, as natural and inseparable Characters, are proper to great *Fay* and *Pleasure*.

What therefore shall we think? To imagine that She, a Woman of Exemplary Constancy, of Chastity, more cold and severe than the Goddess her self, who is said to be guardian of it; of Sorrow almost unparallel'd and invincible; whose Tears are yet scarcely dry, still sitting in a damp and horrid Charnel-house, at the dead time of the night, and upon the Coffin of her *Dearest All*: To imagine (we say) that this Woman should be so soon ingulphed in the delighted Transports of a *New Love*, and that with a Fellow so much a Stranger, so much her Inferiour: This certainly is not only highly improbable, but unpardonably scandalous: But so it is, we have good reason to suspect, that our *Matron* hath newly felt the power of Loves inevitable Dart, and she now burns as extremely in the flames of *Amorous Desires* for the Soldier, as she was lately frozen in the Ice of Sorrow for her Husband. Her looks and gestures betray her, and all the *Airs* of high *Consent* and *Pleasure* appearing in her face, will no longer permit us to doubt, but she hath lately Tasted, and more than Tasted, of that delight, which Lovers are sensible of in the act of Fruition; and which being it self a kind of Extasy, cannot be described, so as to be understood by any but such as feel it; nor those, but when they feel it.

Nor need you longer remain in suspence: for
behold

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Behold, she now *throws her self into the Soldiers Arms*; She Embraceth him, She Kisseth him, and with that Violence, that Greediness, as if she were unsatisfied with the bare touches of his Lips, and longed to leave the impressi^on of hers upon them. Nay, she takes no care to shut them, as if that negligent posture were more natural to the freedom of her kindness; or as if she were in more readiness to receive that soul, she would have him breathe into her: In a word, There is nothing of Liberty, nothing of Dalliance, nothing of Caresses and Indearment, which this Sportful *Lady* doth not use, both to make her self Grateful and Charming to her New *Gallant*, and to enkindle fresh Ardors in him. So that if what we see, be not *Venus* her self, Sporting with her beloved *Mars*; yet doubtless, it is one of her own Daughters, in the height of Solace with one of her Sons: She does not scruple at the nicety of making the *Dead Husbands Coffin*, the Altar whereon to kindle her *Amorous Fires*. Now Reader, we see, in this sudden and prodigious Metamorphosis, the Murability and Levity of *Widows*; then Reader, if you court a *Widow*, believe her not, though she *immures* her self never so closely, *mourns* never so unconsolably, and remains never so *Obstinate* in her Melancholy *Recess*, that she may accompany her dear Lord to the place of *Silence*. Then, even then, when her Peak is but just put on, when her Mourning hardly handseled, would she not refuse *Comfort* upon reasonable *Terms*; alas! *Pity* and *Love* are near akin, and the heart that melted so lately by one *Passion*, that of Grief, and has not yet had time to barden, will easily enough admit an im-

pression from another, though very different. Love has a thousand disguises, he sometimes gets a long black Cloak on, and struts in't as mournfully and gravely as the nearest Relations; but when once he's alone, Widow, have at your heart, off goes his disguise, and he's a God again.

But let him be what he will, *Angel* or *Fiend*, we may safely turn a very *Widow* loose to him, without any fear of their hurting one another. Should he be as *subtle* a Cur as *Machiavel's* *Marry'd Devil*, she'd soon make him hang his Ears as he did, and desire to be dismiss'd of the Employment. She'd hamper him in Links as substantial as any he had left behind him, give him just his meat for his working and no more, hold him close to a *quantum valuit*, and make over her Soul and her Estate to some other, even though he had Possession of her Body, but would fain be rid on't if he knew how; since she would haunt and possess him, rather than on the contrary.

And what then should a poor Mortal do with her; or how should he be able to deal with her? Suppose him in the worst condition, and no way but this or a Gaol, would it not look more like Freedom to live out of the Prisoner's Basket than out of hers. I trust, he'd have nothing but Scraps from both, but then for the former he'd not be upbraided; besides he'd have a much more mild Durance, a sort of a King's-Bench Prison, where ever he was, in comparison of being turn'd over to a Widow, till Death cleared him at the General Gaol delivery.

But the most diverting Scene is, when they are Geese o' both sides, and cheat one another. The *Chizzen* turn'd Gentleman, and the German-

Princess

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Princess rarely well met, and neither have just cause to complain. When the Widow lives high, keeps a noble House and splendid Table, and has nothing but *Sham-Deeds* and bastard *Mortgages* at the bottom. And the Noble Squire Eats, Drinks, Presents, Treats, and Plays as high as any, and yet's in debt for very *Rag* he wears, and had much ado to rig himself out for this weighty Expedition. But the *Fest* is, when they come to *weigh* one another, and find nothing but *Feathers* o' both sides, to see how they look, and how exactly like one another, only the Bride a little more *Chagrin* of the two, because she has disgrac'd the Honour of her *Character*, and prov'd a Reproach to the Gravity and discretion of Widow-hood, by being impos'd on by another, when a true Widow ought to *Cheat* all *Mankind*.

Yet once more we'll suppose the very best, and that an *honest Fellow* should chance to light on a *Widow* a little more free of her *Purse* though a most *hide-bound Carcase*: *Osborn* has exactly told such a Man's *Fortune*. The things (says he) required to reach the apprehension of such a loathsome Companion, will prove so chargeable as in a short time her Gold will be spent, and nothing left but the *Foul Beast* that carried it.

ATHENS.

O A

LET.

LETTER XIX.

*In Answer to Letter XVIII.**In Defence of Widows:*

By a Young Widow.

AND is a Widow really such a frightful thing Gentlemen, so much your aversion? And were you always of that mind? Are we all of us such perfect Witches, such abominable Blood-suckers, such Cheats and Impostors, such unreasonable unconscionable Creatures, as you represent us? Or did you never hear of a *fly* Thing, that cry'd, "The Grapes" were *sour*, when he cou'd not come at 'em? "Or of a lewd Spark of your Acquaintance," who has often enough made it his "business to defame that *Verina* which he cou'd not corrupt and ruin? Just thus, I fancy, did that doughty Knight, Sir *Hudibras*, rail at his dear Widow, when he cou'd not catch her, and when he found both his *sham-Oaths* and *Whipping* lost upon her. But to Halp no more upon that *siring*, which it may be you will think makes but very jarring Musick, I must ask leave to enter into the Merits of the Cause, and consider your angry waspish complaint, against poor Widows, who I find, as helpless as they are, and how much soever entitl'd to *Heaven's Protection*, must expect but little of yours. The more Discour-

teous.

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vous Knight you, the while, and unmindful of the Laws of Chivalry and Honour. O! but we do not need it, we are cunning enough of our selves, you say, to deceive all the World. But pray give me leave to ask you, Sirs, how came a poor simple Woman to be in a little while so strangely alter'd? If we kill'd our Husbands indeed, and eat 'em afterwards, there might be something in it, and the Riddle might easily be solv'd, according to the Faith of the Cannibals; because if we believe them, we should have all their Prudence transfus'd into us: But that meer Cohabitation should work such a Prodigious change, that only conversing with a Man for a few Years, or it may be Months, should thus transform the most foolish and helpless thing in Nature into a meer She-Maschiavel, and make us too hard for all your Athenian Noddles; This I confess is unaccountable, and admirable; and it must needs follow from it, that either we are very apt Scholars, or you are excellent Masters.

But have not your Sex too the like Advantage by Widow-hood? If you have, certainly, Sirs, it's very dangerous meddling with you: For when you have swallow'd such a Serpent as a Woman, you must be perfect Dragons; especially if it happens to be a Widow that you have thus got rid of, at whose Happy Departure you would doubtless Triumph as much as the Men when he bury'd his Twentieth Wife, and wear Garlands all your Life after. And yet (Gentlemen) the same expence of Vows and Oaths is requir'd to gain one of us, that you use with others; may you are often forc'd to double your Files, to clinch your Perjuries when you attack a Widow, though you pretend to know our weak side never

So exactly, because we are sure we *know* your Sex well enough whatever you may *know* of ours; and having been *deceiv'd* once before, as it is great odds if when we were marry'd, we met with any better Fortune, we expect you should juggle more *artificially*, and hang and drown more *pathetically* than our former Lovers, before you *decey* us into a *second Nose*. And when once you have your *desire*, what *Assurance* have we after all our *cunning*, that we shall not catch a *Tartar*, that a *Widower* shall not *outwidow* us, and over shoot us in our own *Bow*? Have not you *Comruances* and *Conveyances* as well as we, and *Sham-Foyntures* and *Airy Estates*, which all *vanish* after *Marriage*, like the *Ink* of some of your *false Deeds*, by which you *lur'd* us into your *cutches*? It may be, we may with much ado continue in your good *Graces* for some *half a Year* after *Marriage*; and a long time that too, it's like many of you will say, and an unconscionable, while to be constant to *one Woman*: But when once that's past, and you can drain us of no more comfortable *Old Gold*, a *few Pieces* whereof we may have laid up for a comfort in *Age*, or for Legacies, or any extraordinary *Accident*, then we presently see you *appear* in your own *shapes*, and those sufficiently *harred*: Nothing but *Oaths* and *Curses*, and kicking out of *Doors*. For if you turn us up to *Alimony* and cannot find a way to *cheat* us of that too, we must take it as a great *Favour*, while you *Drink*, and *Game*, and *worse*, and *Revel* in our *Estates*, to your *Hearts desire*.

Thus you see your *Pictures* may be drawn, *Sirs*, as well as *ours*; and there are some *Lines* so remarkable in many of your Sex, that it is almost impossible not to *hit* 'em; and I appeal to the

common

common Experience of the world, whether they do not know many *Widow-Hunters*, to whom this Description agrees as well as whom it fits as exactly, as if they had been taken measure of, and it had been made on purpose for them.

After all to be *ingenuous*, and acknowledge a *Truth*, though if the consequence be not strain'd, it will not hurt us, all *Estates* and *Conditions* have some Persons that are a *Scandal* and *Reproach* to them, and to their *Relations*. There are, it cannot be deni'd, *unquiet* and *ill-temper'd*, as well as *crafty* and *over-reaching* Persons, of all sorts and degrees, *Maid*s, *Wives* and *Widows*; ay, and of all *Sexes* too, *Gentlemen*, as I hope I have satisfi'd you already, of your own as well as ours.

But why a *Widow*, who has more Experience in the World who knows better how to manage a *Family*, than another, and how to value a good Husband, either by the Loss of one of that Character, or the enduring the Tyranny of a bad one? Why such a Person should not be at least as desirable a Partner as a raw, young, giddy-headed Girl of sixteen, who has just left playing with *Lifeless Babbies*; when she comes to have *Living* ones of her own to entertain her, and knows not what to do with them; I profess I am not sharp-sighted enough to discern, and therefore, must refer the decision of so weighty an Affair to the nicer Judgment of *Athens*; and shall conclude with saying I'm so much a *Widow* indeed; that when any *Widow* sighs and weeps at the funeral of her Husband; I compassionate the Reality and Profoundness of her Grief, am afraid she should despair, and destroy her self; and I sooner expect to see her Husband revived, then her to entertain any the least thought of admitting another into her bed. If I bu
hea

hear the sad story of some young Virgin deprived of her first Love; I cannot forbear to beat my breast, and cry out, Ah! what pity it is, *so fair a Flower should be lost to all Mankind!* and wither for want of a hand to gather it? For, certainly, the poor Soul, devoting the disconsolate remainder of her days to Solitude and Fidelity, will never be brought to listen after another for a Bridegroom; no, without doubt *she will live and die a pure Virgin*, and all the hopes she hath, are to contemplate the honours reserved in the *Elyzium*, for such Maids as continue true to their departed Sweet-hearts; Nor are your *Venetian locks*, half so good security for her Chastity, as the memory of the vows she made to the Person, to whom she once gave her Heart.

And, had my stars been so propitious and bountiful to my Nativity, as to have inspired me with a competent Portion of Wit, I should not have conceived any Argument either so worthy in it self, or so agreeable to my *Genius*, as the *Commendation of Ladies*.

So that (whatever you say of the *Ephesian Maïron*) you may well perceive, how irreconcilable an Antipathy I have to any such Opinion, as derogates from the Honour due to the *Immutability* of our delicate Sweet Sex, which the kindness of Nature made for your Comfort, Solace and Delight, and without the Assistance of which you wou'd fall short of doing that *most Excellent Act*, which witnesseth the perfection of your Being, and makes you Immortal in Spight of Death.

M. Wood.

EET.

LETTER XX.

Receipts for the Cure of Love.

*In a Letter to the Ladies Engaged in these
Amorous Quarrels.*

Ladies!

AFTER the innumerable Mischiefs whereof your *veracious* Sex are the *Causes* and *Autors*, some of which we have endeavour'd to set in a *just light*, that the World may *beware* both of *them* and *you*, we shall end as we began with *Love*, the most *dangerous* and *fatal* of 'em all, and take our leave of that and you together. And that we may not only discover this Epidemical Distemper, but like good Physicians, apply some Remedies to those who are *visited* with it, we intend to conclude our present Address to your most *egregious Vanities*, with a few choice *Receipts* for the *Cure* of this Fatal Passion, which if taken time enough, is not perhaps so impossible as you wou'd have us imagine.

And in order to this delirable alteration on all such as are not yet quite past hope, we must first advise 'em to remove the *Cause*, which we cou'd never find was any other than an *Idle* and *wrestless disposition*. *Laziness* is as near a kin to *Love*, as a *Fever* is to an *Ague*; and we verily believe that *hard Working* wou'd be as good a *Cure* for one as 'tis for t'other. *Chambers*, and *Couches*, and *Alcoves*, and *Beds of Moss*, or *Roses*, are the dear delight of that *Jack-a-napes* of a God, that *Coelestial Bastard*, the son of *Venus* and

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and--- she scarce her self knew whom. There he lolls and stretches himself, and swaggers and domineers, and is wonderful *Valiant* on his own *Dunghil*. Where you wou'd almost mistake him for *Mars* himself, his mothers *Gallant*, he looks so big and terrible on all those who are tame enough, and *Fools* enough to be his *Vassals*; who lies groaning, and crying, 'tis impossible to break their *Chain*, or rise from under so many *Pelions* and *Ossa's* of *Flowers Billet-deux's* which *Oppress* and *Fetter* 'em, because they han't the *Resolution* to make one brave *Effort* to recover their *Freedom*. It must be then a full *Tide* of *Business*, their *Hands* and *Heads* full of some *Honest*, and *Brave*, and *Useful Employment*, which is one of the most *proper* and *probable* means to affect a *Cure* on such as have a mind to be rid of their *Distemper*, and who for the most part, fell in *Love* at first for no better *Reason*, than because they had *nothing else to do*: As is evident from the *Character* and *Quality* of those who make up the greatest number of *Lovers*, among whom you rarely or never find men of *Age* or *Business*, or confirm'd and ripen'd *Judgments*, but loose *Young Men*, dissolv'd in *Riot* and *Idleness*, either not capable of any more *Noble* and *Manly Employments*, or rendring themselves actually unfit for it, by affecting to remain *unbent* and *useless* to themselves and all Mankind, meer *Cyphers* and *Blanks* in the *Creation*.

But we talk on this Subject like a *Lover* who is commending his *Mistress*, and scarce know when we've done. Let's leave this therefore, which we look on as the most *Effectual Remedy* of any other, and proceed to enquire what further

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ther helps may be found against so dangerous a
Distemper.

There was an *honest old rough Bellow*, among
the *Grecians*, who, being ask'd, what *Remedies*
shon'd be us'd for one in *Love*? He bluntly as-
sign'd one of these three following: Either, says
he, let 'em *Fast* it out, or let *Time* Cure it, or
if both these fail, there's no *Cure* but *one*, and
that's a *Halter*.

The two *first* will be thought too gross for
the *nice Palates* of our *Silken Gallants*; yet if
they are wise, they'll rather make use of 'em,
than come to the last, which however must be
confess'd, that many of their *Tribe* have found
Infalible.

If they wou'd stop short of this last, let 'em
use others less *violem*; e'er the *Disease* be ar-
riv'd to too great an height. Let 'em fly from
the fair *Cockatrice* — Shut their *Eyes*, their
very *Souls*, their *Memories*, their *Imaginati-*
ons. Turn her out, never so much as *Dream* of
her, at least without *chilling* themselves after-
ward. Never talk of her, nor let others do it
in their hearing, or fly such *Discourse*, and even
all those who are themselves in *Love*, and be as
careful to *weather* 'em as you wou'd one that
was newly come out of a *Pest-house*; and scat-
ter'd *Infection*, *Plague*, and certain *Rate* around
'em.

Fly your *Countrey*, as you would for any other
Tyran, or if it were infected with continual
Pestilence. For *change* of *Air* is sometimes as
wholesome to the *Mind* as 'tis to the *Body*. Don't
think of her, tho' you can't help it; that is, re-
solve you will not, tho' you do, and must at pre-
sent, for in time at least, you'll get some *Ground*,
and

and, if it be never so little at first, your *Heart* will by degrees be all your own. If she intrude never so often, tell her, she has nothing to do there, her Reign's at an end, and drive her out, as you would a Fury. Think how like a Fool you look, and how many Monkey tricks this Love makes you play daily. Consider what you get if you obtain your desires, either to be fairly *cheated*, and turn'd off to make room for some new Fool, or *tr'd* with an odious *Satiety*, or at best, pay dear for *Repentance*. To all which, do but add a real *will* to be cur'd, and a firm belief that you may be so, and (believe one that has try'd) your *Recovery* is more than half Perfected.

Then flye Love as a Viper, and you'll easily outrun him, you are invulnerable behind (as *Achilles* in his Heel) but if you look but over your Shoulder, you're a Dead Man. Then, Sir; when you perceive him bending his Bow at you (that's the Lasses pretty pincking Eyes) be sure you never stand him, and think to look him out of Countenance, for 'tis an impudent young Rogue as ever liv'd by *March-pane* and *Sugar-plumbs*. Remember here Cowardize is the truest valour. Wink when you fight with Love, if you ever hope to Conquer. — Ha! Now he levels all his Ordnance at ye, whole Broadides. — Upper and Lower Teer. You sink to the Deep if you lie there any longer. The Port-Holes are all up. The Tombkins out, primed, matched, ready. The little *Fireship* of a Woman opens her Lips and discovers Two Rows of Teeth, enough to charm an Angel; so smooth, so white, so even and so pretty. There is no Remedy unless you get out of Gun-shot, but she has ye between Wind and

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and Water, rakes ye *fore and aft*, and down you go to the Deep; and therefore 'tis, the *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, to make use of them more freely and covertly. *Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity!* He that should ask me what was the *First-part* in Love, I should answer him, *to make use of Opportunity*, the second the same, the third the same: 'Tis a point that can do all. And, *Ladies*, as you must *flye Love* (and the *Opportunities* that lead to it) if you would shun hanging your selves; so if you would not be *Mad Lovers*, never be *Idle*, nor worse employ'd than if you were, do not read *Romances*, *Play-Books*, or *Amorous-Tales*, at least till your Minds are formed, and you have seen something of the World. If these Directions were well observed, they would cure the Lover of *Mad-Fits*; but lest they should prove ineffectual (that, if possible, we may prevent your *Hanging*) we will give ye another Receipt to cure *Mad-Love*, *Probatum est*.

*A Receipt to Cure Mad-Love,
Probatum est.*

TAKE an Ounce of *Common Prudence*, a Scruple of *Self-Love*, and a Drachm of the *Powder of Fore-sight*, with Half a Pound of other Folks Dear-bought *Experience*, which may be had at a cheap Rate almost in every Family: Mix these well together, and temper with it a few Drops of *Serious Consideration*,

ration, and apply it Warm to the soft Place of the Head; you may repeat the Application of it as oft as you can.

This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied never fails: But, *Ladies*, if it does, we know you'll be immediately for *Christianizing* your selves with one barbarous Heathen Name or other, unless you light upon the *Seven Champions*, and then whip — you are all Heroins, and we know not what. — In a word, *keep sober, have a care of Cold Tea, use Phlebotomy*; and to sum up all, don't play the Fool, and you ne'er need fear Falling in Love.

Athens.

LETTER XXI.

Of the ways to be Lov'd.

By *Almira.*

HOW extreainly you are afraid of being too much pleas'd, and how much concern'd for fear your Sex should be over-happy. You take a great deal of care to unman all Humane

mane kind; and to reduce 'em to a *stupid* sort of *Insensibility*, to cut off a part of their *Souls*; tho' 'tis so far from being *Gangreen'd*, or *useless*, that it's the most *vigorous* and *necessary* part of 'em; if you consider 'em as *Members* of the *Universe*, and *sensible* and *conversible* *Creatures*: I mean the *Passions*, which are the *Feet*, or rather the *Wings* of the *Soul*; and nothing that's *Great* and *Noble* can be achiev'd without 'em; for I can hardly believe, when you are so earnest to *forfeit Love* in self into *Exile*, that you'd leave any of its *Kin* dred behind it. *Delight*, and *Joy*, and even *Hope*, are its near *Allies*, there's a strict *Confederacy* between them; you can never hope to sever 'em and they'll certainly run the *same Fortune*: You wou'd make your self incapable of *Senses* as well as *Happiness*; render all you *hear*, and *see*, and *taste*, *insipid* and *indifferent*; reduce your selves to the condition of a *Stone* or a *Log*; and what's that better than *being nothing*? Perpet in your next *Essay* that you shou'd publish some *Choice Remedies* against the *Fatigue* of *Breathing*, and give us some of the most *speedy* and *infallible* ways to *Cure* the great *Disease* of *Life*: Tho' I shou'd think 'twou'd be a more *Friendly* *Employment* to let us know how we might *Improve* *Life*; sweeten it; and make the *best* out; and doubly enjoy all its *Innumerable* *Satisfactions*: And I'm mistaken if a *Venerous* and *Honourable* *Love* will not produce all these *Happy Effects*; and a great many others which I have not nam'd. For whether or no 'twill make us more *beautiful*, as *Lady Single* is at last convinc'd by such another *Railmore* as your selves; this is certain, that 'twill make any Person more *careful* to appear so; it has chang'd the most *Remarkable* *Slovens* into

Com-

Compleat Gentlemen; it refines the Manners, and softens and gilds the Conversation.

But this having been already better manag'd by other Hands, I shall rather choose to close the Campaign (or Amorous Quarrels) with an Attempt to force your Line, to level all the Entrenchments you have made against this Powerful God; nay, to take you Prisoners, and show you how you may be Happy whether you will or no, which you can never be compleatly, unless you Love.

And the first great Secret in the Art of Love, is Love it self, how great a Paradox soever that may appear: My meaning is, that any one who desires to be lov'd, must himself Love with all his might, and to the utmost of his Power; for there is no such Charm for Love, as Love, resolv'd, vigorous, constant, which is almost irresistible. For 'tis in Love much as 'tis in other Passions, if you wou'd transcribe 'em into another's Breast, write 'em first legibly on your own.

And when you have once begun the Attack, be sure you push it home; regarding no consequences, but that your Intentions be Honourable and Vertuous, without which Love it self is but a Dream of Happiness. Take care your Addresses be Lawful, and then the warmer the better; for none of our Sex but have a late-warm Zeal in Love, which is of it self so warm and active a Passion, that where the Pretender is cold and heavy, how shou'd he make us believe he's in Love at all, any more than that there's any Fire, where we see nothing but Ashes, and not the least appearance of Heat or Motion.

You can't think I mean the Old Romantick way

A Paquet from Athens. 311

way of down-right dangling for a Mistress, or that the poor enamour'd Knight shou'd lug out cold Iron, and make a Window in his Breast, that the obdurate Lady might see what a huge Hole he has in his Heart: No, this is now as justly ridiculous as powdering a Mistress all over with Ruby and Diamond. Or the other Extream, the Lubber Gallant's lolling upon a Couch, Courting none but his sweet self; or if he can afford a word or two, only makes Love in style recitativo, and humms out a few ends of Verse, or Scraps of Songs, as if he thought our Hearts were to be won the same way they took of old, by Muttering and Incantation. But 'tis the middle way between both of these that can only expect to be prosperous, and the same application of Mind is here required that is necessary in any other Affair of equal weight and moment, and whereon depends the Happiness of a Man's whole Life.

Nor must this be only for a spurt and away, we shou'd be Cowards indeed, shou'd we yield at the first Summons, and you'd think us very ill provided, cou'd we not beat ye off the first Storm. You will not let us be ingenuous if we had a mind to't: You hate a cheap Conquest and part with it as easily as you gain'd it. Let's Humour you then for once, and Please you at your own costs, while at the same time we preserve our Sexes Decency and Modesty. The Girdle of Venus (as one who knew it very well assures us) was made up of Denials as well as Graces.

But yet at the same time we'd have ye importunate, you must take care to find the way not to be troublesome. You must not turn your

Court-

Courtesy into a Persecution. You must give us some space to *Breathe* in, and to consider of *Articles and Terms of Surrender*, which you may safely allow, so the *Truce* be not over long, which will *retard* your *Approaches*, and make us think, you mean to *Raise* the *Siege*, and that you either despair of *Conquest*, or do not think us worth your *Labour*.

And more than all this, we expect you shou'd treat us very fairly, and humour us at least before we yield, and we think we have reason for we know 'twill be your *time* afterwards. You may be *Humble* for a little while, and lay by your *Majesty*, *rebrace* your *Rays*, and sheath your *Thunder*, as *Jove* himself did on those *Occasions*. Such a short *Disguise* one wou'd think shou'd be a *Diversion* 'ye, since there's no fear you shou'd get a *Habit* on't; but *Nature* will break out some time or other, and we must be That all our *Lives* to please you, which you with so much *violence* to your selves appear to be, in order to oblige us for a few hours only.

Tho if by endeavouring to gain your *Mistress*, you shou'd also regain your selves; if by striving so earnestly to please us, you come at least to be really like us; if by having continually before you the *Charming Ideas* of *Meekness*, *Complaisance*, *Gentleness*, *Humility*, *Compassion*, and *Goodness*, you shou'd become e're you were aware, infected with those *Vertues*; and wonder at the change without comprehending it; you'd yet have no Reason surely to complain of the Alteration. In short if you desire the favour of a *Woman* of *Sense*, you can't expect it without some difficulty; and for such *Gold* you can never pay too dear, You must be brave, courageous, discreet, constant.

and,

and liberal; and in a word, a wise and virtuous Man; and then, if the han't Engagements to the contrary, what shou'd hinder you from succeeding? *Almira.*

Our SOCIETY have now Finish'd their AMOROUS QUARRELS that relate to the Disputable Points of Love and Wedlock: Which we Engag'd in, not out of any Aversion to the Fair Sex; but to satisfy the Importunity of some of themselves; who had a mind to see how Athens (that had always appear'd such Champions for 'em) could handle their Arms against 'em — But the Quarrel being over, like the Lawyers at the Bar, we now shake hands, and are Friends again.

We shall next insert

The Private Letters that pass between Two Ladies discovering to each other their Love-Secrets.

We can assure the Reader this Correspondence was REAL, they being sent to the Athenian Society, by Daphne, (one of the Ladies concern'd) and that the whole may appear in its Native Dress, we shall neither make Alterations, nor Amendments.

LETTER I.

Daphne's Proposal.

I Don't know, Madam, what Character my Uncle may have given you of me, but doubt not, but 'tis far above what I deserve, since it has been sufficient to make a Lady of your Merit,

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Merit, willing to maintain a Correspondence with me ; yet judging of your Goodness by the rest of your Admirable Perfections : I'll venture to *undecieve* you, by writing to you ; which will be an Effectual way, since by my Letters, you will soon discover I have very little to Recommend me ; nor indeed, can I with justice, pretend to any thing but *Sincerity* : 'Tis true, I very much esteem you, and so must all who know any thing of you.

1.

*I can't, Celinda, say I Love,
But rather I Adore,
When with Transported Eyes I view
Your Shining Merits o'er.*

2.

*A Fame so Spotless and Serene,
A Vertue so Refin'd,
And Thoughts as Great as e'er was yet
Graspt by a Female Mind.*

3.

*There Love and Honour dress in all
Their Genuine Charms, appear,
And with a Pleasing Force, at once
They Conquer and Endear.*

4.

*Then let's, my dear Celinda, thus
Blest in our selves, condemn
The Treacherous and Deluding Arts
Of those base things call'd Men.*

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I own (Madam) I can hope for no such Happiness as an Acquaintance with a Person like you can give me, and expect it only from your Willingness to oblige, to divert you I shall be willing to say any thing I can, on whatever Subject you shall please to propose, were I capable to maintain my part so well as your self, I shou'd not fear the severest Criticks. I wou'd add more, but as this is the first Visit, so it ought to be short, and the less you are tired, with this, you will better receive another of the same kind, from one who will be proud to have any share in your Friendship, — whilst DAPHNE.

LETTER II.

Celinda Desires Daphne to write her Thoughts freely on the Subject of Love.

Madam,

THE Air of your Letter, in spite of your Modesty confirms me that you deserve as Great a Character as Philarete has given you, and what Charms me more, I cant but fancy there's something in you that Resembles my Departed Saint (whose Loss has left a Vacuum in my Soul which nothing again within the Sphere of Nature, but such a Friend can fill) 'Tis true I found her false, yet I Lov'd so much that still I'd think her True.

I found a Friend before. I sought

As once I did believe,

We seem'd to breathe each others Thoughts,

And did in Kindness strive.

We Coach'd, we Quarrerd in one Bed,

Two Hearts were knit in one,

But when the Dice did turn, she Fled,

And left my Heart alone.

The Cruel Fate of Humane things

I then recall'd to mind,

That Wounds us with a Thousand Stings,

But none like this Unkind.

To loose my Fortune with my Friend

Was something hard I thought,

But saw the means led to the End;

Not me, but mine she sought.

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But

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But as my hopes did Gasping lie,
And lookt for nothing less,
Your Noble Friendship found me out
In all my deep Distress.

There's every one will be a Friend
To him that has no need;
But be that Friendship then doth lend,
O be's the Friend indeed.

Yet Madam I must needs think it a little Unkind in you
to Compliment me so Loosely, unless I knew better how to
Answer it, but I hope you'll Pardon that Defect, and pas-
sing from this Subject be as good as your word in writing on
what Theam I shall chuse—Then tell me, Daphne, whether e-
ver you felt the Dart of Love; and what are your Sentiments
of that Passion; as for my self my thoughts are all
running upon Marriage: Pray what Intragues are on foot
with you? What need you be so shy Madam? 'Tis enough for
us to Dissemble with the Men, let's be sincere one to another.
I'm no Admirer of Ceremony, therefore pray excuse
my Freedom, and be assured your Virtue has had all the re-
spect and Esteem that is meritt from, Yours, —Celinda.

LETTER III.

Daphne discovers her Secret Intragues, with the
Numbers and Characters of her Lovers.

My Dear, London, June 10. 1703

I Have been so fatigu'd with the impertinent Addresses
of the Men, that I could not find time to Write to thee,
my Love, last Post. I wonder whether thee art of the
same mind that wert when thou wrote thy last Letter, my
Dear; such a Mighty Friend to Marriage. 'Tis true, I would
Marry my self, but not yet, 'tis time enough when I come to
be a Stale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there
take up with some Grave Country Justice, where I may
Rule the Family, and the Peace too. I shall grow weary of
the Town I fancy in 5 or 6 Years time, but as yet the Gaie-
ry and Gallantries of Love are, my Dear, very taking. You
counsel'd me against the danger of losing my Reputation
by those Freedoms I grant. But you are mistaken my Love, for
the only way to loose that, is to be too Sollicitous about it:
Scandals in the Country are pieces of Innocent Divertise-

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ment here, and one may as well pretend to live without fine Cloaths, as without an Intreague; I have half a Score on my Hands at this time, and I love 'em all alike, keep 'em in suspense, and dally and play with them, give one a favourable Look, and another a Smile, a third my Hand to Kiss; but then to keep them at their due distance the next time I see them, I frown on the first, rail at the next, and wonder at the Sawciness of the Third, if he presume to attempt the same Freedom again. You know not how pleasant a sight 'tis to see this Beau cringe, and screw his Body into an Hundred Forms, in hopes to appear amiable to you; that Spark look with Languishing Dying Air, in hopes to make you sigh by Sympathy; that Wit cracking his Brain to write taking Billet Deux to you, or Anagrams on your Name, beside Elegies after the new mode of Sir Courtly Voiture; but Wits are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep; they are commonly vain-glorious, inconstant, and brag of more than they obtain.

Since Man with that inconstancy was born;

To love the absent and the present Score.

Why do we Deck, why do we dress

For such a short-lived Happiness?

Why do we put Attraction on,

Since either way 'tis we must be undone?

They fly if Honour take our part,

Our Virtue drives 'em o're the Field.

We lose 'em by too much desert,

And Oh! They fly us if we yield.

O Gods! Is there no Charm in all the Fair

To fix this Wild, this Faithless Wanderer.

Man! Our great business and our aim,

For whom we spread our Brui'd and Snare,

No sooner kindles the designing Flame,

But to the next bright object bears.

The Temples of his Conquest and our shame

Inconstancy's the good Injurious

The rest is airy Noion, empty Dream!

Then heedless Nymph, be rul'd by me

If e'er your Swain the Bliss desire;

Think like Alexis he may be

Whose wish Possession damps his Fire;

The Roving Lough in every shade

Has left some Sighing and Abandon'd Maid:

For

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For tis a fatal Lesson he has Learn'd,
After Fruition ne'er to be concern'd.

But that which vexes me most, my Mother is so Envious, she will let me have new Cloaths but twice a Year, so that I am plagu'd to turn and twine them that I may not be known by them. Fine Cloaths have a wonderful Charm with the Men; and one had as good be ugly as ill dress'd.

But my Dear, I'll give you a Catalogue of my Lovers: I have a Young Doctor of Physick that makes Honourable Addres'es to me for Matrimony, but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me. On the same pretence, I have a Young Counsellor of the Temple, furnish'd with more Law, than Sense, and would I believe make a good Cuckold, but I'm not dispos'd that may as yet; besides, he may have Quirks enough in Law to abuse me out of my Jointure. I have also a Young Doctor of Divinity, that seems to have a Month's mind to me, and tells me, he thinks me Fairer than a new System, or a good Benefice, but he shall never explain the Text, so as to make me a Spiritual Madam. I have a young Merchant too, new set up for himself, finer than a Covent-Garden Beau, and more demure than your Chambermaid; he courts me not by Billet Doux, but Bills of Exchange, and Custom House; but I have no mind to venture my self on Bottom-ree.

So much for my Matrimonial Pretenders. I have of another sort, who are all for Love, and abominate the Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of the Priests to get Money, and destroy the Free-born Joys of Love. Among these, is a young Lord, newly arriv'd to his Honour and Estate, and wants another Qualification of keeping a Mistress with greater Grandeur than ever he will his Wife: I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, seem pleas'd with his No-Jest, and blush at his Addresses, but never give him any encouragement of a Favourable Reception, on so scandalous a motion; but he's Obstinate, and to say Truth, he is not better stock'd with Estate and Folly, than with Beauty; he's very Handsom, Dresses well, Dances with an Admirable Grace, and I should like his Company at a Ball, in a Box in the Playhouse, in the Mall, or Hyde Park, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss, for he really makes a good figure. But, after all, my Dear, my Lord is really my Aversion, he's not at all fit for an Intreague.

Next, I have a Beau of Tom Urwin's Coffeehouse, a Man of War, he Swears much, fights little, Prays less, and is

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is an irreconcilable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony: I never admit him, unless when I have no other Company; he's a very Nauseous Eup. Next I have a Courtier, fully as finical, but less monstrously in Love, and I protest, if 'twere not for the Scandal, he Loves me so much, he could Marry me; he's Damn'd a Thousand Fashions, if there be any one of the Muds of Honour comparable to me. Among the rest, I have an ingenious Younger Brother to a certain Knight of your Acquaintance, that dresses neatly, but free from Foppery, that has a Gentle Air, but not affected, with a Face that's handsom, and yet Manly, a Voice Soft and Melting, and a Tongue that would deceive a Vestal Virgin, that was sure to Dye for Tisbiding. This Man I must Confess, my Dear, has such an Ascendant over me, that I wish he were not so Wild; and I fear I have heard him say too much for my Satisfaction, and Content; but I endeavour to drive these Thoughts, by my own natural Gaity, and the abundance of Wise and Fools I am daily conversant with. But yet (Celinda) as for Marriage, I tremble to think on't: I hope now you'll discourse with me, as you would with your own Breast, for your Naked Thoughts upon these Secrets, will be impatiently desir'd by Yours,

DAPHNE.

LETTER IV.

Celinda sends to Daphne the History of her Love-Secrets, in return to the Discoveries she made in the same kind; and Concludes her Letter with the Unhappy Case of a Young Lady that had married a Superannuated Husband.

Madam,

YOU have Wonderfully gratify'd me; I confess I could Heartily With my self in the City with you, to share a little with your Pleasures, my own Intreagues will make nothing but a length of Dullness compared to yours, however you shall have 'em as a Judgment for your own Inquisitiveness.

And here I have perswaded my self to trust you purely for the sake of your Advice; you have reason enough to Conceal the Secret (without any further Caution) if you value either my Happiness, or Reputation. Leander, who without question is satisfied I Love him profusely, or had

had never urg'd me to an adventure (which as I can't but own) to any one in their Wits wou'd appear more than rash and extravagant, but you shall Judge of the Wise contrivance — which is for him to Steal me seemingly by force, that I may have an excuse to my Mother: If ever the thing is discover'd, which there's no great fear of, for to compleat the Comedy he's for making me a Beau, has promis'd me a Light Wig, Sword, and a Page, with all the Equipage of a young Nobleman, protests he'll maintain me in all the prodigality I can wish, either at the Tavern or Play-house; but there he must excuse me: He also Swears (by all that he can think of at a short Warning) never to tempt my Vertue, or stain my Honour, no not in a Dream; I'm only to keep him Company by Day-light, to visit the Ladies, and sit and see the Right Worshipful make themselves Drunk, which must needs divert one of my Principles. — But the best Sport wou'd be to deceive the Ladies, I should fancy that Recreation my self; I'd visit *Daphne* too every day when I am in London, for I am to spend all this Winter in Town, and if I'll blest *Leander* no longer than that with my Company, he has engag'd to reconcile my Mother, and all shall be well again.

Now you'll Swear nothing but a Stark, Staring Lover, cou'd lit on such a Maggot again, and no body but *Celinda* wou'd be Fool enough to pause on it. — But she cant help it, he's so importunate, and upbraids me with Ingratitude, Cowardice, and Deceit; tells me I'm a Fool, and do not know my own Happiness — But I beg his Honours Pardon, now and then in requital to tell him he's a Madman, and for my part I think neither of us as we shou'd be. — The Answer is to be return'd to *Leander* in six Weeks; there's no Body can ever suspect in whole Custody I am, my Love to *Leander* being unsuspected, and our Meeting so very Cautious.

And now *Daphne*, if you see any formidable Inconvenience in the Frolick, you are desired to speak; if not, indulge the Humour. — But here's one Circumstance you must know, *Leander* is in Love with another, so that I fear shou'd I offer to seize the inviting Prey, it wou'd vanish like a shy Ghost. And now upon the Whole I desire your Advice, which I resolve to follow, nor had I ever more need of your Friendship than now, to guide me out of this Labyrinth. — But I'll tell ye *Daphne* before hand, 'tis in vain to bid me leave Loving. — for that I shall

never

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never cease to do whilst I'm Young, and Soft, and Kind and Charming; yet be as Impartial as you will, and tell me plainly I'm a Fool for it.

Thus (my Dear) have I given you the *History of my Love Secrets*, in return to the *Discoveries* you made in the same kind.

I have no more Secrets to lend ye at present, for the Country is a Scene less Fruitful than the Town; however, I'll supply this Deficiency for once, by Sending you, the *Unhappy Case of a Beautiful Young Lady that has Married a Superannuated Husband*.

It was not without the most Sensible regret, you may imagine (Dear Daphne) that saw the most Charming Miranda Wedded to the Antiquated Hylon; the Priest himself with a Seeming Unwillingness join'd their Hands, as guessing perhaps by a Prophetick Divination, the ill that were to follow:

This Courteous Damsel did Declare

That if she ever Married were,

No Priest should prompt her to say,

Midst all his Rites, the Word Obey:

In this a while she did persist

But when she saw the Angry Priest

Clap up his Book and wou'd be gone,

The Lady quickly chang'd her Tone;

And what before she cou'd not say Sir,

She trembling Cry'd Obey, Obey Sir,

Those Holy but Fatal Words pronounc'd by her self, by Miranda's Looks were easily guess'd the Disorder her Soul was in; the various and contradictory Passions of Love, Fear and Dispair overwhelming her at once, but when the Ceremony was ended, and she was no longer her own but His—His—that Killing Consideration, to Support her under which she had need of her greatest Virtue. His—that her Youth must be flitt'd in the Withered Arms of a Superannuated Husband. Her Beauty sate by his Contagious Kisses, and every Night that she must meet that Loathed Object, that Ghost of Matrimony between a Pair of Sheets, which are not more terrible to her than her Winding Sheet— Pretty Considerations, I must confess, so Mortific a young Unruly Appetite— but to be Poetical no longer, Miranda is Married, Bedded, and perhaps with Child.

And now (my Dear) I hope the secret Discoveries I have made, will please you, for I'm resolv'd to be as kind as I can for spight.

Madam,

Madam I very much esteem your Correspondence, and shou'd be extremely pleas'd if in your next you'd give me your Thoughts of my Amorous Intreagues.

But I'm just going to be Spightful agen, and therefore, as soon as ever I have Vow'd to Love you till I Dye, I'll subscribe yours in the most Vertuous and lasting Tyes of Friendship,

CELINDA.

LETTER V.

Daphne dissuades her Friend from the Love of Men.

Dear Madam,

YOUR confidence in entrusting me with your Amorous Intreagues with *Leander*, obliges me to advise you the best I can. Poor Lady! What Yearnings of compassion have accompany'd the certainty of this your misfortune. *Leander* pretends to love, serve, and idolize you: But sensual Fop, he has no other Aim but the hopes of Enjoyment. Then ne'er disguise your self in a Masculine drels; for to meet *Leander* in *London*, wou'd be a Frolick for which even *Leander* wou'd despise you.

I own there may be a Case put, wherein in some exigency it may be lawful for the Women to wear the Apparel of the Men: And *Asterius* gives us one. A Woman (says he) that polled her Hair, and put on Mans Apparel, and that a flower'd Garment too, that she might not be separated from her Dear Husband, that was forc'd to flee, and hide his Head. But this, *Celinda*, is not your Case.

Then why shou'd *Celinda* submit her self to amorous cares, torment her self to meet the Genius of a man. If you entertain a man as a Lover, you embrace a Tyrant; if you receive him as a Husband, he becomes an individual Hangman: They ascribe to themselves (wicked Imps as they are) to have triumph'd over us with their Fictions, so that a Woman Bewitch'd to a Man is a voluntary Prisoner. Then prsthee (my Dear) never make a Sacrifice of your Heart to a man that shall feign a superlative Love to your Person, 'till he comes to enjoy ye. Consider, *Celinda*, how much it behoves us to be perfect Rocks, that we may be proof against the painful Birings of these Wild Beasts. I call 'em so, as there's scarce one in Fifty of your *London* Sparks but what are swingingly Pox'd; and whether this Distemper be hereditary,

or

or owing meerly to *Leander's* own Atchievements, yet when ever he enters the Veneral Lill (Champion-like) he bears away some one or other of its various Marks and Trophies; whether they discover themselves in a Golden Tincture, of bury the Virgin Blushes in a meagre Face; Whether they exercise their power over the whole Body, or only dance and frisk it in the *Rheumatism*; Whether they delight themselves in the proud rising Buboes and Tophusses, or look big in the Dropsy, or play the Hypocrite in the *Scurvy*; Whether they sport themselves in tickling the Pudenda's, or Glory only in crowning the main Mast-Head with a Pearl-Tiara, with all the other Honourable scars that attend the Venerial Sports, are what *Celinda* must expect from the Sparkish *Leander* that will lie with any thing dress'd in Petticoats. I shall only add, if what I've said will set you against *Leander*, and dissuade you from the Love of Men, 'twill be the best advice you ever receiv'd from

Your Faithful DAPHNE.

LETTER VI.

Celinda steals a Marriage, and gives an account of her Honey-moon.

A Las! (my Dear) your advice came too late, for I was so worried with this Matrimonial Lover (young *Leander*) that he e'en dun'd me into Wedlock.

*His Words the roughest, hardest Rock might move,
Might warm a Statue with the sense of Love.
I ne'er did yet a nobler Passion meet;
So great, so sweet, so ev'ry way compleat.*

I will divert you with this Conjugal Adventure, but there's no love in it that can deserve *Leander*; however, I'll send you the History of my Heart, which, I assure you, boasts it self of the Conquest it has made, and take this Account of our Marriage-Intreague.

When *Leander* urg'd me to appoint the Day, I seem'd to be much displeas'd, tho' (between you and I *Daphne*) there was nothing I desir'd more, and thought ev'ry Hour Ten, till the Parson had joyn'd us.

Oh! what Pleasure 'tis to find

A coy Heart melt by slow degrees;

When

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When to yielding 'tis enclin'd,
 Yet her Fear a Ruin sees.
 When her Tears do kindly flow
 And her Sighs do come and go.
 Oh! how charming 'tis to meet
 Soft Resistance from the fair,
 When her pride and wishes greet
 And by turns encrease her care,
 Oh! how charming 'tis to know
 She wou'd yeild but can't tell how.
 Oh! how pretty is her scorn
 When confus'd 'twixt Love and Shame
 Still refusing (tho' she burn)
 The soft pressures of his Flame.
 Her Pride in her denial lies,
 And his is in his Victories.

In short, to the very day of my marriage I ac-
 custom'd my self to counterfeit indifference to it when ever I
 found it convenient for my advantage—Tears, Vows
 and Sighs—cost me nothing, and I knew all the Arts to
 jilt for Love, and cou'd act the dying Lover when ever it
 made for my satisfaction.

I own I was hugely pleas'd in conquering a Heart so
 averse to love as Leander had been, yet I was loth to let
 either him or the World know it.

At his first Addresses to me, he made a Bravado that all
 the Wit in my Head shou'd not impose on him, but for a
 Fancy his Doom has been deferr'd till now in spite of all his
 insight and importunities, and yet he'd teaz me at Berry a
 whole Week together, and then Saueho and he were
 forc'd to march off just as wise as they came, but surely
 such a Dun of a Lover was never before seen. All my
 Sighs and Denials signified nothing, for Leander told me
 ha must and wou'd have me.

Sylvia, of all your amorous Train,
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair,
 The wealthy Lord or humble Swain,
 For whom will you declare?
 If Wealth or Beauty do prevail,
 My claim I then resign;
 If Truth and Love, I cannot fail,
 And Sylvia shall be mine.

Leander was as good as his Word, for October 10th, was
 our Wedding-day

Yon

A Pacquet from Athens. 325

You us'd (*Celinda*) to laugh at the Extravagance of my Passion, but now (*having met with a kind Husband*) I can laugh too.

He came out of his Fathers House to me with his *Trusty Page*, after Ten at Night, when all the orderly Family was a Bed; and by the help of a *Canonical-Man* we were join'd at an *Uncanonical Hour*.

At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep

*The careful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip;
Love led the Nymph away.*

Loose, and undress'd, she takes her flight

To a near Myrtle Shade,

The conscious Moon gave all her Light

To bless her ravish'd Lovers sight,

And guide the willing Maid.

We revell'd in each others Arms most part of the Night; before day he left me blest with the sweetest Joys in Nature (*whisper that to our Female Friends*) and return'd to his own Bed. And thus by *Stealth* he comes each night to my longing Arms, more *Beautiful, Gay, and loving by Enjoyment*.

I wanton in my Happiness all Night, and borrow of the day for Rest——

Nay, our *Hony-Moon* is so endearing, that I dream of him ev'ry Night, and e'en kiss the *Bedstead*, and caress the *Pillow* in his absence.

I dream before he comes, I see him move,

And fly to meet him with the Wings of Love.

And when he goes from me (tho' but half a day)

The tedious Hours, move heavily away,

And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

In a word, I'm all *Extacy* when I think of *Leander*, and do believe 'twill be always *Honey-Moon* with us. For as *Lord Hallifax* says, *Tell Lovers at the beginning of their Joys, they have an end, and they can't believe it.*

Two Months are already past in these *lawful Thefts of Love*; and now I begin to find my self with Child, he's fonder than ever.

My Mother will therefore suddenly be acquainted with it by some common Friends to both, and that with success I hope; at least, it will not be in her Power

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Power to hinder me from being one of the happiest Women alive in a Husband; which Belling I confess, I deserve not, having often (by your advice) condemn'd and ridicul'd a married Life; but to atone by imparting the Pleasures of it, I'll make a Thousand Converts of such as thee—Yours, *Celinda*.

WE shall only add, Most of the Letters in this First Pacquet were written *ex tempore*, without *Revisal* or *Correction*, and we can't see why any of our Correspondents (who were *Madam Laureat* her self) shou'd be displeas'd at their Publication; for the Letters were really sent to the *Athenian-Society*; and we here promise that the Ladies Names shall be for ever conceal'd. In a word, if our Correspondents are ever discover'd, it must be by themselves; and therefore we expect they never upbraid us with publishing such *Secrets* as had ever been conceal'd; (as to the Authors of 'em) but thro' their own means: And we hope this is a sufficient Apology for publishing this *Secret Correspondence*; for except the Ladies concern'd in the Correspondence are so Vain as to discover themselves, their Letters (in a manner) are as great a *Secret* as they were formerly when handed to us by private Messengers.

FINIS.

From the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

WE are preparing for the Press *A new Athenian-Oracle* in Three Volumes: *Viz.*

The First Volume to be entitul'd *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, the Philosophick and Miscellaneous Oracle.

The Second Volume will come abroad under the Title of *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, the Divine Oracle, and will be a Directory for Tender Consciences.

The Third Volume is to be made publick under the Title of *Athenæ Redivivæ*, or, The Secret Oracle; which is to answer the nicer Questions that relate to Carnal and Spiritual Copulation, &c.

These Three Volumes will complete our Question-project—Our Querists are desir'd to send all their remaining Scruples to Smith's Coffee-House in Stocks-Market by Christmas next.—NEW ATHENS.

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